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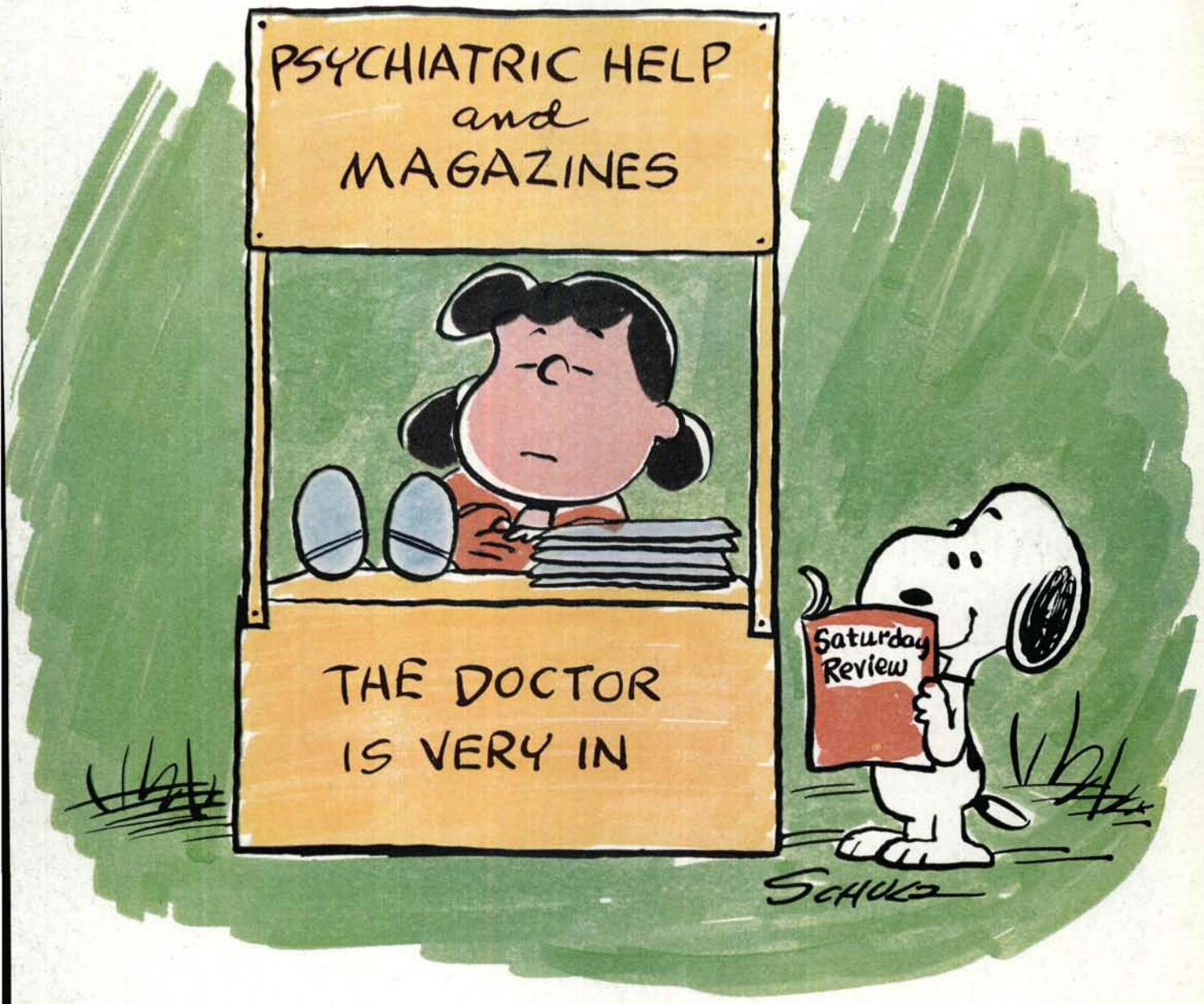
Saturday Review

April 12, 1969 50¢



The Not-So Peanuts World of Charles M. Schulz

(See Communications)

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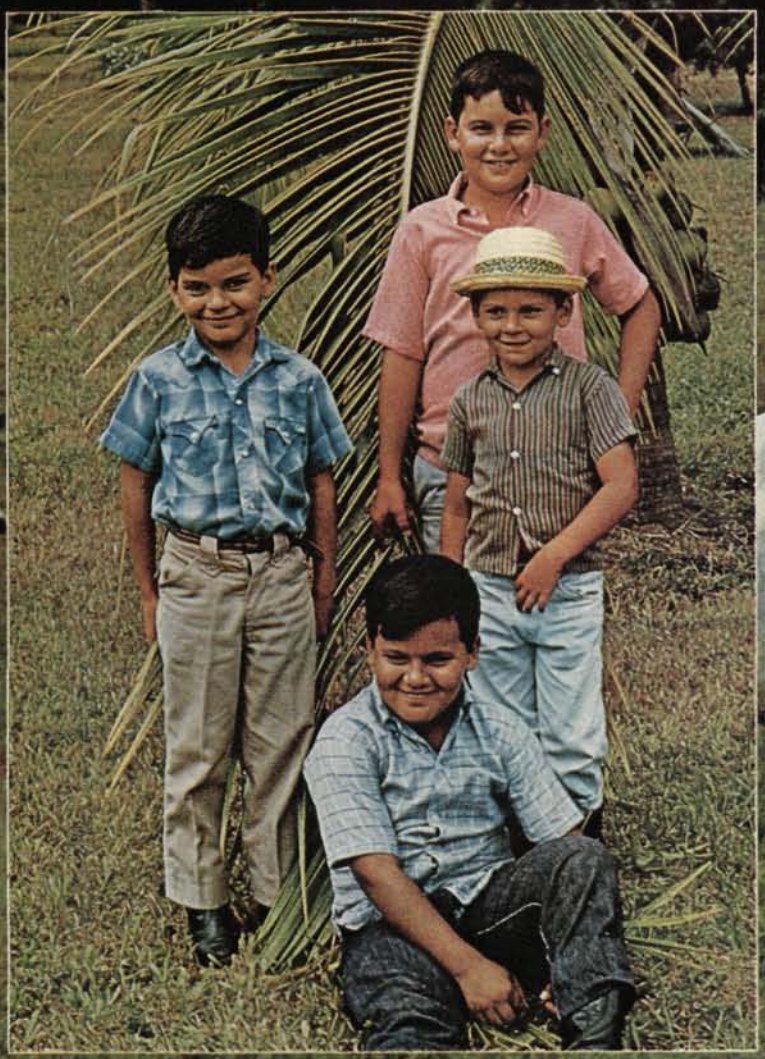

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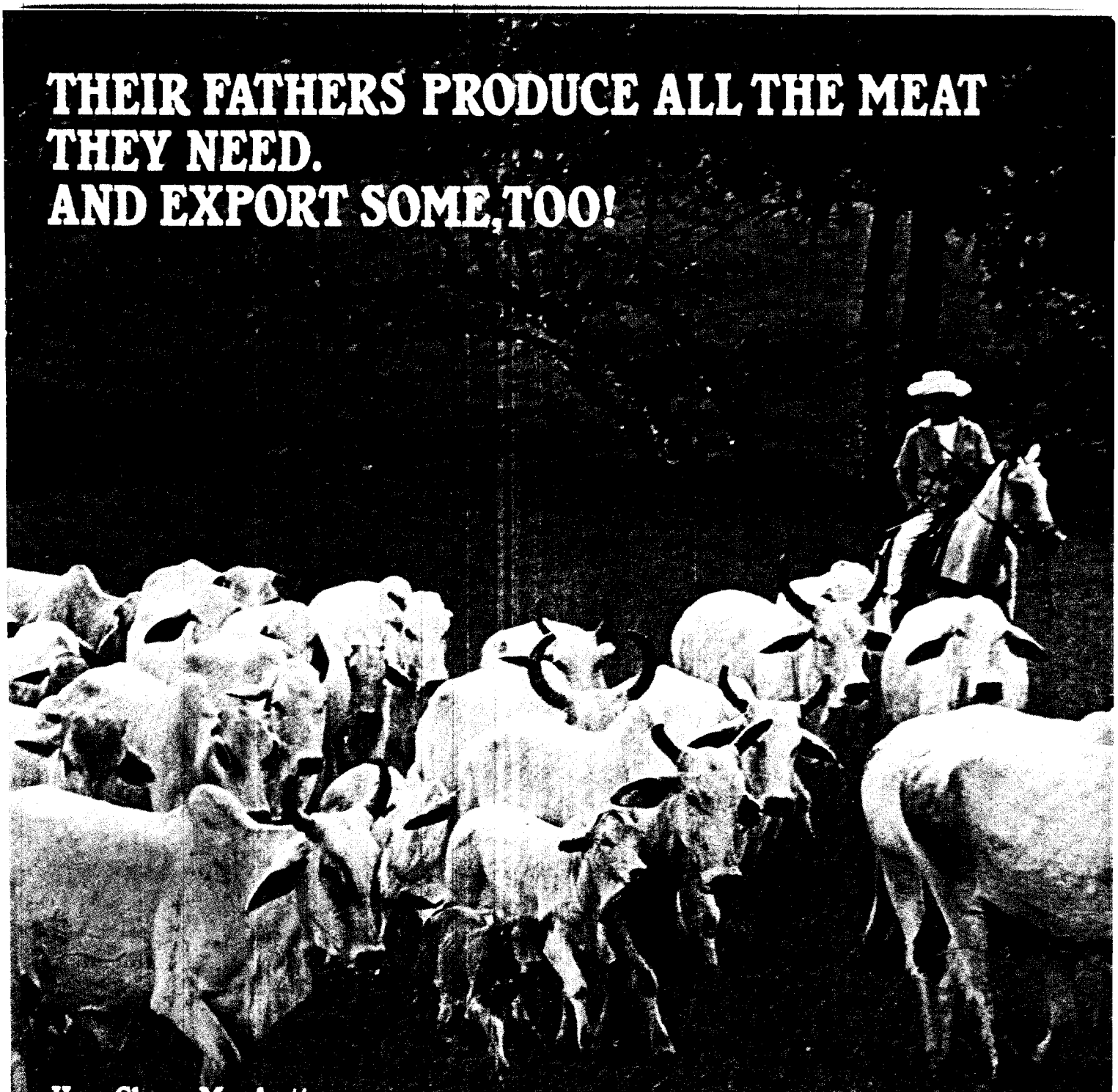

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Cover drawing by Charles M. Schulz.

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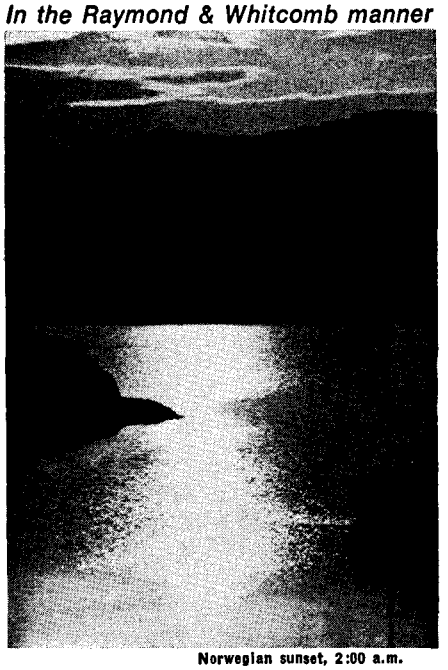

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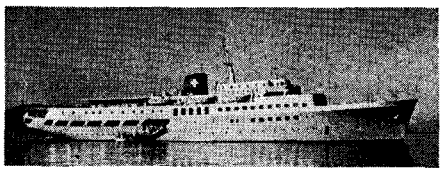

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First of the Month

Cleveland Amory

March was the month in which a Boston Episcopalian, namely us, learned to say *shalom, l'Chaim,* and *toda rabá.* We traveled Israel from, as the Bible has it, Dan to Beersheba and from, as the Six Day War had it, the Golen Heights to the Gaza Strip. Six days we fought, the Israelis will tell you, and on the seventh we rested.

All in all, while the rest of the world fretted and fussed and fumed, we found the country which is in the very middle of the Middle East crisis calm, cool, and collectivist. In fact, it was up in arms over only one thing—the ad of the United Jewish Appeal which stated that Israel is in a state of war 365 days a year. Such an ad is not only untrue—Israel, as always, is in a state of readiness but not of war—it also damages what has just gone beyond citrus to become Israel's second industry—tourism. (Its first, although Israel does not mine a single diamond, is diamond processing.) Last year, 432,000 tourists, 145,000 of them from the United States, visited Israel for not only the amazingly long average stay of fourteen days but also the amazingly reasonable average spending, exclusive of plane fare, of $200 per tourist.

The fact is, as the large number of hitchhikers attest (gas is 68 cents a gallon), you are a good deal safer walking the streets of even the newly occupied part of Jerusalem than you would be walking the streets of New York City or Washington, D.C. During the Six Day War, at which time there were 336,000 Arabs living in Israel, there was not a single act of sabotage by the Arabs. Today there is a monument, erected by the Israelis, to the Arab soldiers killed in Jerusalem, and even the most anti-Israeli Arab knows that the Israeli handling of property owned by Arabs who have fled has been extraordinary. They are holding it in banks, bearing interest, pending either 1) the return of said Arabs to claim it, or 2) the recognition of Israel by the country in which they now live—in which case they will also receive it.

We found the Israelis concerned, however, with what they regard as extremely exaggerated stories in the press about the growth of the new terrorist organization, Al Fatah. For one thing, the Israelis have had, through their remarkable intelligence service, little difficulty in locating the Fatah's training areas and in striking at them, wherever they are, by air. For another thing, this information comes to them easily anyway. Captured terrorists are not only never put to death—there is no capital punishment in Israel—but are given surprisingly light sentences. The Israelis do not do this out of pure humanity. They do it because the lighter the sentence, the easier the terrorists are to capture.

We questioned many Israelis about the charge of overreaction in the Beirut raid, and found them, to a man, amazed at the world condemnation. (They point out that the Arabs can get thirty-two votes for anything they want in the United Nations, the Israelis one vote.) Since not one person was injured, they regard the raid as a brilliantly effective reprisal against the killing of the Israeli at the Athens airport. How can you, we were asked, compare 16 tons of aluminum to one life? The Israelis, they told us, would never harm civilians. And they reminded us that one terrified businessman who had forgotten his briefcase was not only ushered back to get it but also, when he forgot his raincoat, was reushered back to get that.

The Six Day War, Israelis will tell you, was the first in history where there was not a single rape.

Contrary to what many people think, the Arabs, at least at the beginning, fought hard and well. Contrary also to what many people think, the war was not a small one. The Sinai battles, for example, in which the Israelis sent 325 tanks against 850 Egyptian tanks, was the largest tank battle in history. When the Egyptians did run, the Israelis could have killed thousands upon thousands of them. They not only didn't kill them, but in most cases, they didn't even take them prisoner. Then, after the war, when they arranged an exchange of the prisoners they did take, they traded 5,500 Egyptian officers and enlisted men, including four generals, for nine Israelis. "Good bargain, what?" our guide, Jerry Avnon, asked us in mock-British style. Avnon himself was mustered out three days after the Six Day War, having served before for two weeks. He received the equivalent of $46 for his twenty-three days' service. "I hope sir," he told his colonel, "this amount does not represent the value placed by the Government on my services rendered."

People in Israel come from seventy-nine countries, and of eight out of every ten of them, you could write a book. (Among other statistics, we learned that

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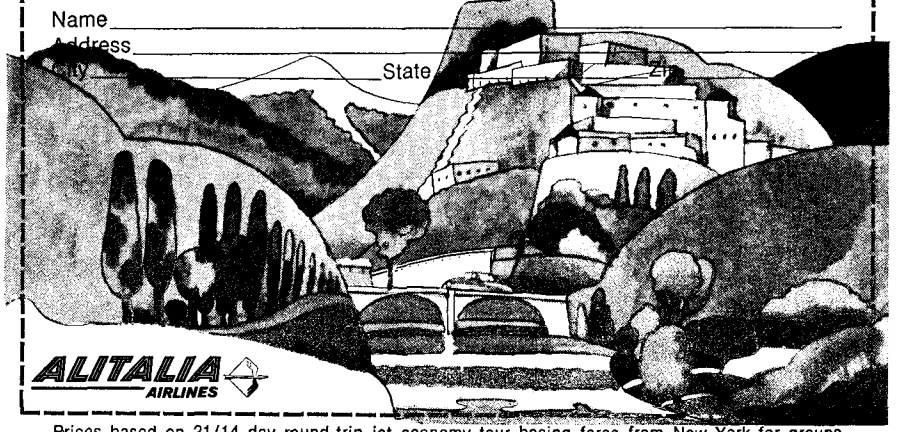

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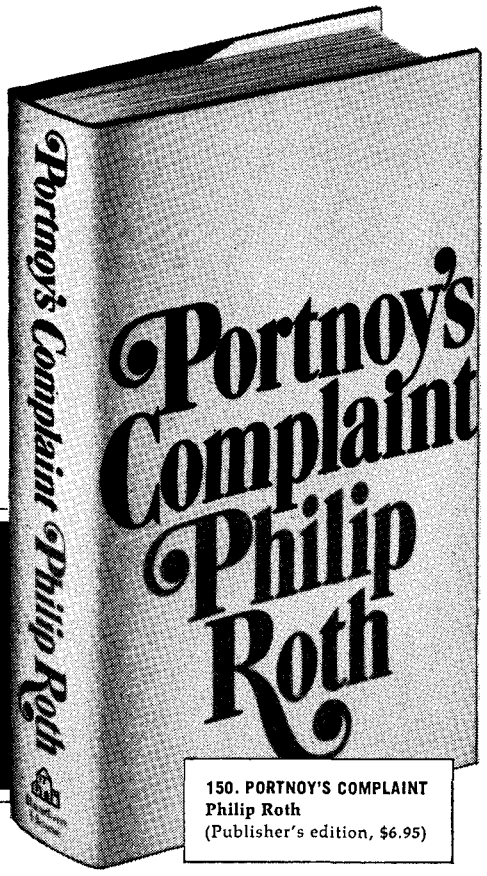

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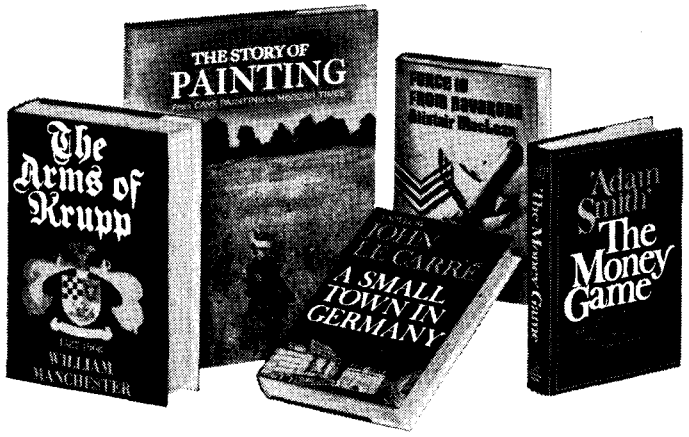

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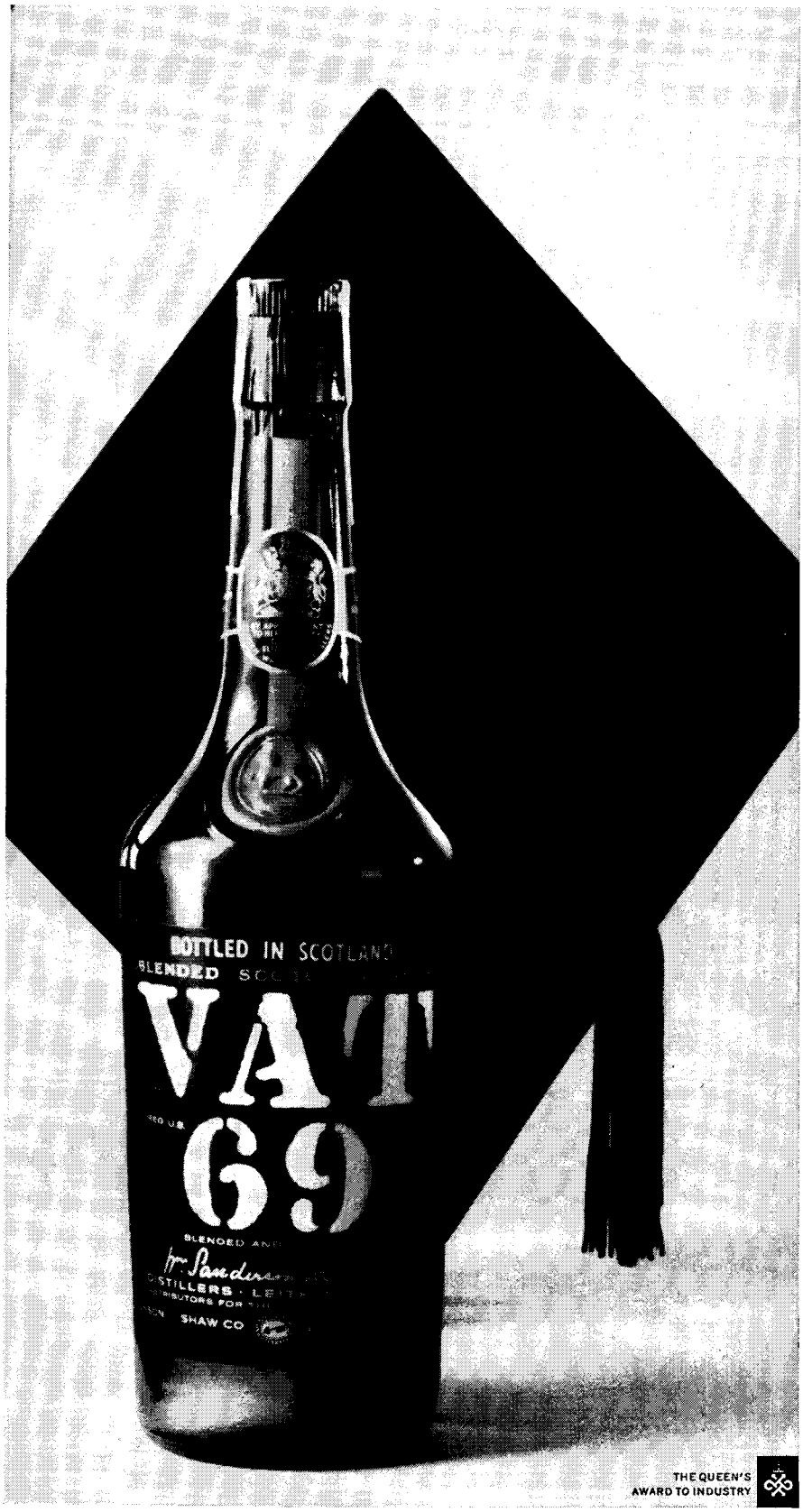

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Israel has the highest per capita book production in the world, and the highest per cow milk production—although, we were assured, the two facts are unrelated.) One person we would have liked to write a book about was a Chicago-born Israeli named Yehuda Avni who has, of all things, a dude ranch near the Sea of Galilee. "I just can't describe it," he said of his coming to Israel. "I just felt like I'd come home. I felt as if I'd lived here all my life." Another is a Brooklyn-born Israeli named Samuel Hamburger, who brought his own brewery to the country to make a beer which he calls "Abir." Since the word "abir" in Hebrew means "knight," Hamburger was asked what Israel had to do with knights. "Knights, schmights," Hamburger said. "When an Israeli comes into a bar to have a beer he, like anyone else, says 'I'll have a beer.' My way he get Abir."

Israeli humor takes many forms and again contrary to what you might expect, the average Israeli enjoys a laugh at his own expense. Israel is a country, he will tell you, where they read Hebrew, write English, and speak Yiddish. A Zionist, we were told, is a Jew who gets another Jew to send a third Jew to Israel. By the same token, however, the Israelis can laugh at the Arabs. One Israeli told us a story involving the fact that Arabs have trouble with the letter "p," which they pronounce as "b." According to this story, Ali asks Hamid, "How do you spell Beter?" meaning Peter. Replies Hamid, "B-e-t-e-r." "What kind of a B?" asks Ali. "B," replies Hamid, "as in Bombay." But Ali still isn't satisfied. Bombay, India," he asks, "or Bombay, Italy?"

The country's favorite story is perhaps the one about a fish which was asked by a scorpion to take him on his back across the Jordan River. At first the fish refused. "You would," he said, "sting me." "Why would I?" replied the scorpion. "You know I can't swim. If I stung you, I too would drown." So the fish saw the point and agreed to carry the scorpion, only to have him, halfway across, sting him. "You fool," said the fish, "now we will both drown. Why did you do that?" "Oh, I don't know," replied the scorpion, "this is the Middle East."

Even such a story, however, does not explain to Israelis why the United States broke its pledge to keep the Suez Canal open, or why, in the ten years before the Six Day War, the United States gave in military aid to Israel $30 million, and to the Arabs $300 million. Nor, for that matter, can they understand what Governor Scranton meant when he said that our policy should, from now on, be "more evenhanded." "Maybe," one Israeli told us, "he meant that from now on both the Arabs *and* we will each get $165 million."

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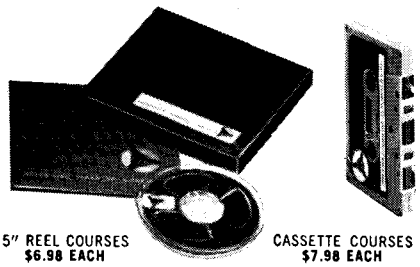

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Thirty on Thirty

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION in our nation—American pitted against American—is dangerously near to creating a society of two states, separate and unequal. Those aged thirty or under, and those over thirty.

Let it be known now and for all time that I am never again going to speak to anyone under thirty.

It's not that I haven't tried. Only this week, in the interest of vital research for this piece, I went down to Manhattan's Washington Square to interview some New York University students on their reactions to President Nixon's press conference telethon, during which he said that young rebels are against everything but they never indicate anything they are for.

Well, ending that sentence with that preposition, I went downtown and walked through the University buildings, and I came upon this young man with a guitar. I asked him if he had heard the President's statement.

"I don't listen to anybody over thirty," he said.

"But this is the President."

"What's he done so far?" he asked.

"Has it occurred to you that this is a man who has tried so hard for so long to be President that he may be finding it difficult to believe he actually made it?"

"I don't talk to anybody over thirty."

"Why, man? What's your thing? What's your hang-up?" I said trying to sound under thirty.

He stared at me, shifting his guitar from one hand and teasing his hair with the other. His apparel was rather—well, it wasn't what you could call kempt.

"I take it that being over thirty is not your bag," I said, "but just being against over-thirty is not being *for* anything."

"OK, if you want to debate," he said, "I'll tell you what I'm for. Number one, I'm against the Establishment. Number two, I think the war in Vietnam is immoral. Number three, I'm against discrimination. Number four, no old professor can dictate to me what clothes I wear. Number five, I'm against recruiting on campuses. Number six, I'm against the police not letting us demonstrate."

I don't want you to think our debate was one-sided. I got in a few "Buts" after some of those numbers. If he had stopped there, I would have walked away. But he concluded with this:

"You old people got this world in this condition. Now you have a handful of guilt, and you don't know where to put it."

He had a handful of guitar which I could have told him where to put. But I was cool.

"Hold it, man," I said. "Before we split, I'd like to lay a little something on you. What do you think would have happened to this country if nobody had ever spoken to anyone over thirty? Suppose nobody would have talked to Thomas Jefferson when he was thirty-three, when he drafted the Declaration of Independence. Or the men who signed it—Benjamin Franklin, age seventy, John Adams, forty-one, Sam Adams, fifty-four. Mathew Thornton; you haven't forgotten him, have you? He was sixty-two. Even Button Gwinnett was forty-four. To say nothing of good old Caesar Rodney, age forty-eight. And the man who put his John Hancock on it was thirty-nine. Where were you under-thirties when that piece of paper was written?

"And suppose nobody would have talked to Thomas Edison when he was forty-one and demonstrated his kinetoscope for the first time. Where would your sex movies be today?

"And how about a man who said 'I have a vaccine that will prevent polio?' Jonas Salk was forty-one. And suppose you wouldn't have listened to Robert Morse, when he said he could send a message by telegraph. He was fifty-three years old when he telegraphed 'What hath God wrought?'

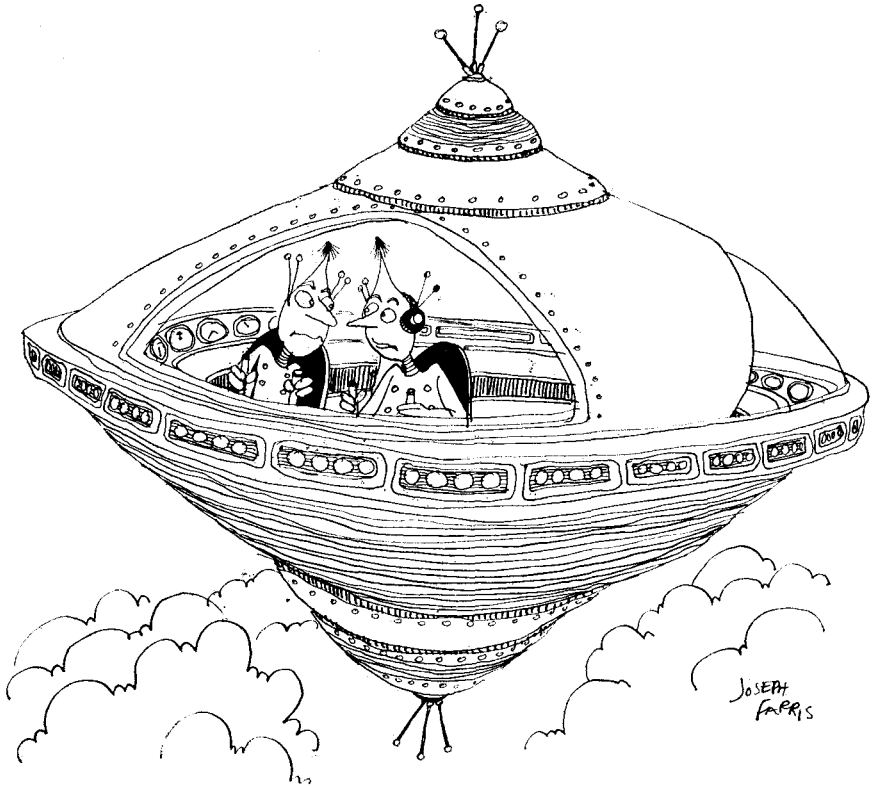
"And would it surprise you to know that Wilhelm Roentgen was slightly over thirty when he came up with the X-ray machine? Fifty, to be exact. And Sir Isaac Newton established the law of gravity when he was forty-three. How do you like them apples?"

"Very interesting," he replied, "but I noticed you conveniently omitted Albert Einstein. He was only twenty-two when he wrote his theory of relativity. How does that grab you?"

"It grabs me in the pit of the stomach," I said. "If nobody had listened to that under-thirty, this world would not now be in danger of being blown out of the universe. Now there's a place to put that guilt you were talking about, on one of your under-thirties. What's your answer to that?"

"I don't talk to anyone over thirty."

He doesn't know it, but right there we made a pact.



"Kennedy traffic control tower wants us to circle another hour and twenty minutes."

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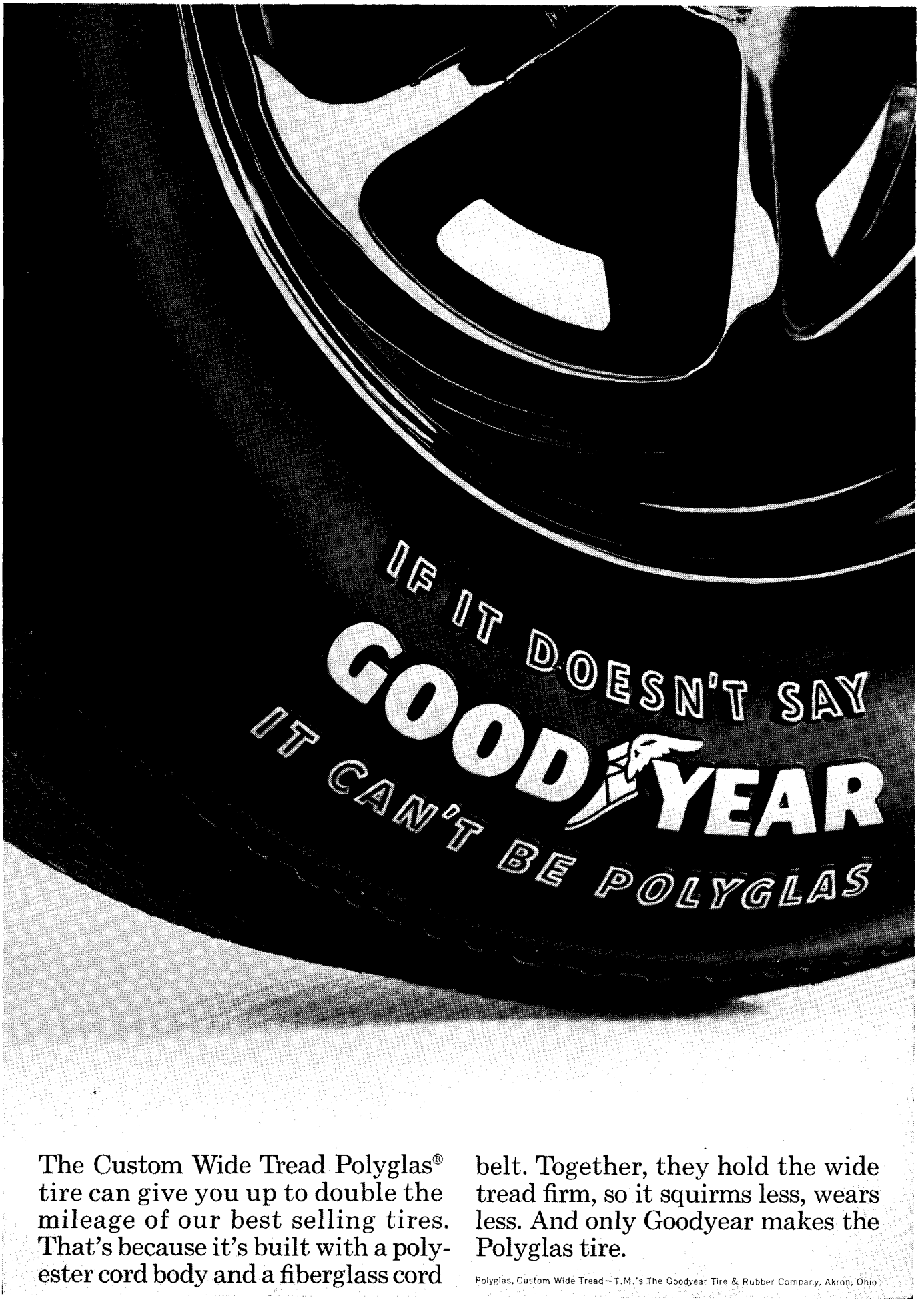

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

What's a Mokko? I was browsing the unabridged and extensively titled *Random House Dictionary of the English Language,* when I happened on the word "mokko" and found it identified as a word of Japanese origin signifying (total definition quoted) "a tsuba having four lobes."

Was I justified in thinking the *RHD* had led me up to "mokko" but had mumbled the introduction? I certainly wasn't about to stand there at the word party, first on one lexicographical foot and then the other, trying to exchange knowledgeable sweet nothings about tsubas and their lobes. Nor was I about to give up "mokko"—who knows but what that very same mokko might offer me my moment of supreme triumph at the climactic point of some yet unbegun game of Scrabble?

No help for it: I was out to track it down. I turned, accordingly, to "tsuba" and found it defined as:

> the metal plate, usually elliptical, serving as the guard of a Japanese sword or knife, having an opening for the tang of the blade, a blank area, or seppa dai, sometimes bearing the maker's signature, and sometimes one or two lateral openings, or riobitsus, for a kogai, a kozuka, or both.

I saw at once that it was going to be difficult to work up a spirited conversation with the words at *RHD*'s party, but my mood had turned stubborn. "Tang" stopped me for a moment. In context it suggested itself as another word of Japanese origin. Then I refocused and remembered that it was a sound and seasoned English word for that metal extension by which a blade, or a tool, is fixed to its handle. The "seppa dai," I further learned by cross-checking that entry in the *RHD,* is a blank space around the tang. "Riobitsus," I gathered from the definition of "tsuba," is a plural form, but when I turned to it as a separate entry, *RHD* gave me "riobitsu" as the singular and the plural as "-su."

I still don't know which plural to go for in case I should meet more than one riobitsu at the same time, but I let myself guess that when an opening (a slot?) in an ellipse is lateral, it is aligned with the long axis of the ellipse. Immediately, then, I began to wonder if it would not, rather, be aligned with the short axis? At the same time, I found myself wondering how one would go about putting four lobes on an ellipse, and where in relation to either axis, and what on earth for. Such thoughts, however, were getting me nowhere. I dismissed them and turned to "kozuka" which I found defined as:

> a detachable dagger blade made of a plate of steel and a plate of iron welded together and sharpened with a bevel on the iron face, used with an elaborately decorated handle, and worn mainly with the wakizashi.

I let myself assume that what the blade is detachable from is that elaborately decorated handle, and I thought I understood the trick of that bimetallic laminate, at least enough to guess that the iron provides the cutting edge while the steel prevents the brittle iron from snapping. But why on earth would anyone want a knife that detaches from the handle? And how does even a samurai pull out his trusty snicker-snack when its handle has other handles sticking up beside it? Was *RHD* deliberately trying to confuse me, or were all its editors dropouts from the Bureau of Federal Prose?

I suppressed the thought and turned to "kogai":

> an ornamental pin carried in a sheath in the scabbard of a wakizashi or katana.

A sheath in a scabbard?—well, yes: a scabbard is specifically a sheath for a sword or knife, but a sheath is not necessarily a scabbard. I managed a picture of a small pocket in a scabbard with an ornamental pin slipped into the pocket, but only in time to find myself in trouble with that riobitsu in the tsuba into which, when last heard from, the kogai was supposed to fit. Was I now to think of a riobitsu as a sheath in a scabbard? If so, what was it doing playing around among those lobes on the tsuba—always remembering that a tsuba lobe is a sometime thing?

It was getting murkier and murkier at Random House, but I was getting stubborner and stubborner as I turned to "wakizashi":

> a short Japanese sword carried by a samurai, usually equipped with a matching doggai and kozuka; used for fighting and for suicide. Cf. katana.

What a measly evasion that "equipped" turns out to be! Equipped in what way? In reason, I wanted to imagine some sort of belt fitted out with various loops and danglements. But what was I to do

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with whatever the plural is of riobitsu "a" and "b," those two slots that are still sitting there in those tsubas for the kozukas and maybe the kogai to fit into? I was back to that image of a samurai trying to draw his good old wakizashi but having to fumble with a fistful of handles sticking out of one tsuba, with a kogai lurking somewhere, either in a riobitsu or in that scabbard sheath.

I trudged on to "katana":

> the long fighting sword of a Japanese samurai, having a gently curved blade with a single edge and a long handle continuing the curve: occasionally equipped with a kogai and kozuka.

I confess I blinked at "Japanese samurai." Is there another kind of samurai? *RHD* itself defines "samurai" as "a member of the hereditary warrior class in feudal Japan." It would follow, therefore, that there are no non-Japanese samurai, but by that time I was in no way surprised to find evidence that the *RHD*'s editors, if any, did not read one another. For my part, it had been a long hunt, and I was still not sure whether I was in the presence of a samurai or in the cutlery department of Abercrombie and Fitch. As a matter of fact, I was still not sure I had identified either "mokko" or "tsuba" beyond all reasonable doubt.

But I was still not ready to give up. There was "doggai" yet to go, and what can be more dramatic than the last minute clue that seals the case?

I found the right page and ran my finger down it: "dogfish" . . . "dog fox" . . . "dogged". . . . Had I missed it? I checked again. No "doggai." Random House was keeping that one to itself.

It is, you can see, a mildly frustrating game. Yet, there are all sorts of psychic types in the world, and those who like to be defeated in intricate ways may find this sort of *RHD* word hunt exactly to their taste. Should anyone care to try for himself, let me suggest starting with "raguly" (pronounced, approximately, RAG-yuh-lee):

> Heraldry, noting a partition line or a charge, as an ordinary, similar to the embattled but with the indentations sloping in one direction. [? cf. GULES]

You get *partition line*, *charge*, *ordinary*, and *gules* (if you want it) as starting clues. First one back with a clearly defined raguly (this one can actually be run down to an almost decipherable diagram) gets a Lexicographical Cross and first chance to buy my slightly used *RHD* cheap. (Or will trade.)

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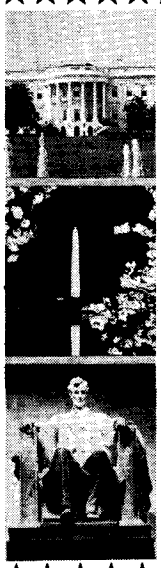

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The schoolteacher's guide to Paris.

le Voyage par Air France

Now it's your turn to play "show-and-tell." See the big airplane. It is a Boeing 707 jet airplane. It is taking the teacher to Paris. See the teacher. She is eating her dinner on the airplane. It is a very good dinner. It is called haute cuisine in French. The teacher is drinking some wine, too. It is fine French wine. The teacher likes it. See the teacher smiling. She is very happy. She is having a good time. The end. The rest is elementary, dear teacher. Air France knows where you're going.

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

The following conversation was overheard in a New England schoolyard. One youngster said to a friend, "What are you going to do for April Fools' Day?" The other replied, "We're Unitarians. We don't believe in April Fools' Day."

Among the more unforgettable things in Ralph G. Martin's biography of Winston Churchill's mother, *Jennie* (Prentice-Hall), is a description of English life 100 years ago. Workers were fined

for laughing on the job and were charged for hot water and for the use of lavatories. When someone tried to campaign for shorter working hours for mothers on Saturday, a newspaper editorialized: "To pretend that women wish to have their hours of work restricted by legislation is not honest."

Martin writes: "Dickens died in 1870, but Oliver Twist did not." Half the country's children were not in school. They worked in factories and mines six days a week, starting at the age of ten. "A favorite family potion was Godfrey's Cordial," Martin reports, "a drink compounded of opium, treacle, and sassafras, which brought quick, painless death to unwanted children for whom there was neither space nor food."

I couldn't find Godfrey's Cordial in any reference books. Whoever Godfrey was, he wasn't very cordial.

When I was very small I attended a performance by Houdini, and I saw the great magician swallow a dozen needles and a piece of rolled up thread. He drank from a tumbler of water and then, while a volunteer from the audience held one end of the thread, he threw up and out came the needles—threaded at even intervals.

At the same show I saw the conjurer perform his biggest illusion. There was a huge box on the stage. You could see through it and around it. He led an elephant into the box, closed the doors, shot a gun, opened the doors, and the elephant had disappeared.

As I recall it, the elephant's name was Lucy and this happened in Los Angeles. But from reading *Houdini* (Crowell) by Milbourne Christopher, himself a magician, I guess I was at the Hippodrome in New York City. And the elephant's name probably was Jennie. *Houdini* is subtitled "The Untold Story," but it still leaves untold how he did those tricks. It does reveal, however,

that although Houdini had complete control of his physical and mental capacities, he could not ever keep from being seasick when he crossed the ocean.

Although he enjoyed the motion picture *The Lion in Winter* tremendously, Cleveland's Dr. Jerome Z. Litt, dermatologist and syphilologist, found an error. During one of her soliloquies, Katharine Hepburn mentions the word "syphilis" and in the same breath reveals that it is the year 1183. Dr. Litt has written for TRADE WINDS a short history lesson to set the record straight:

> In 1530, an Italian pathologist, Hieronymous Fracatorius, wrote a poem entitled "Syphilis Sive Morbus Gallicus," which described the plight of a mythical shepherd lad named Syphilus (correct) afflicted with the French disease as punishment for cursing the gods. The poem recognized the venereal nature of the infection and was a compendium of knowledge of the time regarding the disease. It was the English surgeon Thomas Gale who in 1563 actually introduced the word "syphilis" into the English language.

Thus, Katie Hepburn was ahead of her time.

Sharps and Flats: The first eleven volumes of *The Saturday Review of Litera-*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1826)

J.(AMES) M. MINIFIE:
WHO'S YOUR FAT FRIEND?

It would perhaps have dismayed Hume, could he have foreseen such a jolly satirical author as W. S. Gilbert, a protagonist of barbarous and absurd faction. *H.M.S. Pinafore* caustically satirized how you got on in the Queen's Navee; and there is no evidence that Queen Victoria was amused.

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- Thomas Jefferson

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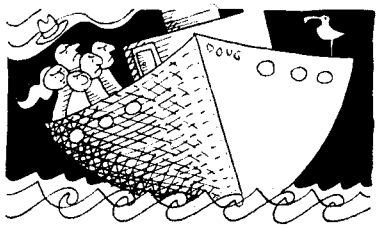
► Nathan A. Tufts of Burbank, California, and Alex Vaughn of New London, Connecticut, both helped with this one: What do you call it when passengers express their annoyance with the creaking of the left side of the vessel? Port noise complaint.



► In Los Angeles, Martindale's Book Store keeps *The FBI in Peace and War* on the fiction shelf.

► I notice they don't honor heroes by giving them keys to cities any more.

► A New York moviehouse box office has this sign: NO ONE UNDER EIGHTEEN ADMITTED WITHOUT PROOF OF AGE.

► From Kansas, Mabel Hunt reports the following sign in front of Wichita's Plaza Travel Service: NO TRIP TO SMALL—NO TRIP TO LARGE.

► Harry Levine: Show me a Pillsbury heir and I'll show you a flour child.

WIT TWISTER #107

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Upon the _ _ _ _ _, her
bonny sweetheart lies.
His _ _ _ _ _ rusts, and
earth seals up his eyes.
Alone, she _ _ _ _ _ his
child (for they had sinned),
And _ _ _ _ _ her grief to
no one save the wind.

(*Answer on page* 102)

Chess Corner—No. 134

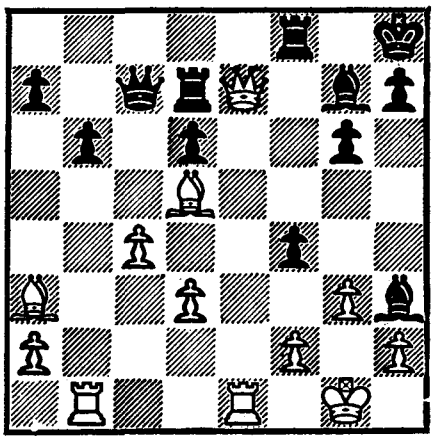
ACCORDING to the table of relative values of the chessmen, evaluating a Pawn as a unit of one makes the Knight the equivalent of three, the Bishop about three, the Rook five, and the Queen nine. In any demonstration, the forces dynamically involved in the fray, however, may be more valuable than dormant ones of equal stature.

Thus, active units delivering checkmate or compelling the surrender of material cannot be given the wooden classification of passive ones that have nothing to do with the case.

In the following brilliancy-prize English Opening between Ludek Pachman of Czechoslovakia and A. Chirich of Yugoslavia, the opening is hypermodern. That is, one side attempts to provoke the other into taking control of the center with the view of taking it back and leaving the adversary's position punctured and breached in the process. In the melee, this theme goes by the board. Suddenly White violates the pragmatic precept: "always sacrifice your opponent's pieces." He parts with his own Queen. And while his foe's King is in the countinghouse, a Queen for Rook ahead, along comes some bad checks that put Black in the red.

ENGLISH OPENING

Pachman White		Chirich Black		Pachman White		Chirich Black	
1	N-KB3	P-QB4		13	N/4-Q5	NxN	
2	P-QN3	P-Q3		14	BxNch	K-R1	
3	P-B4	P-K4		15	P-K3	N-K3	
4	N-B3	N-K2		16	B-R3	N-N4	
5	P-N3	P-KN3		17	N-K4	NxN	
6	B-KN2	B-N2		18	BxN	Q-B2	
7	O-O	O-O		19	P-Q3	R-QN1	
8	N-K1	P-B4		20	Q-K2	B-R6	
9	R-N1	QN-B3		21	KR-K1	P-N3	
10	N-B2	P-B5		22	KPxP	PxP	
11	P-QN4	Px/QNP		23	B-Q5	QR-Q1	
12	NxP	N-Q5		24	Q-K7	R-Q2	



25	QxRch!	BxQ		28	R/1-K1	Q-KB4	
26	B-N2ch	R-N2		29	B-K6	QxB	
27	R-K8	Q-B1		30	RxBch	Q-N1	
				31	R/1-K8	Resigns	

—AL HOROWITZ.

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-how to make it

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Square Meal

YOU'RE EATING out of town if:

The best restaurant in town is on top of the highest building.

The Chinese restaurant is called Polynesian and has flaming torches out front.

The most expensive steak on the menu is called "New York cut."

They serve mashed potatoes with the shish kebab.

The Rotary Club has taken over the main dining room of the Holiday Inn.

The restaurant is in a shopping center called "The Miracle Mile" and closes at eight.

The check is $14.50 and the waitress brings a five and two quarters as change for a twenty. —ANDREW A. ROONEY.

Would You Spend $2.98 for a College Education?

AFTER LO these many years, the Haldeman-Julius "Little Blue Books" are back in the news. While *Apollo 8* was being readied for flight Col. Frank Borman received a gift of twenty of them accompanied by a note which pointed out that "when Commander Byrd went to the Antarctic, he took along 1,500 'Little Blue Books,'" and expressed the hope that the astronauts would take a few around the moon.

The books and the note came from Norman Tanis, director of libraries at Kansas State College in Pittsburg (population 18,678), the man who operates the Haldeman-Julius Room at the College and who may be on his way to becoming the Jim Moran of the library trade. Regretfully, Colonel Borman didn't get the books aloft, because, he said, of "stringent fire safety requirements." He took a Bible, though, edition unspecified.

It turns out that 1969 marks the 50th anniversary of the "Little Blue Books" and celebrations are breaking out in Pittsburg and nearby Girard, Kansas, where the books have been printed since 1919. For the enlightenment of the young and tender it may be well to begin at the beginning. Emanuel Haldeman-Julius (nee Julius—he prefixed his wife's name to his when he married) was the son of Russian immigrants and was born in Philadelphia in 1889. In mind and spirit, however, he was the sort of man who might have resulted from a union between Robert Ingersoll and, say, Mary Louise Cecilia "Texas" Guinan. The young and tender can look them up.

By 1919 Haldeman-Julius was an ardent socialist, militant atheist, general hell-raiser, and successful publisher. In Girard he put out "The Appeal to Reason," a socialist paper, but he burned to place the classics in the hands of the masses. "The hunger for culture seems to be insatiable," he said, and he believed it. A man who believes that will try anything. He began publishing "little books," 3.5 x 5 inches, no longer than 15,000 words, all with blue covers. They sold for 5 cents. A nickel. Haldeman-Julius envisioned farm boys reading Plato after the hay was in and workingmen spelling out Darwin on the morning streetcar.

It wasn't all culture, of course. The "Little Blue Books" fell into four categories: classics and general literature, radical and atheist polemics, self-improvement, and sex. Sex sold best and brought out the "Hello, Sucker" strain in the publisher. Born too late for *Maria Monk* and too early for *Candy*, he did the best he knew how with what was available. His catalogue ranged from *Are Petting Parties Dangerous?* (No. 1283), *26 Lust-mad Men and a Girl* (No. 239), *Passion in the Desert* (No. 344), and *Love Affairs of John Wesley* (No. 1449) to *What Every Girl Should Know* by Margaret Sanger (No. 14) and *Is Our Civilization Over-sexed?* by Theodore Dreiser (No. 1382). He dug up chestnuts like de Maupassant's "Tallow Ball," changed the name to *A Prostitute's Sacrifice* (No. 199), and put on a night shift to keep up with the demand.

But it wasn't all boob-bumping, either. The list was crowded with substantial excerpts from Thomas Paine, Hawthorne, Emerson, Twain, Goethe, Ibsen, everybody, almost—even Henry James. Haldeman-Julius urged the young Will Durant to write some brief and lucid accounts of the great philosophers and the rest is history. In thirty years more than 300 million "Little Blue Books" were sold by mail. In 1951, the cantankerous socialist drowned in his private swimming pool and the business passed to his son. It's still going.

A great many of the 5,000 titles must remain well remembered books to millions of Americans who came of age between the wars. They belong to a time when we still believed that reading "the classics" or the "greatest minds" or the no-nonsense how-to-succeed manual would somehow lift us above the crowd, off the farm, out of the factory. It was no accident that the "Little Blue Books" peaked at the same time that millions of Americans were saying with Emile Coué, "Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better," and when the slogan "He never amounted to much in school, but look at him today" was bringing carloads of mail to International Correspondence Schools. "Would you spend $2.98 for a college education?" asked Emanuel Haldeman-Julius in his advertising. The answer was, "You betcha!" It all seems a very long time ago. It was, I guess. —PATRICK BUTLER.

Oh, Mr. Harris, Mr. Gallup

Oh, Mr. Harris, Mr. Gallup
How can it really be?
That your busy, happy pollsters
Have never questioned me?

I sit patiently
By the phone,
Waiting for *that* ring—
Hoping to get my opinions
In
On everything.

They say your poll
Is scientific
To the last degree
And that thousands of other women
Think and vote like me.

Mr. Gallup, Mr. Harris—
Can it really be?
Is there a woman in Seattle
Who's my twin
Politically?

Does she seek a solution
To water, air, and noise pollution?
Does she insist on saving
Every grand old tree?

Is she against urban blight?
Involved in the Pam Am Heliport
fight?
Worried about a high rent increase?
Praying burglaries would cease?

Oh, well—
The years fly by.
I think and vote
And sometimes cry.
I realize quite sadly,
And yes, a little—madly—
That your interviewers fail to see
The glorious chance they'd have
If they'd only
Query
me.

Oh, Mr. Harris, Mr. Gallup—
Is it really true?
Are there two men somewhere
In Louisville
Who think and vote
Like
you?

—MILLICENT BROWER.

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Saturday Review
April 12, 1969

Biafra and the American Conscience

A first-hand report on the Biafra Study Mission by the junior Senator from New York, who suggests that "Americans should be ready to combine an 'arrival of conscience' with an assertion of action."

By CHARLES E. GOODELL

The right hand washes the left
The left hand washes the right
That both may be clean
It is natural and right
To help one another.
—AN IBO PROVERB.

A "CONSCIENCE GAP" has grown between American humanitarian ideals and the policies we have in fact been pursuing. Nowhere is this gap more painfully apparent than in Biafra. We claim to be devoted to the high aims of fostering peace and progress in Africa; yet we have, at least until recently, pursued policies that have done pitifully little to alleviate the starvation of millions in Biafra.

The gulf between ideals and practice in Biafra is grimly reminiscent of the crisis of conscience that has plagued us in Vietnam. In both places, we have had the most estimable intentions; but in both places, we seemed powerless to avert wholesale human tragedies.

Why does this crisis of conscience recurrently arise? We know we are sincere in our wish to prevent human suffering anywhere in the world. The overwhelming popular concern with hunger in Biafra shows that Americans have not really grown callous, whatever the world may think of us. Our difficulty has not been that we lack ideals, but that we have often been unsuccessful in applying them in our everyday policies abroad.

We are now beginning to learn—the hard way—that pious words and good intentions are simply not enough to close the "conscience gap." We are beginning to learn that to do so we must firmly pursue humanitarian objectives abroad, even where this appears temporarily inconvenient. In short, we can have a humane foreign policy, but we cannot have it painlessly and free of controversy. Biafra is a dramatic example of this fact.

America can do much to reduce hunger in Biafra: through coordinating relief efforts; through supplying better transport equipment for relief purposes; and, above all, through using its diplomatic influence to press for a cease-fire. Moreover, none of these things would involve shipping arms or troops, so we would not be risking an "African Vietnam." But to take any of these needed steps, America will have to accept some criticism and incur some political enmities.

A CRUEL civil and racial war is raging in Nigeria. Passions are high; hatreds are intense. The Biafrans charge, and sincerely believe, that starvation is being used as a weapon of war by the Central Government. The Nigerians charge, and believe with equal sincerity, that the Biafrans are using the starvation issue as a diplomatic lever to gain political support abroad.

In this situation, any serious attempt by the United States to alleviate starvation in Biafra will of necessity open us to accusations of partiality. We will inevitably be charged with interfering, with being pro-rebel, with slowing the war effort, with blocking the reunification of the country. There is no way of seeming completely "neutral," and yet doing something meaningful to stop millions from starving.

In my visit to Nigeria and Biafra, I discovered these facts by experience. I visited these areas with the sincere intention of staying politically uncommitted and concerning myself only with starvation. But, on my arrival, I found myself the object of intense political controversy. In Lagos, I was labeled the "rebel Senator," and urged in the newspapers to "go home." In retrospect, this does not seem surprising; I am only surprised I once believed it could have been otherwise.

Unfortunately, many Americans still do not understand the nature and history of this conflict. In large part, the Nigerian Civil War is the bloody culmination of centuries of tribal rivalry. The Nigerians and Biafrans are very different peoples. The Nigerians belong mainly to the Hausa and Yoruba tribes; the Biafrans belong chiefly to the Ibo tribe. Numerous minor tribes also dot the country; indeed, more than 250 distinct languages can be found among Nigeria's 55,000,000 people.

Compounding this strong tradition of tribalism are deep religious divisions. While Islam predominates in Nigeria, Christianity is dominant in Biafra; a large sprinkling of paganism is found throughout. Christian values and Western standards are almost universal among the Ibos.

Under British Administration, the Ibos

Senator Charles E. Goodell served ten years in the House of Representatives, and was appointed to the Senate on September 10, 1968, to complete the term of the late Robert Kennedy. He is on the Banking and Currency, Commerce, and District of Columbia Senate committees.

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achieved an influence far beyond their numbers. Ambitious, energetic, and responsive to European education methods, they became the country's leading professionals, businessmen, officers, and military leaders. Their efforts did much to make Nigeria a growing, progressive nation. But their ambitions and successes also created deep distrust and ill will among the other ethnic groups that constituted the majority of the population.

Nigeria became independent in 1960, under the most seemingly hopeful circumstances. It was hailed as the African country with the greatest potential for stable, democratic institutions and economic growth. It was saluted as the symbol of progress in Africa. These hopes soon collapsed in a torrent of tribal bloodshed.

On January 15, 1966, a group of Army officers, largely Ibos, staged a coup and assassinated the Prime Minister, and the religious leader of Nigerian Moslems. The Council of Ministers handed over control of the reins of government to the Ibo commander of the armed forces, General Ironsi. The coup fanned the flames of hatred in the North. On July 29, 1966, Northern soldiers rose up, murdered their Ibo officers, and assassinated General Ironsi. A series of pogroms of Ibos occurred throughout North and Central Nigeria, resulting in an estimated 30,000 deaths and the flight of hundreds of thousands of Ibos to their tribal homeland in Eastern Nigeria.

A Federal military government was established, headed by General Gowon, a member of a small Northern tribe. Relations between this government and the regional government of the Ibo-dominated Eastern Region, headed by Colonel Ojukwo, deteriorated steadily throughout late 1966 and early 1967. The final break occurred April 4, 1967, when the Central Government declared a total blockade of the Eastern Region. This was followed shortly thereafter by a Biafran declaration of independence on May 30 and the opening of hostilities two months later.

The initial response of the great world powers, including the United States, heavily favored the Nigerian Central Government. The Soviets and the British supplied the Federal troops with arms

Senator Goodell at refugee feeding center—"Unless sufficient relief comes soon, a minimum of 1,000,000 Biafrans will die in the next twelve months."

and equipment. The United States furnished no arms, but did provide strong diplomatic support. State Department officials voiced hope of a quick victory by Federal troops as the best way to unify the country and alleviate suffering.

Isolated and without access to arms or food supplies, the Biafrans suffered a series of military defeats during the next year. Their capital fell, as did their principal seaport. By November 1968, Biafra and what remained of its 13,000,000 people had been squeezed into a landlocked, banana-shaped strip about 100 miles long and 75 miles wide—reduced from 29,500 to 7,500 square miles.

Meanwhile, reports of mass starvation in Biafra were reaching the American and European press. Public confidence in the Federal cause was shaken by stories of massacres of advancing Northern troops and bombings and strafings of Ibo civilians by Federal warplanes.

THEN, toward the end of 1968, the Federal advance into Biafra bogged down. Biafran troops began receiving arms and supplies from France and making effective use of captured Nigerian weapons. Federal troops were reported to be losing morale, and gradually the war became a stalemate.

Up to this point, the official American policy had been one of neutrality, but with strong partiality to the Federal cause. Since Biafra was regarded as merely rebel territory, the U.S. Government had established no official lines of communication into Biafra and had supplied almost no relief there. Despite widespread reports of mass starvation, State Department officials had seemed skeptical whether famine really existed in Biafra, or had argued that if it did, it was only the result of Biafran intransigence. These officials warned that an expanded U.S. relief effort for Biafra would have serious repercussions in Africa, and would possibly embroil us in a great powers confrontation in Africa.

But this policy began to crumble in the fall of 1968. Public outcry against the starvation of Biafran children continued to grow, and with it, political support for a revised U.S. position started to develop. During the presidential campaign, Mr. Nixon called forcefully for a massive relief effort. Senator Edward Kennedy threw his weight behind demands for a more humanitarian policy toward Biafra. While this was occurring, some State Department officials were having their own doubts about the old policy in view of the strength of public sentiment and the failure of the Nigerian Federal Government to achieve a

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quick and conclusive victory. In Britain there were signs of disenchantment with the policy of military support to the Nigerians.

The beginnings of a change in U.S. policy became apparent when the Johnson Administration in its final days approved the release of eight C-97 cargo planes for use by voluntary agencies flying food into Biafra. Prior to this, only a pittance of relief had been given to Biafra by the United States even though more than a million deaths by starvation had been reported there. But when the Nixon Administration took office, the direction of our policy was still unclear. The United States still had no observers in Biafra, and thus had no reliable reports of political developments, or of the hunger problem there. Official State Department statements conveyed a feeling of not knowing how to steer between the seemingly inconsistent objective of humanitarianism and neutrality in the Nigerian Civil War.

MY interest in Biafra grew out of concern with hunger in the United States. Last year, I had led a bipartisan effort in the House of Representatives to establish a Presidential Commission on Hunger; this past fall, following my appointment to the Senate, I served on a Senate select committee investigating malnutrition in the U.S. Having spent considerable time studying malnutrition at home, I became deeply concerned about reports of wholesale starvation in Biafra. After hearing testimony on the permanent brain damage and physical defects that undernourishment can cause in young children, I was particularly disturbed by accounts of Biafran children going hungry by the hundreds of thousands.

My first direct involvement with Biafran relief took place in New York City early in January of this year. With the cooperation of Mrs. Richard Nixon, Archbishop Terence Cooke, Senator Jacob Javits, and Mayor John Lindsay, I led a "Mercy Collection" on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Thousands of New Yorkers contributed food to fill a ship known as the *Biafra Christmas Ship*.

Enthusiastic as I was myself, I was amazed at the popular response to the "Mercy Collection" and the *Biafra Christmas Ship*. This response showed that a substantial segment of the public felt deeply about the need to stop starvation in Biafra. After the *Christmas Ship* collection, I returned to Washington determined to find out more about Biafra and to propose some effective measures for relief. I met with State Department officials, representatives of Biafra, officials of the Nigerian Embassy, and with other Senators and Congressmen. My conversations convinced me of one thing: not nearly enough was known of conditions in Biafra.

THE State Department told me that starvation was not as serious as depicted in the newspapers. But it had no representatives in the area, and was thus unable to supply any hard facts about the extent of malnutrition, its effect on the population, or the logistical problems of getting relief in. The Nigerian and the Biafran representatives had plenty of facts and figures—the Nigerians denying any substantial starvation at all, and the Biafrans showing millions dying. But these claims had to be discounted, because of partisan bias.

The more I investigated, the more I became convinced that I could not find out the real story unless I went to Biafra myself. And so I organized the Biafra Study Mission—a team of experts in the fields of nutrition, tropical medicine, agriculture, and African affairs—to go with me for ten days in February to Nigeria and Biafra. The team of experts consisted of Jean Mayer, the Harvard University nutritionist, who had made first-hand studies of three famines in India, the Middle East, and Africa; George Axinn, professor of agriculture at Michigan State University, who had served in Nigeria for seven years in several capacities including acting vice-chairman of the University of Nigeria; Dr. Roy Brown, associate professor of preventive medicine and pediatrics at Tufts University, who had had three years of experience in Africa; George Orick, a former consultant to UNICEF, who had been a businessman in Nigeria; and Dr. Charles Dunn, my administrative assistant. These men were exposed to bombing every day, taking cover when necessary in trench, bunker, or ditch. They performed their voluntary commitment to this factual mission with cool professional skill.

After our arrival in Africa, we met with Nigerians and Biafrans from all walks of life, including the respective heads of state, General Gowan and Colonel Ojukwu. We found men of goodwill in both Nigeria and Biafra who want the war to end and the tragedy of starvation to stop.

Our basic finding is clear: dramatic action is necessary to turn the tide of starvation in Biafra.

We found that there are presently more than 8,000,000 persons in Biafra. Despite conservative estimates that only a few thousand Biafrans had died of starvation in the past six months, we ascertained that an absolute minimum of 1,000,000 Biafrans had died in that period.

REPORTS that Nigeria was not interfering with shipments of food and medicine into Biafra were found to be untrue. We learned—by being bombed ourselves—that a lone Nigerian bomber, using the code name "Genocide," had been dropping six to nine bombs every night on Uli Airport, thereby cutting mercy flights to one-third and bringing great hazard to the crews. Only recently, after international pressures were applied, has this bombing somewhat subsided.

Optimists had asserted that maintenance of present relief efforts will hold future deaths from starvation to far fewer than in the past six months. We found present hobbled efforts to be so inadequate that, without substantially increased relief, more Biafrans will die of

"It's unsigned."

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starvation in the next six months than in the past six months.

During 1968, Biafra faced a protein crisis. That protein crisis will continue through 1969, but will be compounded by a major calorie crisis. This crisis will present far greater problems of transportation and relief than does the protein crisis. For example, we estimate that if the present airlift capacity is maintained throughout 1969, approximately 50,000 tons of food can be delivered into Biafra; this will be 35,000 tons short of the animal protein needs required to prevent substantial starvation. The calorie deficit in 1969 will be approximately 500,000 to 600,000 tons, even with intensive efforts to increase food production in Biafra and with the use of foods not usually consumed. This amounts to a calorie deficit of 271 calories per person per day below the bare minimum needed for subsistence.

A PROTEIN deficiency produces kwashiorkor and attendant diseases to which the population is particularly vulnerable in its weakened condition of malnourishment. A calorie deficit will produce marasmus and even greater vulnerability to disease. If children, pregnant women, and the elderly do not die directly of starvation, many will die from anemia, measles, smallpox, tuberculosis, and other diseases. The dangers—in fact, the probability—of epidemic are self-evident. The Biafran government is conducting a mass immunization program against measles and smallpox, and an important voluntary program, known as Aid to Biafran Children, will immunize children against tuberculosis. But the threat of epidemic will continue as long as there is substantial starvation. Of the forty-eight hospitals originally in Biafra, only eleven remain under Biafran control. These hospitals are severely overburdened, as are the medical and paramedical personnel. Their most pressing shortage, however, is medical supplies.

Unless sufficient relief comes soon, a minimum of 1,000,000 and probably 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 Biafrans will die in the next twelve months.

My trip to Biafra convinced me that to the problem of starvation the ultimate solution is political.

First, there must be an immediate cease-fire, or if a cease-fire is impossible, a temporary truce.

Second, there must be an immediate end to all arms shipments into Nigeria and Biafra. This means that the British and Russians must stop shipping arms to Nigeria, and the French must stop shipping arms to Biafra. In the absence of such action, there is grave danger that Nigeria and Biafra will become pawns in a great world power confrontation. The United States should make vigorous diplomatic efforts to persuade these powers to halt their arms shipments.

"Remember when there was nothing to fear but liberté, egalité, fraternité?"

Third, the United Nations should face its urgent responsibilities in this humanitarian crisis. So far, it has refused to take any action whatever. If the United Nations cannot meet this kind of humanitarian crisis with effective compassion, it is even more debilitated than its severest critics contend.

Fourth, in any event, the United States, unilaterally, should make available better transport equipment than obsolete C-97 cargo planes that are plagued with shortages of replacement parts and numerous maintenance problems.

Fifth, the United States, the United Nations, the Organization of African Unity, and all the great powers should offer to bring about direct negotiations between the leadership of Nigeria and the leadership of Biafra.

On my return from Nigeria and Biafra in mid-February, I met with Secretary of State William P. Rogers, Under Secretary Elliot Richardson, and other State Department officials. In the course of these meetings, I received the assurance that, "The United States Government will make available to relief agencies on a feasible and emergency basis such cargo planes, ships, maintenance personnel, and parts as are found to be necessary to perform the humanitarian mission of getting food and medical supplies to the starving people in Biafra and in Nigeria."

Subsequent to this assurance, the State Department first acted as though nothing had changed. In a news briefing February 20, State Department spokesman Robert McCloskey said that the assurance I had received was merely "a reaffirmation of our general policy." He further stated that, "the main obstacles to relief are political, which places definite limitations on whatever help in supplies and equipment can be effectively utilized." This statement showed that Department policies sometimes acquire a momentum of their own, even after decisions at the top are made to change them.

BUT later events have suggested a continuing shift in emphasis in the direction of a more vigorous policy toward alleviating starvation in Biafra. On February 22, President Nixon announced that he had appointed Clarence C. Ferguson, professor of law at Rutgers University, to act as special coordinator on relief. Professor Ferguson was charged "with assuring that the U.S. contributions to the international relief effort are responsive to increased needs to the

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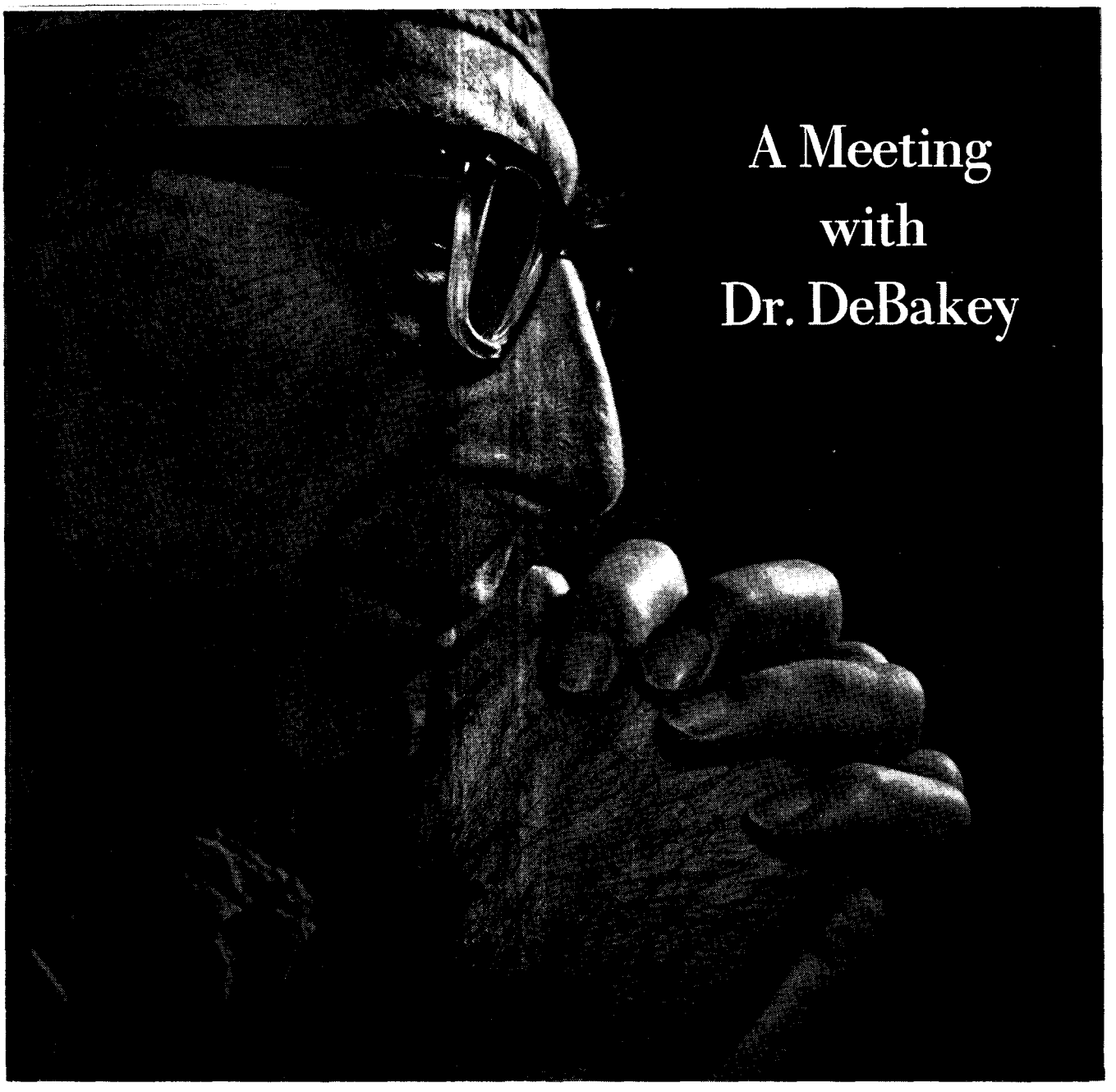

A Meeting with Dr. DeBakey

The study of Dr. DeBakey above will appear in Mr. Karsh's exhibition "Men Who Make Our World," which will open on April 25 at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C.

By YOUSUF KARSH

"PHOTOGRAPH me at the hospital—the hospital is my life." So responded Dr. Michael E. DeBakey as we were arranging to portray this dedicated pioneer of cardiovascular surgery at the Methodist Hospital in Houston. Even before our first meeting, Dr. DeBakey extended a welcomed invitation: "I have an operation to perform. Would you like to come and see it?" Our reply was an enthusiastic "yes."

Wrapped in sterile green surgical cap and gown, my wife, Estrellita, and I stood close to the famed surgeon's elbow. The operation was for an aneurysm of the aorta which DeBakey originated in the mid-Fifties. The aneurysm—the bulging, thickened, diseased section of the aorta (the large artery leading away from the heart)—was cut away and replaced with a nylon implant. No other experience could have given me more profound insight into the personality of DeBakey, nor could I have been better prepared to meet a kindred spirit.

Even surrounded by his team of assistants, nurses, and anesthesiologists, DeBakey seemed enclosed in his own circle of self-containment—involved, yet very much alone. In this microcosm where life hung in the balance, he was the undisputed master. His slight, wiry figure dominated the operating room with an enormous power of concentration. I could almost follow the throb of his own heart and brain.

His surgical assistant that day was not on a corresponding emotional or physiological wave length with him; there was a slight time lag in intuitive response. DeBakey became irritable and impatient. He used the suction himself. He reached for an instrument from the table nearby; he even bent the retractor to the desired angle, his very gesture urging more perfect coordination. I watched entranced at his quest for perfection and understood so well his frustration when it was not forthcoming. I turned to my wife, feeling that I had discovered a spiritual brother, and whispered, "He is marvelous—so intolerant, so impatient, just like me."

In the midst of his intense concern for his patient, DeBakey turned to us and asked, "Are you sure you can see everything? Come closer, I want you to watch the suturing." We looked down into the

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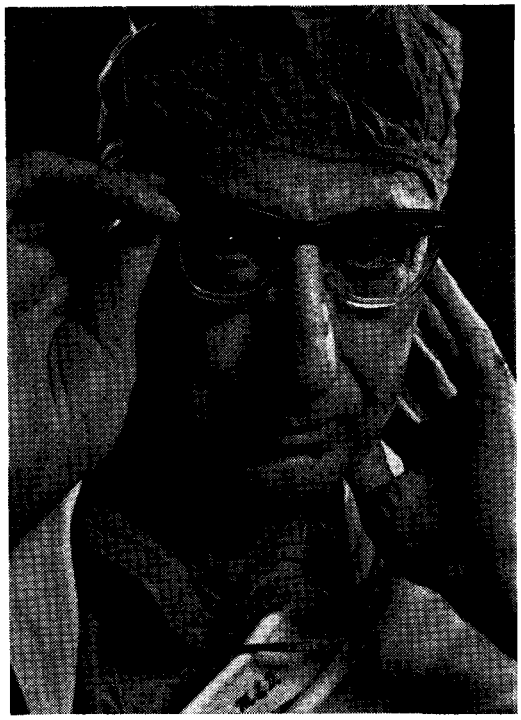
exposed heart as DeBakey stitched the ends of the patient's aorta onto the nylon implant, ever so delicately, his sensitive fingers moving eloquently with assured mastery—and yet reverently as instruments in extending life. DeBakey has written: ". . . few will deny that the order and beauty of life and the universe denote some deep meaning—however mysterious—perhaps never to be grasped by the human mind." This crucial part of the operation over, DeBakey left the operating room. For a few seconds, his dynamism kept the tension at the same high pitch, and then everyone noticeably relaxed.

The following day, before we began our photographic session, I inquired anxiously, "How is our patient?" DeBakey smilingly assured me that he was "doing fine." Without the operation, he might have lived perhaps another twenty-four hours before his diseased aorta "blew." Now, he could soon resume a normal life.

Our hours together were marked by mutual understanding and a relaxation rare, I am sure, in either of our professional lives. DeBakey's two sisters, Selma and Lois, experts in medical and scientific communication, had a reunion with my medical-writer wife. We could hear their peals of laughter floating down the corridor, as they reveled in shared experiences. In the midst of this warm, family-like atmosphere, DeBakey and I spoke of his other interests—music, fine craftsmanship, photography—all of which regrettably he now has not the time to pursue.

"A good scientist is, in fact, first a humanist and second a scientist," DeBakey remarked. When we discussed experimentation in medicine, DeBakey reaffirmed: "Above all, he (the researcher) must preserve a humane approach to science." Slowly, the various aspects of this complex and compassionate human being revealed themselves before my lens. When he assumed a profile pose, my wife compared him to an Assyrian frieze from Nimrud in the British Museum, appropriately that of a high priest of medicine, "but a yearning one."

WHEN DeBakey left to catch an afternoon plane, there was much left unspoken, but understood, between us. DeBakey has written: "Participation in the exciting world of inquiry and discovery is, in fact, its own reward." My own participation in the exciting world of the spirit of Michael DeBakey brought to me, also, "its own reward."



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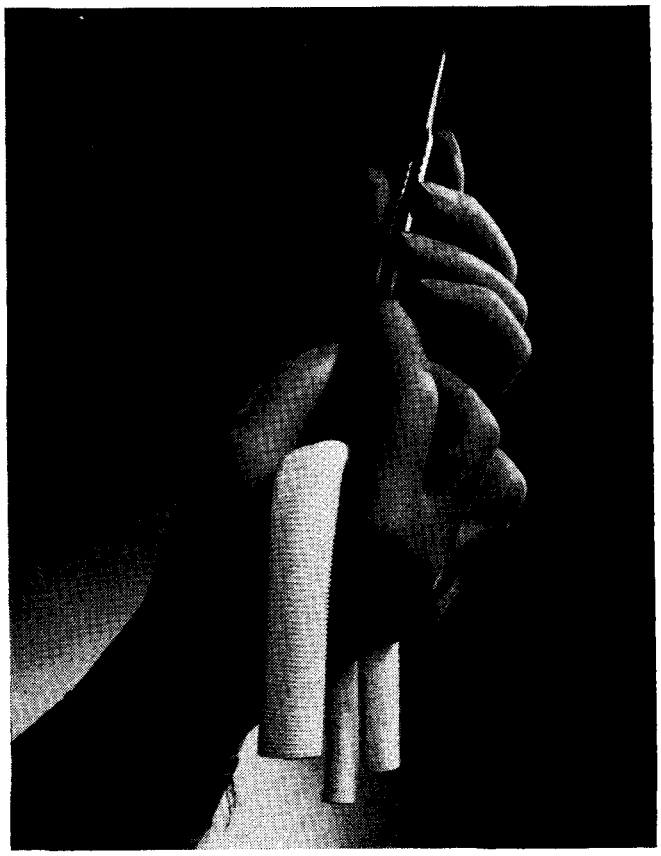
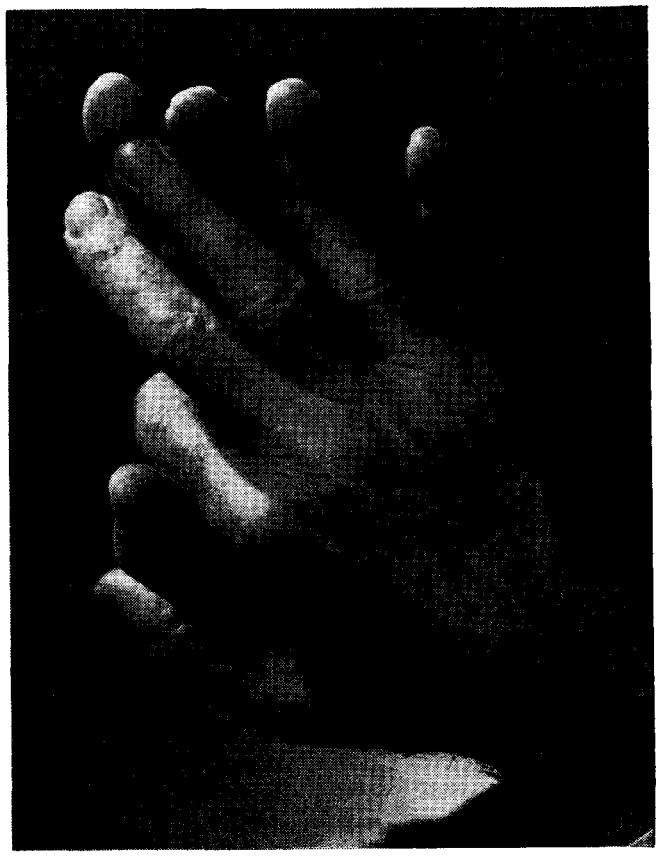
"A good scientist is, in fact, first a humanist and second a scientist."

". . . his sensitive fingers moving eloquently with assured mastery—and yet reverently as instruments in extending life."





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The Eisenhower Legacy

MOST of the eulogies to President Eisenhower spoke of many things—his desire to be a nonpartisan leader of all the American people; his natural optimism and ready response to constructive suggestions or possibilities; his gift for reconciliation and for dealing patiently with complex situations; his abilities as a military commander. Not enough was said, however, about Dwight D. Eisenhower's views on two major issues of national and world importance. The first concerned the role of the military in the life of the nation. The second concerned the need for world approaches to world peace. Both issues were related in his mind.

General Eisenhower's convictions on the first question were defined most sharply at the beginning and end of his political career. When the pressures on him to become a candidate for the Presidency first took on massive proportions, General Eisenhower spoke frankly about his reluctance to accept high political office because of his conviction that a free society should be governed by civilians, not military men. This was not just a matter of inappropriateness; nothing was more important in democratic government, he believed, than continuity and primacy of civilian control.

Eisenhower's own years in the White House, if anything, strengthened him in this conviction. In his farewell address he declared that the "conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is now an American experience." He went on to emphasize that the "influence of this combined force is felt in every city, statehouse, every office of the federal government."

If this warning had meaning in 1961, its importance eight years later has been multiplied many times. The pervasive influence that alarmed President Eisenhower has become increasingly pronounced and visible. Three-and-a-half-million men are under arms. Dozens of cities would be in serious economic difficulties if weapons manufacture were to be curtailed. Yet there could be no greater mistake than to blame this situation on the military alone. Almost all elements of the body politic have been caught in the undertow or have contributed to it. Even former Senator Wayne Morse, perhaps the most outspoken critic of the buildup of Pentagon authority, was unmistakably militant in arguing against any cutback in defense spending in his own state. The most powerful labor unions in the nation have thrown their full political weight behind maintenance of maximum weapons manufacture. No pressures on Congress in American history begin to compare with the effectiveness of the military-economic lobby. It is difficult to think of a newspaper or magazine, including *Saturday Review*, that could not be seriously hurt by the loss of advertising from broad-spectrum corporations engaged in both defense and non-defense manufacturing.

NO one wants war, yet almost everyone benefits from preparations for war. There is the widest support for the success of the Vietnam peace negotiations in Paris, and the stock market rallies with even the skimpiest hint of progress at the talks. Yet the direct connection between the arms race and the dangers of a far larger war than Vietnam has not produced an effective call for American leadership to bring the world arms race under control.

President Eisenhower did not believe in unilateral or precipitate disarmament. He recognized that the United States could not disarm in total disregard of conditions of world safety and stability. But he also recognized that the only justification for a large military shield is to press forward with the powerful ideas for peace that can make it possible to lower the shield and even to withdraw it. His strongest personal convictions were directed to the need to develop the institutions of world law that could provide for the common safety of the world's peoples and act in the human interest. He was willing to go to extraordinary lengths to explore any possibility that the Soviet Union after Stalin could be persuaded to bring the fearsome arms race under control and to enter into effective agreements with the United States. His own personal involvement in this objective was cut short by the misplaced and extravagant initiatives of the CIA in the U-2 operation over the Soviet Union on the eve of a summit conference. Just as President Nixon's emphasis on the need for arms control is undercut by Secretary of Defense Laird's references to arms superiority, so Eisenhower's stated aims were frequently negated by voices from the Pentagon or State Department.

Whether or not this kind of superimposition was what the President had in mind in his farewell address, it seems clear that Eisenhower as President was never fully able to connect the whole of U.S. foreign policy to his goal of world peace through world law. He had articulated this goal in his book, *Crusade in Europe*, and in some of his early speeches, notably the one before the American Society of Newspaper Editors in 1953. And in 1956, he had brought the Suez crisis before the United Nations, invoking principles of world law. This action was later credited by Prime Minister Nehru with having averted an almost certain world war. And there were the closing months of his office, after the death of Secretary of State John

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Letters to the Editor

Inventor in Isolation

IT IS INTERESTING and encouraging to see *John Dos Passos's brilliant trilogy, USA*, being discussed by Alfred Kazin, today when the "novel as history" and vice versa are becoming accepted genre ["John Dos Passos: Inventor in Isolation," *SR*, March 15].

Dos Passos captures the essence of the first decades of the twentieth century better than any factual recording could, just as Norman Mailer in *Armies in the Night* holds something of the reality of that moment in history. Insights into the personality of an era or event by someone who lived through it seem to restore at least some understanding of the relevance of history.

Mr. Kazin's well-articulated attention to this major though somewhat neglected work indicates that life can exist in history and poetry can exist in recording history. I certainly hope for, if not a marriage, at least a more meaningful relationship beween the two.

SUSAN B. HENSON,
Louisville, Ky.

Like It Is

WITH REGARD to Robert Lewis Shayon's review of *Teacher, Teacher* [TV-RADIO, March 1], apparently I was the only one in the whole country who did not know that Billy Schulman [in the lead role] actually was retarded!

While fully realizing the disappointments felt by the program's author, Allan E. Sloane, who probably wrote a better play, I agree with Mr. Shayon: it was geared to tell it like it is.

BURRELL ROBINSON,
Penn Yan, N.Y.

I UNDERSTAND that for many retarded children there is no clarity of expression that Mr. Shayon seemed to feel is mandatory for the dramatic impact upon the viewer. Billy Schulman, however, exhibited a fine comprehension and ability in his role, and lent insight into the feelings and responses of the retarded child to his environment.

Clarity of expression and adeptness, which other child actors could easily have emoted, are secondary; it was the lack of this that made the drama real and personal, and it was the naturalness of emotion that evoked thought on the part of the viewer.

JEANNE MORGAN,
Arlington, Va.

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S review indicated that teachers, psychologists, and related professionals were affronted by a show of pity, thus turning the entire show on its head. But a remark he made later seemed much more important: "Teachers should be human and loving as well as cognitive and demanding." I think the reaction of these aforementioned professionals is another example of denying feelings which are an inevitable part of working with people. I wonder how many of these affronted professionals actually have direct contact with retarded children.

It is commonly accepted by practitioners of psychotherapy that the therapist's feeling for people should be tempered by an ability to avoid excessive involvement with his patients. This does *not* mean, however, that he should remain completely detached, but rather that he should not become entangled. Being human should not be sacrificed at the expense of being "professional."

EDWARD J. BIREN, M.S.W.,
Psychiatric Social Worker,
Child Study Services,
Tacoma, Wash.

Getting Physical

IN REGARD to John Ciardi's "Confessions and Vengeances" [MANNER OF SPEAKING, March 8], he must be familiar with classical Greek history, not to mention the works of Locke and Rousseau during the Age of Enlightenment. All these scholars, and many others, advocated the harmonious development of the "man of wisdom and action." Physical education, in our culture, ascribes to the theory of "education through the physical" and not "of the physical." If Mr. Ciardi had unfortunate experiences in physical education classes, that certainly doesn't seem to warrant a scathing attack on the entire profession.

THOMAS D. MCINTYRE,
Pennsylvania State
University,
University Park, Pa.

Expanding Population

"HOW COME the Department of Agriculture keeps expanding while farms and farmers dwindle?" asks Jerome Beatty, Jr. in TRADE WINDS [March 1].

Twenty-seven per cent of the expenditures under the heading of agriculture in 1966 directly benefited farmers by supporting farm income. The remaining 73 per cent of "agriculture" expenditures provided benefits to everyone—consumers, businessmen, and the general public. The expansion of this population outweighs the dwindling farmers.

QUENTIN W. PATTERSON,
Hillsborough, N.C.

Numerology

I'M AFRAID I'll have to argue with Barry Targan's numerology in his "Ringing in the New" [PHOENIX NEST, March 15]. It is true, as he says, that our civilization always begins to count with the number one and not with zero; but he forgets that the year occurred twelve months after the beginning of the first century and does not designate the beginning of the first century. Simple arithmetic then shows us that the year 100 is the anniversary of exactly that: one hundred full years—the end of the first century and the beginning of the second. Therefore, contrary to the error by *The New York Times* on January 1, 1901, the year 1900 was truly the beginning of the twentieth century. It wasn't until the twentieth century was twelve months old that the year 1901 arrived.

Remember that neither a century nor a child is one year old at birth. We do not start counting with number one, but with fractions. Hour, day, and week are all measurable fractions of the infinite one that is unmeasurable.

B. J. MERHOLZ,
Los Angeles, Calif.

HAVING JUST turned forty, it is good to know that I am still in my thirties.

Please thank Mr, Targan for his very enlightening piece.

MRS. D. GRIFFITH,
Sands Point, N.Y.

"Care to hear about a millionaire who makes over a million dollars a week and pays no income tax?"

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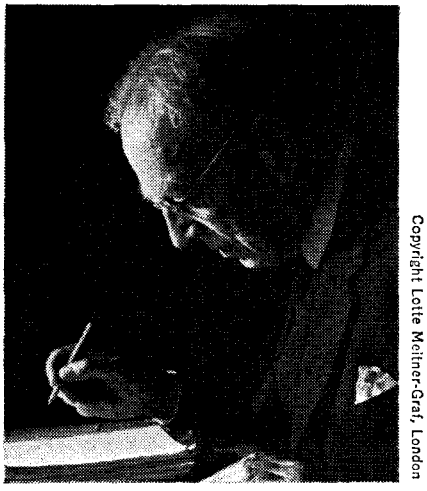

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THEODORE C. SORENSEN

A Time Bomb Near the Heart of the Nation

The Electoral College, asserts James A. Michener, is not only an outmoded but a dangerous method for choosing a President.

HAD NELLIE FORBUSH decided, in the last few pages of James A. Michener's unforgettable *Tales of the South Pacific*, to reject the hand of her French planter in exchange for his lifelong friendship, most readers would have felt with understandable annoyance that the author had been building up to something more than that. Many will feel the same way upon finishing *Presidential Lottery* (Random House, 240 pp., $3.95), Mr. Michener's devastating attack on this nation's anachronistic Electoral College system of choosing its President and Vice President.

"Anachronistic" is the least of the disparaging adjectives applied to the system by the author in his opening pages. It is also "inane," "immoral," "incredible," "ridiculous," "outmoded" and "dangerous," a "reckless lottery," "a shambles," "an idiotic mess," and "a time bomb lodged near the heart of the nation," calculated to produce "chicanery, fraud and uncertainty."

Among the major evils he points out are: 1) the real possibility of a man being chosen President even though he is defeated by the voters at the polls; 2) the disproportionate influence accorded some states and blocs by the distribution of electoral votes; 3) the folly of continuing a system based on assumptions of 1787 that are no longer remotely valid; 4) the danger of relying upon a system (and someday a result) not clearly understood by the general public, and 5) the injustice of permitting a state to discourage large numbers of its citizens from exercising the franchise and still receive credit for them in the allocation of electoral votes. (For example, Mississippi and Connecticut each had eight electoral votes in 1960, yet Connecticut's eight votes represented four times as many actual voters on Election Day.)

However, after parading this chamber of horrors and suggesting some important changes, Mr. Michener basically recommends that we keep the electoral-vote system, continue the five evils cited above, and thus retain what he has aptly called a "Presidential lottery." Then he adds: ". . . the fact remains that the system has worked. Pragmatically speaking, it has been a great success, having outlasted several hundred other governmental systems that have been tried in other nations in the period since 1789."

This is by no means a fair summary of the book, as I will make clear in a moment, but it does reflect my dismay at the gap between Mr. Michener's conclusions and his opportunity. *Presidential Lottery* could have been a most important and valuable work at a particularly crucial moment. The time for electoral reform, for bold recommendation is now, with the confusion and near-catastrophe of the 1968 experience still fresh in the minds of the Congress and public.

President Nixon has endorsed a plan that will inject more distortions

THEODORE C. SORENSEN served as special counsel to President John F. Kennedy.

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and dangers into the present system than it removes—the while professing his true affection for the one reform that ends all distortions, the direct popular vote. Even though they would be preferable, he is not supporting direct elections, said the President, because that approach does not have sufficient backing to be enacted into the Constitution. This is Presidential leadership?

Hoping for a trumpet blast that would destroy the walls of pusillanimity on this issue, imagine my disappointment in finding that Mr. Michener (who, incidentally, campaigned ably against Richard Nixon in 1960 as well as 1968) vitiates the powerful indignation he has leveled against the present plan by mildly proposing that we retain some of its worst features, study all the alternative plans, encourage the Congress to adopt one of them, and "if it becomes apparent that the plan we prefer is not attainable, then we must quickly throw our support to the one that is, unless it is totally objectionable. When it is decided what Constitutional amendment will be offered the people, we must work diligently to see that it is adopted . . . if I cannot get the plan I want, I will want the one I can get." Not quite the trumpet call the times require. Should Mr. Nixon's plan be offered the people, I intend to work diligently to see that it is not adopted.

If my bias toward the direct election of Presidents is showing, it is only because I feel that my obligation to advocate the best for our democracy takes precedence over my obligation to render a detached and dispassionate review of a well-motivated book by a gifted author. Mr. Michener does indicate finally and somewhat reluctantly that the direct popular vote alternative is his second choice. But he precedes this conclusion by quoting a long, rambling lecture he received as a naval "elections officer" on a Pacific island in 1944 from a civilian supervisor whose experience in Democratic Party matters in Boston had taught him that politics should be left to the politicians. This practical politician believed in making it difficult for people to vote, in abolishing absentee ballots, and in confining participatory democracy to the small nucleus of party regulars "who really care." Michener was impressed and still is with this philosophy. "I am not in favor of a direct popular vote for President," he writes.

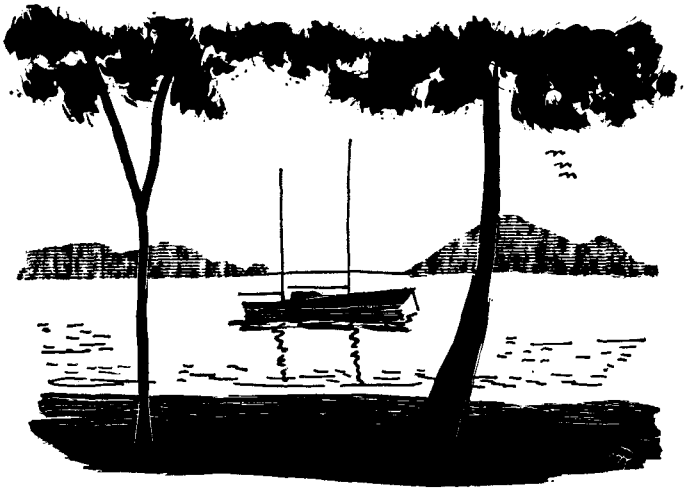
> I fear that such a vote would be vulnerable to demagoguery, to wild fluctuations of public reaction, to hysteria generated by television, and to the tearing down of the old safeguards which have protected the various regions of our nation . . . I have never believed in a raw democracy of merely adding up total votes.

I do not wish to imply that Mr. Michener has written a book of no value or interest. On the contrary, by stimulating discussion, by setting forth the defects and dangers in our present system, by examining each of the alternatives confronting the Congress and country, he has produced a work certain to be read, quoted, and helpful in maintaining public concern. Although at times *Presidential Lottery* seems a strange combination of personal experience, historical exploration, statistical analysis and political theory, it avoids the heavy, dry tone of a political science tome that would never be read by those average citizens whose concern about this subject must be aroused and sustained.

THE Founding Fathers envisioned a system whereby an élite handful, chosen by their respective state legislatures for their selfless patriotism and vast knowledge, would meet in their respective states every four years and decide on the wisest man in the country to be President. Instead, as Michener points out from his own experience as an elector in 1968, party contributors and reliable hacks are casually telephoned by some political leader: "Hey, Joe! You wanna be an elector?" "Sure, why not?" In Pennsylvania on the appointed day a snowstorm and other obstacles prevented a large number of Michener's fellow Democratic electors from attending their only meeting, and convenient substitutes were hastily rounded up. Because electors were free to vote for anyone they wished, they were urged by a newly founded Commission on Election Reform, sponsored by Roderick D. Dimoff, to cast their Vice Presidential ballots for a man who could negotiate with Brezhnev and de Gaulle in their own languages—Roderick D. Dimoff, whose only campaign promise was to lose sixty pounds in order not to look so fat at government functions.

As absurd and chaotic as this sounds, it was no more so than the results produced by the Electoral College system in 1824, 1876, and 1888, when the voters defeated the man who thereafter became President. Even more absurd and chaotic consequences might have occurred in 1968 had fewer than 78,000 voters in Missouri and Illinois voted for Humphrey instead of Nixon. No candidate would then have received an electoral-vote majority as required by the Constitution, and the President would have been selected by bargaining among the "Hey, Joe's" and other faceless electors, especially those won by George C. Wallace's threat to run down demonstrators with his automobile. Wallace's whole campaign was aimed at carrying enough states to have the Presidency decided by the Electoral College, thereby requiring one of the major candidates to make what he called "a solemn covenant" (spelled d-e-a-l). If the electors failed to find a majority for one candidate, the election would have been thrown into the House of Representatives under a system by which each state, regardless of population, has one vote. Thus Alaska, Nevada, Wyoming, and Vermont, with a combined population of less than 1.5 million, would have been able to outvote California, New York, and Pennsylvania, with a combined population of nearly fifty million.

Michener writes that he was prepared, if neither Nixon nor Humphrey reached an electoral-vote majority on Election Day, to propose to his fellow Democratic electors that they strike a decent bargain with the Republican electors before the Wallace-ites proposed an indecent one and before a decision in the House became necessary. To his surprise, he learned that other more partisan Democrats had been prepared to make the same move. He also notes that on the night of the election while the narrow vote tallies were being announced he had distinctly mixed feelings. As a Humphrey supporter, he hoped the Democratic nominee would win enough electoral votes to deny Nixon a majority and throw the election into a Democratic House of Representatives.



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As a citizen who had studied the potential disaster implicit in such a deadlock, he thought it best for Nixon to win clearly at the polls since he would probably win anyway in the end. Many of us will recall similarly mixed feelings on that long night of last November.

The nation came close to the same kind of Constitutional crisis in 1900, 1912, 1916, and in four of the last eight Presidential elections—those in 1940, 1944, 1948 and 1960. The disturbing bitterness and violence in the 1968 Presidential election erupted in some measure because many citizens do not understand the fairness or relevance of much of our political system—including the nominating process, registration requirements, campaign financing, use of television, even the structure of the parties. Of all our political institutions, surely the electoral-vote system is the least understandable, the most irrelevant and unfair. Should it ever again produce a President who has been rejected by the rank-and-file voters, the potential for bitterness and violence will be truly tragic.

Why continue to take this risk? The Presidential electoral system was devised long before levels of education, communication, and political sophistication enabled the average voter to choose knowledgeably among candidates from states other than his own. Although favored by underpopulated states as a boon to their influence, the electoral system has actually benefited the large states. Southern states liked it when their black populations lacked the franchise they now increasingly exercise. The Founding Fathers assumed that, contrary to present practice, independent, non-partisan electors selected by state legislatures would be solemnly meeting in each state unaware of how other electors were voting. They did not contemplate rapid population changes between the decennial Congressional reapportionments, nor did they anticipate Presidential conventions and campaigns.

Mr. Michener cites Senator John F. Kennedy's support in 1956 of the electoral system. I should point out that Mr. Kennedy, in his role of Senator from a populous state, was defending the big-state preference inherent in the present system. To be completely consistent and effective in his opposition to the "proportional" and "district" plans—which had a real prospect of passage that year whereas the popular-vote proposal had none—he felt obligated to fight all changes. The balanced "solar system" of advantages and disadvantages in American politics, in which the urban advantage in the Electoral College was needed to offset the rural advantage in the House of Representatives, had not yet been upset by the Supreme Court's one state-one vote decision. Mr. Kennedy, moreover, spoke before the 1960 and 1968 elections produced not only examples of faithless and unpledged electors but electoral-vote results so close as to bring us to the brink of Constitutional crisis.

This is why Mr. Michener is right in stating that abolition of the independent Electoral College and abolition of the one state-one vote rule in the House of Representatives would be extremely important steps forward, but wrong in saying that we should not go all the way and substitute a direct popular vote for outmoded electoral votes. His plan would automatically credit the electoral votes of each state to the popular-vote winner in that state, making electors unnecessary, and a run-off election between the top two contenders would be held if no candidate received an electoral-vote majority. While this plan is at least a step in the right direction, a direct popular vote is the only system under which we can be certain that

- no man could be elected President with fewer popular votes than his opponent;
- no citizen's vote would be discounted or have more weight than any other;
- election results could not be distorted by out-of-date census figures; and
- Presidential campaigns and Presidential-Vice Presidential tickets would be devised for their appeal to all voters in all states equally. In Omaha, Nebraska, for example, 250,000 people would have the same influence and importance as 250,000 people in Oakland, California.

To be sure, the possibilities of corruption, delay, and uncertainty will exist under any system, but they are best confronted in one that is fundamentally democratic, easily understood, and applicable to every other election in the country. Mr. Michener notes the argument that alternative plans will reduce the temptation to fraud and corruption by quarantining their effect within a particular state or district. But ballot-stuffers deciding to fix the Presidential election in, say, California, by faking 35,000 ballots could thereby change all of California's electoral votes under the present system, and this would give them roughly one-fifth of the electoral votes their candidate would need to be President, whereas under a popular vote it would afford them less than one-tenth of 1 per cent.

Mr. Michener successfully destroys the historical defense of the present system and lists all the frightening results it could someday produce. Yet he refuses to support direct elections, invoking Calhoun's principle of states' rights and opposing "any proposal which would submerge the fifty individual states into a conglomerate mass." In truth, the electoral-vote system has done nothing to prevent the gradual concentration of power in Washington. It is the United States Senate, with equal weight given to each state, that maintains the principle of federalism with the aid of energetic and progressive governors and state legislatures.

The electoral-vote system offers the President an incentive to pay more attention to some states at the expense of others—and that is surely not helping the cause of states' rights. Under modern federalism, the national government should consist of a popularly elected President representing all the people, a Senate representing each state equally regardless of size, and a House representing each of the 435 approximately equal local districts.

In addition to direct elections and Mr. Michener's "automatic electoral vote" alternative (which is desirable if the former is truly out of the question), two other plans consistently advanced by conservatives are ably analyzed in this book. Either would have resulted in Richard Nixon's election over John Kennedy in 1960 and both, not surprisingly, are apparently favored by President Nixon today.

The "district plan" would award equal electoral votes to every Congressional district (or special districts created for this purpose by state legislatures), while retaining two at-large electoral votes for each state regardless of size. Merely transferring the "winner-take-all" and other objectionable features of the present system from the state to the district level is not much of a step forward; and encouraging state legislatures to gerrymander such districts only invites distor-

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No Sit-ins at Electoral

EVEN THOUGH I WAS DETERMINED to work for the abolition of the Electoral College, I felt that since I was an elected member I should treat the tradition with respect, but society conspired against me. Newspapers in the area conducted man-on-the-street interviews regarding the College, and the replies were comical.

One man said, "Every boy and girl should go to college and if they can't afford Yale or Harvard, why, Electoral is just as good, if you work."

A woman in Philadelphia said, "I've heard some very nice things said about Electoral. It's here in the neighborhood somewhere. I think it's that bunch of red-brick buildings about three blocks farther down." And she pointed toward Independence Hall.

A sporting type said, "The guys at the bar poor-mouth Electoral somethin' awful. Wasn't they mixed up in a basketball scandal or somethin'?"

—From "Presidential Lottery."

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tions in the national electoral result.

The "proportional plan" would divide each state's electoral vote according to the popular vote in that state for each candidate, calculated to the third decimal place. Thinly populated one-party states would thus have more influence on the result than heavily populated two-party states; and the present malapportionment of the electoral vote would be further compounded. Both systems would encourage a mass of splinter parties to seek an electoral vote or two here and there, with the result that every election might be thrown into the Congress or a runoff. And both would greatly reduce the present pressure on the major parties by urban and minority groups, who surely need all the influence that they have achieved.

Thus, in the name of reform, the President has suggested that we step backward; and Mr. Michener, although on balance rejecting the district and proportional plans, appears too eager to accept any change. Recognizing the difficulty of obtaining a Constitutional amendment in this area, he notes that many sparsely populated states assume that *they* are the beneficiaries of the present system, inasmuch as five of them, for example, have fifteen electoral votes between them for two million people, while one (Colorado) has six electoral votes for nearly two million people. Similarly, many populous states assume that *they* are the beneficiaries of the current situation because the winner-take-all system gives them increased leverage and attention. Hence both are reluctant to support a direct popular election plan that would remove these inequities. That is why a trumpet blast is needed, not a cautious whistle.

In providing for the direct election of Senators under the Seventeenth Amendment, the people of this nation forgot about small counties versus large counties, rural citizens versus urban citizens, liberal voters versus conservative voters. They chose instead the fairest, simplest, most democratic method. As a proud native son of Nebraska and a proud resident today of New York, I would gladly forego the supposed electoral advantages of either in order to achieve the only true democratic standard, a direct popular poll in which each citizen of every state, regardless of population, has an equal voice and vote.

Mr. Michener, who opposes the direct vote, quotes Elbridge Gerry: "The people are uninformed and would be misled by a few designing men." I prefer to cite the words of Lincoln's First Inaugural: "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. . . . Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?"

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Ever Heard of Lidice?

Concerning Paul E. Zinner's article, "A Nation Violated" [*SR*, Mar. 29], what would have been a more heroic stance for the Czech nation in 1938 and again in 1948? Armed resistance? How victorious would it have been? Which one of the Western nations would have assisted? Suicidal annihilation! Has Mr. Zinner ever heard of a town named Lidice?

Perhaps a hero is one who must die for his belief, but to me that is a martyr. Survival may be a more accurate term, and what takes more fortitude?

C. Jezek,
Cincinnati, O.

Strings to Jennie's Bow

In her review of my book, *Jennie: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill* [*SR*, Mar. 8] Glendy Culligan refers to Jennie's life as "a bad life." What nonsense!

She not only shaped her son into what he was, but she converted a social nothing of a husband into a man who almost became Prime Minister. Even besides that, she was the author of books, saw her plays produced in London, edited and published an international literary magazine, was a pianist of almost concert quality and introduced Paderewski to England, and she was a woman of many men—whose lovers were among the most important men in Europe. A Prime Minister's wife once said of Jennie, "She could have governed the world." And, in a sense, she almost did. Bad life, indeed!

One other statement I must answer. Miss Culligan has charged me with "uncritical scholarship" and "imprecise documentation." I spent five years in researching and writing this book. Much of my research came from primary sources—hundreds of letters, diaries, documents, interviews, all over England, the United States and various parts of Europe. All of this is carefully documented in my book, in sixty pages of Notes and References and Critical Bibliography. Your readers have a right to know this.

Ralph G. Martin,
East Norwich, N.Y.

Omayyads, Abbasids, Fatimids . . .

Mr. Kurt Rosenwald, whose letter appeared in *SR* Feb. 22, should use a non-Zionist history of Palestine. His statement "the fact is that the Arabs never ruled Palestine" is the most bold of several in Mr. Rosenwald's brief effort to rewrite history.

If the Arabs never ruled Palestine, who were the Omayyads, the Abbasids, the Fatimids, and the Ayyubids, who seem, from most reliable historical accounts, to have governed Palestine from 638 A.D. until 1250 A.D., when the Mamelukes arrived on the scene? True, the Crusaders briefly interrupted this more than 600-year reign when they defeated the Fatimids in 1099 and managed to stave off the Arab armies until Saladin restored Arab power in most of Palestine in 1187. His troops were Sunni Muslim Arabs from Syria, and his family, the Ayyubids, ruled from the field, wherever their commander was in battle, as well as from Egypt. The Crusaders failed to unseat the Ayyubids by force and had to rely upon the guile of a questionable ally, Frederick II, to negotiate a ten-year treaty with the Arabs in 1229 to temporarily bring Jerusalem, Nazareth and Bethlehem under Christian rule until the Ayyubid sultanate's control was restored in 1244.

The major point at issue is why the Jews insist upon referring to Palestine as their "homeland" when the Israelites only ruled that land from 1020 B.C. until 721 B.C., only half the time which the Arabs reigned supreme in that land, and less than one-fourth the time which Palestine was under the Muslims.

David D. Shobe,
Manhasset, N.Y.

Brown-skinned Aryans

Gerald Pearce rightly points out [Book Forum, Mar. 15] that the old population of Palestine included, not only Jews but also Canaanites, Philistines, etc.

The Canaanites were, as experts point out, Hamites from southwestern Arabia and racial kin to the Akkadians, who invaded and settled in Upper Mesopotamia. Both divisions moved from Arabia about 3800 B.C. Canaan was, of course, named after the Hamitic (Aryan) Canaanites. One of their subsequent tribes is known to history as the Phoenicians. A division that expanded northward was later known as the Amorites. All were brown-skinned Aryans from Arabia.

Their far-off ancestors, known as the Mediterraneans (a sub-race of the Aryan race) migrated from Iran to Mediterranean Basin about 25,000 years ago. They reached the general area of eastern Mediterranean Basin about 10-12,000 years ago. Various of their walled cities, built in the Neolithic age, have been excavated by geologists.

Palestine, then, was occupied by branches and groups of brown Aryans (Canaanites, Phoenicians, Amorites, etc.) from about 4000 B.C. This was roughly 2,000 years before the ancient Hebrews, under the leadership of Terah, father of Abram (later Abraham) appeared on the Babylonian Plain (*circa* 1815 B.C.) and settled near Ur of the Chaldees—the Chaldeans being brown Aryans from Arabia.

In sum, Palestine had been occupied for at least 2,000 years by brown Aryans (peoples who today would be recognized as of Arab stock) before the Khibiru, or ancient Hebrews, crossed the Tigris westward and, hundreds of years later, became a nation.

Michael Spear,
Cambridge, Mass.

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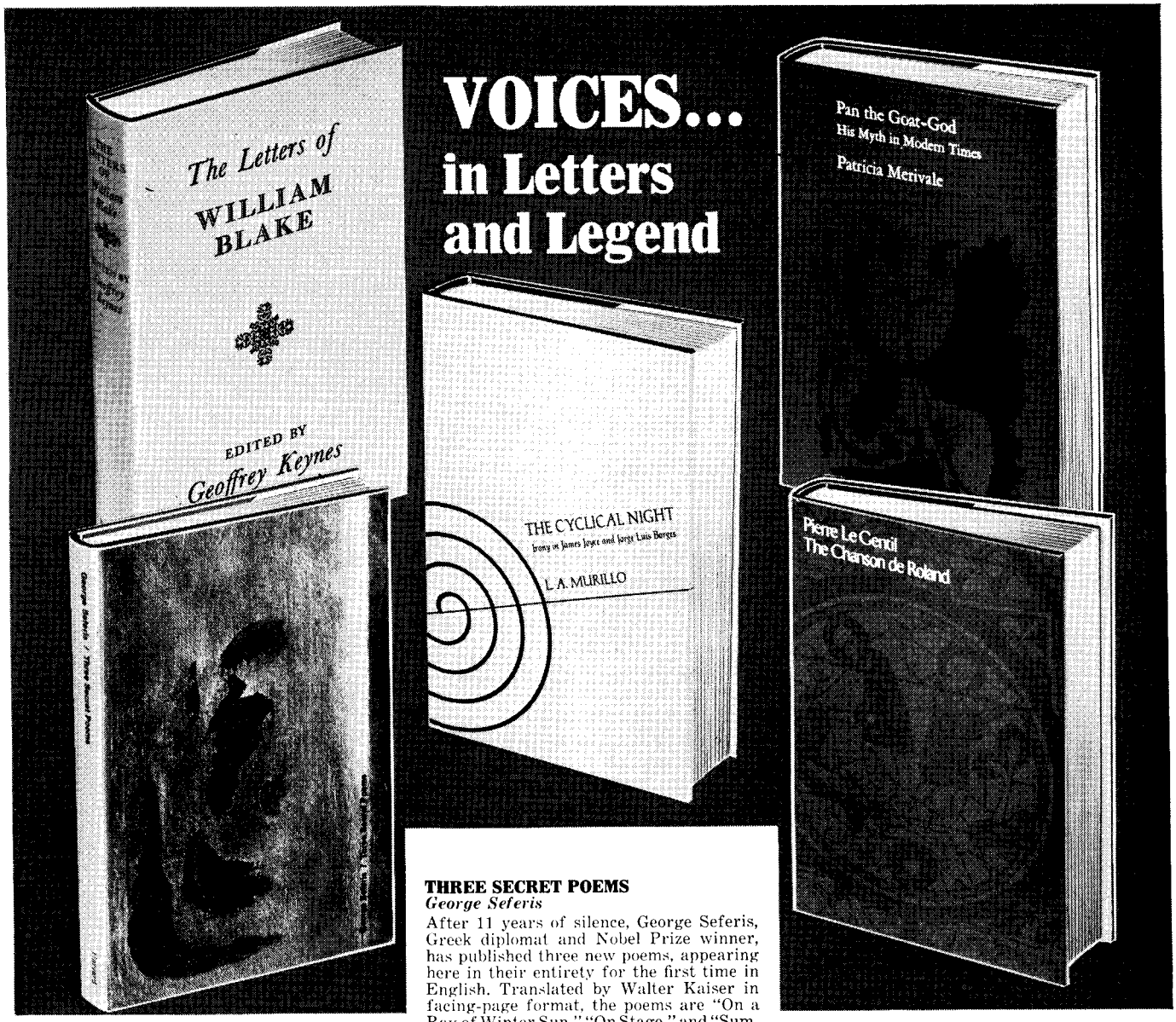

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Patricia Merivale

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Harvard University Press

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

Frank O'Connor, who died in 1966, wrote some of the finest short stories in the language. He also wrote two novels, several critical studies, a brilliant life of Michael Collins, and a touching memoir, mostly about his mother, *An Only Child.* (I am happy to hear that a second autobiographical volume, *My Father's Son,* will be published in the fall.) But it is for his short stories that he is and will be remembered.

His last collection, *A Set of Variations* (Knopf, $6.95), contains twenty-seven stories written in the last decade of his life. At least a dozen of them are as good as anything he has written, and I cannot give much higher praise than that. He wrote about people of Ireland—priests and occasionally doctors and lawyers but mostly unsophisticated workmen or farmers and their mothers, wives, and daughters.

O'Connor's great art was in taking a situation, as a rule one that seemed to be quite simple, looking at it from this point of view and that, and finally bringing the reader to see it in a new, startling and revealing way. Almost any story in the book would show what I mean, but the first one, "A Set of Variations on a Borrowed Theme," will serve my purpose nicely. (In order to make my point, I shall have to tell how the story ends, and, that, I know, will disturb certain readers, but I promise not to reveal the ending of any of the other twenty-six stories.)

The story begins: "Kate Mahoney was sixty when her husband died and, like many another widow, she had to face the loss of her little home." O'Connor describes her: "Her hands and legs were knotted with rheumatics, and she had a battered, inexpressive countrywoman's face, like a butcher's block, in which the only good feature was the eyes, which looked astonishingly girlish and merry." She has two daughters, but she would not want to live with either of them even if they could have her. So she decides to take a foster child: "It was a terrible comedown—more particularly for her, a respectable woman who had brought up two honest transactions of her own, but at her age what else could she do?"

Eventually she has two foster children, Jimmy and James, both the illegitimate sons of young women of good family who were "taken advantage of." Her daughters, indignant when she accepts the first—"making a holy show of us"—are infuriated by the second, and one of them, Nora, upbraids her mother:

> "You love it, woman [she says]. And you care more about that little bastard than you ever did about Molly or me."
>
> "How dare you?" Kate cried, rising with as much dignity as the rheumatics permitted. "What way is that to speak to your own mother? And to talk about a poor innocent child in my house like that, you dirty, jealous thing! Yes, jealous," she added in a wondering whisper, as though the truth had only dawned on her in that moment. "Oh, my! Ye that had everything!"

In a characteristic way, for he always sees a situation in all its complexity, O'Connor presents each of the two boys as an individual, and describes their relations with one another and with Kate. Jimmy, the older, comes to suspect that there is something strange about his origins, and at last he learns the truth. When he is reclaimed by his mother, who has married, Kate's feelings are ambivalent: she is glad that he is to have the advantages to which he is entitled, and she is afraid of the responsibility of bringing him up, but she misses him. And eventually he returns. James, meanwhile, has decided that he wants to become a college professor, and is steadily and quietly working towards that end.

On her deathbed Kate addresses her farewell to the two boys and not to her daughters. Nora says to Molly that their mother's mind was wandering. Molly replies: "It was *not* wandering. She knew perfectly well what she was saying, and Jimmy knew it, too. They were her real children all the time, and we were only outsiders." This is true, but O'Connor does not want the reader to think that it is the whole truth or even the most important part of the truth. At the wake Kate's old crony and confidante, Hanna Dinan, says, "Wisha, wasn't she a great little woman! She had them all against her and she bested them. They had everything and she had nothing, and she bested them all in the end." And this is it, of course: the theme of the story is Kate's greatness.

Frank O'Connor—"an illusion of spontaneity."

O'Connor arrives at his conclusion so naturally and easily that one could almost believe it was an accident. He had a wonderful gift for creating an illusion of spontaneity. Of course there really was nothing casual about any of his stories. In her brief introduction his widow says, "For Frank O'Connor the most important single element in any story was its design." O'Connor himself wrote Harvey Breit of the *New York Times* that he revised his stories again and again. If he was lucky, he said, "I may get it right in six revisions. If I don't, I may have to revise it fifty times." As he worked it over, a story might change, for form and content developed together. It was insight that made the story and perfected the design. In the story I have been examining it is right, in terms of both form and content, that Hanna Dinan should have the last word and say what she says.

As for the other twenty-six stories, a dozen or more are as good as this or better, and I can only urge readers to find out for themselves how potent was the magic O'Connor practiced. For an Irishman he was extraordinarily lacking in partisanship. In his stories about priests, for example, good priests and bad priests, he never speaks out for or against the Church, though his characters are likely to be hot on one side or the other. He says things about Ireland that are bound to offend the professional Irishmen, but he says them without bitterness. Human behavior often struck him as ludicrous, and he wrote some very funny stories, such as "The School for Wives" and "Androcles and the Army" in this volume. He was endlessly interested in human beings, and firmly convinced that there was more in almost any person than could be seen on the surface. Nothing in the human condition seemed to him more prevalent or more pathetic than loneliness—movingly portrayed in the three stories that conclude the volume. Although his manner was usually cheerful, as he wanted it to be, his feeling for life was essentially tragic.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

The Arkville Press consists of two officers, fifteen published books, no full-time employees, a deficit and a millionaire backer. It has a friend at Bankers Trust and is programmed at the Columbia University Graduate School of Business. The books are sold by The Free Press, which in turn is owned by Crowell-Collier-Macmillan. Complicated? Not by modern publishing standards. But it does remind us of the old anatomy song: the shin bone is connected to the knee bone, the knee bone to the thigh bone, the thigh bone to the hip, and so on. Except in this case, Arkville isn't very hip. Its major function is to publish books on the role of the American corporation in modern society.

The unusual thing about Arkville is that it has persuaded a number of these large corporations to help underwrite the Press's annual budget. In a sense, this parallels the efforts of Arts Councils throughout the country to get "business" money for cultural purposes. (A sizable proportion of the $27 million funneled through the National Council on the Arts in 1968 came as gifts from corporations.) If Arkville expands its list to include poetry and books on general cultural subjects, as it plans someday to do, corporate subvention will hopefully be phased out, but at present, as Director Richard Eells points out, the money is a pump-priming operation designed to get Arkville moving. U.S. Steel, Bankers Trust Co., and Standard Oil of New Jersey were among the first sponsors, back in 1965, and the blue-chip angels have since increased to fifteen; IBM, for example, has just committed itself to a seven-year grant totaling $35,000. In addition, five private foundations have added their support.

It takes a financial genius to think of something like this, and such a man was at hand in Armand G. Erpf, general partner of Loeb, Rhoades & Co., who got a taste of publishing as chairman of the executive committee of Crowell-Collier-Macmillan, went on to invest in *Atlas* and *New York Magazine,* and is now president of Arkville. Parenthetically, it is Erpf who is credited with reviving the moribund Crowell-Collier Co., combining it with Macmillan, and boosting annual sales from $28 million to $400 million in just ten years.

But there's no use being a publisher if you can't lose money, too—at least in a good cause—and Erpf started Arkville as a "loss" corporation. The name comes

from Arkville, N.Y., up in the Rip Van Winkle country of Delaware County, where Erpf maintains a home. An old building, *circa* 1800, has been purchased as a headquarters and will be remodeled for future use. In the meantime Director Eells, who is Adjunct Professor at Columbia's Graduate School of Business, works out of his university office and his apartment. Columbia has put its imprimatur on the project by setting up a Studies of the Modern Corporation to oversee the editorial work, and it also acts as trustee for the corporate gifts.

Officially, the publications are "designed to stimulate inquiry, research, criticism and reflection. They fall into four categories: works by outstanding businessmen, scholars and professional men; prizewinning doctoral dissertations relating to the corporation; annotated and edited selections of business literature; and business classics that merit republication." Probably the most widely noted—and quoted—of the books to date is Daniel P. Moynihan's *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding.*

The "studies" are far from being an apologetics for corporation behavior, and one book (*The Political Imperative: The Corporate Character of Unions*) is written by Gus Tyler of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Erpf says frankly that neither the universities nor business executives really know much about the modern corporation; the former are too far from the woods, and the latter too close to the trees. "In view of the enormous morass of ignorance about the methodology of modern business, we thought it important to put some light on it," Erpf explains.

He also sees Arkville as a counterforce to John Kenneth Galbraith, who he believes has given business a bad name. Yet the project makes no attempt at "image building" for the corporation, or promoting the company histories so beloved of trade publishing. "Our sponsors are surprised to find that their names are not even mentioned in the books," Professor Eells says.

Beautifully designed and printed, they are far above the average in appearance. On a budget of about $125,000 a year, the venture is still a shoestring operation as these things go; but it's a golden shoestring, and, as a way of getting business to pay for its own examination as a force in American life, an innovation in publishing as well.

For those to whom innovation is all, we draw attention to the latest example of electronic publishing, the new *Annals of America,* a six-years-in-the-making, computer-set, twenty-volume, million-dollar project sponsored by the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Edited by Mortimer Adler and Charles Van Doren, the *Annals* contains more than 2,000 historical documents by some 1,200 authors, ranging from Columbus to Martin Luther King, Jr., plus a two-volume conspectus of "Great Issues in American Life," a bibliography, cross references and much, much more.

The secret of the *Annals*—and their prime selling point—is that you don't have to "look things up." On the contrary, you leave this to a computer in Chicago, merely sending in your order for whatever material you want assembled. In due time a custom-made "book" comes back to you which has been retrieved, quite possibly, from all twenty volumes. Indeed, our first thought was why own the set at all? Why not just establish a direct line to the computer service? Alas, inspection of the sales literature indicates that this is not possible.

The Britannica people point out that the *Annals* is "the first large set of reference books ever conceived for electronic composition and publishing" and that "it is pointing the way toward a more versatile publishing industry." What this will do for general trade publishing—novels, for example—we can't say. Our guess is, not very much. But the advantages of the electronic availability of educational material is obvious, and the *Annals* underwent field trials in several schools before being published in its final form. As now programmed, the *Annals* invites an educator to select any combination of subjects in the areas of history, social studies, and political science, and have them "packaged" for his class. It's a little like computer dating.

Since retrieval costs money (the amount depends upon the number of pages), schools and college will doubtless form the largest market for the *Annals.* But there is no reason why individuals can't buy the set (at $149.50), ignore the computer, and use it as an old-fashioned sourcebook in U.S. history.

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Hope's Candidate

The Choices, *by Norman Thomas (Ives Washburn. 85 pp. $3.50), contains the socialist leader's last prescription for his country, written shortly before his death. Spencer Pollard is a professor of economics at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles and the author of "How Capitalism Can Succeed."*

By SPENCER POLLARD

IN THIS SLENDER BOOK Norman Thomas calls himself "one of those who desire to wash the flag, not burn it." He wants to wash out poverty, racism, pollution, false advertising, and the notion that our manifest destiny is to be the world's policeman. He wants our patriotism to include support for population control, the negative income tax, and community planning with the participation of the plannees. Someday, he hopes, we shall have a pledge of allegiance to a United Nations powerful enough to administer world law based upon social justice and fraternity. And, further on in time, he would like the government to own the "commanding heights" of the economy—the natural resources, the system of money, banking and credit, and the great monopolies and oligopolies.

Except for the "further on" part of the prescription there is little to this "socialist" program that most Americans would consider dangerously radical today. Since the 1920s and early 1930s, when he was arrested numerous times for arguing for the right of workers to organize and bargain collectively, there has been a convergence between Norman Thomas and the United States.

The Choices covers so thin a slice of time that it does not convey how much of the convergence has been on Thomas's part. The book needs to be read with a thicker one, Murray Seidler's *Norman Thomas: Respectable Rebel* (second edition, Syracuse University Press, 1967), which shows the changes in Thomas's ideas from his earliest days, his gradual softening toward the United States, and his growing appreciation of the virtues it has along with its faults.

Thomas has nothing good to say about today's militant young rebels:

> The destruction of the established order in the United States probably *can* be achieved by dedicated violence on the part of a minority of our population, but as with all other revolutions, there will be no guarantee—quite the reverse—of progress toward utopia. This violence has already taken savage forms. For example, during riots there have been incidents of deliberate sniping at firemen who are trying to save lives. Who would like to live under the kind of government achieved by this sort of criminality?

But, as usual, Thomas finds it impossible to despair:

> Not for a minute do we need to assume that the human race is irrevocably damned. With this in mind, I find much satisfaction in remembering that the Scandinavians, who have achieved the most intelligent form of social institutions, are the descendants of the wild and cruel Vikings.

We may suspect that it was this same incurable hopefulness that led Thomas to notice an important turning point in the history of capitalism:

> In the wars through which I have lived, appeals for peace have always been accompanied by more or less extensive drops on the stock market. However, this was not the case when President Johnson first surprised the world by agreeing to at least start negotiations. Stock prices soared on Wall Street.

Capitalism was good to Thomas. His wife, Frances Stewart, was the granddaughter of a partner of John Jacob Astor, and she brought to the marriage, along with deep social sympathies and competence in raising a large family while her husband was often away crusading, a splendid amount of shining old capitalist money. Thomas could afford to spend his life working against capitalism and its "grotesque inequalities, conspicuous waste, gross exploitation, and unnecessary poverty."

Thomas had legions of friends and admirers from all groups and levels of the population, but he thought this was compatible with his goals. He once said, "Uneasy as I am about being spoken of too well by too many men, I don't feel I'm obliged to go out and smash somebody's window to prove that I'm not respectable."

The enemies Thomas chose for himself were as interesting a group as his friends. He hated Lenin and Stalin for installing socialism in Russia without democracy, and he held Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt in deep contempt for getting us into wars and for believing that democracy was possible without socialism. He shook his head sadly over the path taken by some former socialists who joined the Union for Democratic Action (which later became the Americans for Democratic Action). To Reinhold Niebuhr, then chairman of UDA, he wrote a long open letter protesting the organization's support for Franklin Roosevelt in the wartime election of 1944. This provoked a reply from Niebuhr containing the celebrated sentence, "Let me say at once that the Union for Democratic Action long ago abandoned the 'utopia or bust' position in politics."

His socialist fundamentalism was perhaps Thomas's only important fault. He was fond of the old slogan contrasting capitalism's "production for profit" with socialism's "production for use." But experience has taught us that, if under capitalism most production is for profit, then under socialism production is for power—the power of those who control the socialized areas of the economy. In either case, it takes a great deal of countervailing power in the hands of other groups in society to make sure that profit-seekers and power-seekers are motivated to production for public use as the socially acceptable way to achieve their own personal goals.

At the age of sixty-eight, Thomas indicated that the voice of experience had at last spoken to him on this issue. In an article in the *Socialist Call* for November 14, 1952, he wrote:

> The messianic hope which consciously or unconsciously inspired most of us to become socialists is scarcely tenable in America or elsewhere in the world. . . History and our better knowledge of our human psychology have destroyed or profoundly altered that particular scheme of earthly salvation. We have learned much about the temptations of power, and we know that there is no messianic working class or any sort of élite that we can trust automatically to save mankind. . . There never will be an absolute victory.

In his long political life Norman Thomas ran for mayor of New York twice, for governor once, and for President of the United States six times. Our nation was thrice blessed in that he campaigned so often, always spoke his mind, and never won. It would be a tribute to him for his admirers to buy this book, his last testament. Its slenderness reflects a faith in the youth of this country in the spirit of Whitman's lines to young poets:

> I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future . . .
> Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
> Expecting the main things from you.

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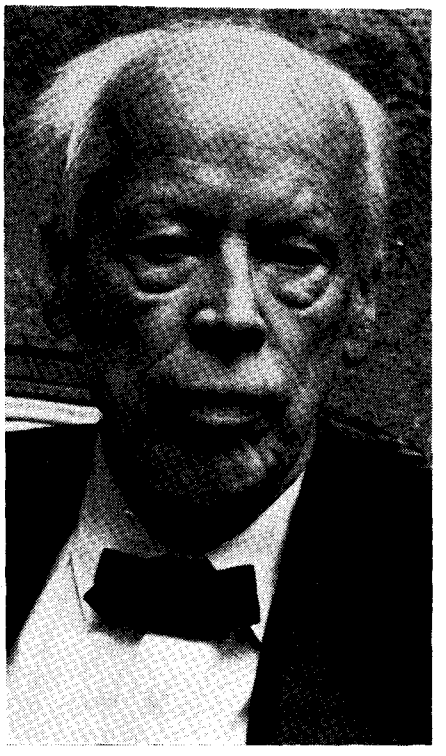
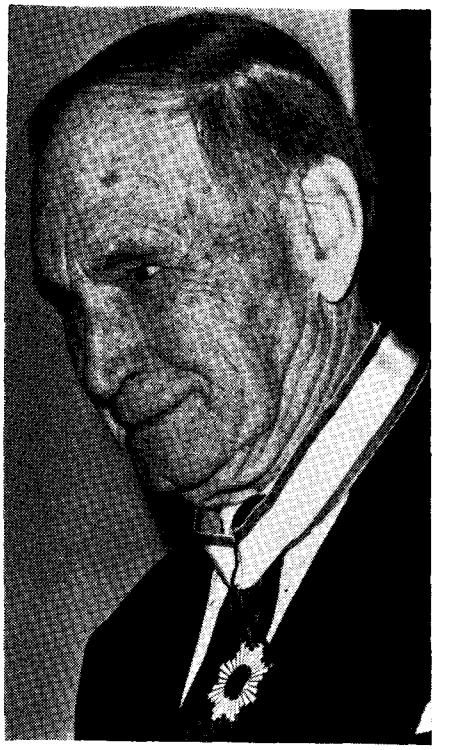
NORMAN THOMAS:

A Memoir

By ROGER BALDWIN



Norman Thomas—"great denouncer."



—*Wide World Photos.*

Roger Baldwin—"for good causes."

AT MY first meeting with Norman Thomas, fifty years ago, I was struck by characteristics that marked him all his life: clarity and force of speech, quick wit, personal charm, and strong convictions that he was ready to debate with any opponent. At the time we were both serving as members of the board of the American Union Against Militarism in New York. I did not know that he had been distinguished at Princeton as a debater, but it was evident that he enjoyed taking firm positions on public issues and vigorously defending them. The ends were as clear and steady as they were to be all his life —the struggle against war, for equality of rights for all people, and against poverty and injustice. His purposes were not yet formulated into a system: Socialism was to come a little later.

I was committed to the same ends, and because we had similar ways of looking at the problems and similar senses of humor, we became at once the kind of friends who stimulated each other. During the First World War hardly a week passed without our seeing or telephoning one another to compare our views of events. Norman was always ahead of me in reacting to them, putting them in an order consistent with principles. I was slower, less articulate, and I prompted him to extended defense of his position. He never lacked words to make it perfectly clear. In later years I often saw him overpower a temporizing committee by the torrent of passionate words he marshaled in support of action.

It was this very force of conviction that made him such a valuable organization man. All his life was spent in organizations or on the public platform. I served with him for years on the board of the American Civil Liberties Union, which grew out of the wartime activities of the Union Against Militarism in behalf of conscientious objectors and against repression of dissent. He never intruded his own party interests in the affairs of a nonpartisan organization dedicated to the defense of all comers equally. But he was resolute against the intrusion of other political interests in the Union, especially during the united front and Cold War periods when Communist fellow-travelers tried to influence policy. There were times when the issue threatened to split the Union, but Norman Thomas helped hold it together, not by compromise but by resistance.

During the turbulent period between the wars, marked by the rise of fascism and communism, keeping civil liberties free of partisanship was not easy, but I never knew Norman Thomas to hesitate in defending the rights of his political enemies just as faithfully as those of his friends. He was often in the thick of a civil liberties fight before the slower-moving Union could act. He went even further than the Union in defending some Communists, and he could do so without misunderstanding because his political opposition to them was clear.

We were both in united fronts for good causes in the 1930s when parties and movements of the left came together against the Fascists. But Norman's role in such fronts was limited by what his party would stand for, and his party, divided as it often was, would demonstrate and parade with the others on May Day but would not merge in a common front. Norman never questioned the propriety or usefulness of these fronts, inspired by Communists and held together only so long as their varied components agreed. They all finally broke up over shifts in Communist international politics.

Norman and I never differed over my participation in these fronts; he thought it quite consistent with my position in the Civil Liberties Union, since these organizations were aimed at fascism, war, and imperialism. The Communists were then fellow-travelers with liberals. But mere association with Communists for any purpose, however good, has since plagued me and others in the Civil Liberties Union. Much later, after World War II, we both became identified with the anti-Communist activities of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. His part was more visible when as an internationally known Socialist leader he made trips to conferences in India, Japan, and Europe. I shared only a Mexico City conference with him. Later it was revealed, to the chagrin of both of us, that the CIA was the largest contributor to conference costs. Norman was also involved in another CIA operation that was disguised by using a private foundation for the wholly laudable purpose of training young Latin Americans for democratic leadership at a school in Costa Rica. The deception troubled him deeply.

I know very little of Norman's work in the Socialist Party, the principal organization he served. We hardly ever discussed it. He understood that I was an independent voter who tried to be

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practical enough to support the better, or least objectionable, candidates of the major parties. He thought me anti-political, kidding me sometimes as a "Harvard anarchist," whatever species that is (a genus that certainly includes Thoreau, one of my spiritual ancestors). I heard him make rousing socialist speeches, but like most of his speeches, they dealt not with socialism as a system or an ultimate goal, but with the evils of the day and imperative reforms. He was a great denouncer, aroused to indignation by one injustice or another, and so skillful with words and so sharp and witty that he carried almost every audience with him, often to a standing ovation. It was these audiences that prompted the remark he often repeated: that if all those who applauded him voted for him he would have been elected President. He also had what is called a good press and the respect of the "capitalist" reporters. The managing editor of a great daily once observed Thomas never made a mistake in his press relations; there was no credibility gap.

UNDER Norman's leadership, the Socialist Party declined until it finally ceased to put up a national slate. I discussed this with him because it was a phenomenon of political life that needed explanation. Of course, he took some satisfaction that socialist reforms had been adopted by New Dealers. But he did not attribute the decline to failures in party leadership, although he recognized some. The trade unions that were the heart of the Socialist Party in the days of Eugene Debs had gone over during the Roosevelt and Truman eras almost wholly to the Democrats.

There never was any doubt of Norman's commitment to the socialist gospel, to the ideal of a cooperative democratic commonwealth and world order. The only award plaque of the many he received that adorned his office wall in his last years was the one from the Debs Foundation in Terre Haute, Indiana. He venerated Debs, his predecessor as socialist leader and Presidential candidate, who had amassed almost 1,000,000 votes even when women were not yet enfranchised. But Debs had been a labor leader as Thomas never was. Thomas's appeal was mainly to the middle classes, and he was immensely popular with intellectuals and students. In his last years he campaigned not on the political platform but in the colleges on issues of disarmament, a world order under the United Nations, and opposition to the Vietnam War. He supported Senator Eugene McCarthy and his young friend Allard Lowenstein, who won his Congressional campaign as a McCarthy man. ELECT LOWENSTEIN was the only political sign I saw in his room at the nursing home, where he was kept informed up to the minute by a devoted young secretary who served as his eyes and ears.

If Thomas was primarily an American socialist with his eye on the home scene, he was also enough of an internationalist to travel widely to meet foreign socialists. He often spoke warmly of his British colleagues, but I recollect little enthusiasm for others. After the early hopes we had shared for the Russian Revolution, he had come to oppose the socialism of the "People's Socialist Republics." A pacifist to the point of conscientious objection, and author of the best record of the First World War on the treatment of conscientious objectors, he later qualified his anti-war absolutism and accepted the necessity of some wars. I never argued his change of outlook on war—though I did not share it—because he continued to make opposition to war in general his central theme. His Post-War World Council, which he formed to promote his purposes outside the Socialist Party, was as pacifist as its total disarmament platform demanded.

Thomas never retired. Up to the day he was hospitalized after a stroke, he was planning more speeches, though he was blind and crippled with arthritis. I had chided him for such exertions, but he had replied that he had to do it to live. He needed an audience; he was aware that many people looked to him to speak up on public issues, and he responded with press conferences, letters to the papers, an extensive correspondence with public officials, and as many speeches as he could handle. All this activity was a debate with opponents seen and unseen. When he wrote out his notes for a speech, he told me, he made them an argument against the opposing position. He loved the excitement of debate and of crowds. He was a man of the streets, as well as the platform, and he was at home in parades and demonstrations. I was an organization man, too, but I shrank from such participation; my part was behind the scenes. When some event aroused us both, Norman would make a speech and I would call a committee meeting. We took to the streets together just once. Both Thomas and I had been publicly warned by Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City to stay out of his town. He would permit no free speech for the CIO. Thomas tested the Mayor by appearing and was promptly put onto the subway to New York by police. I did not test the order, but when the Supreme Court voided it, Thomas and I, escorted by the police, went back to speak to a victory crowd in the public square.

We reacted to the turmoil of our time in about the same way, though he was less hopeful, more skeptical, sometimes even more pessimistic, than I. But he continued to assert that our salvation lies in hope; we must not give up. He never did. To the end of his life he kept up his dictation of letters, articles, even a small book. He had a telephone beside his bed in the nursing home and answered his calls. He retained his wit, too. When I phoned to ask how he was he replied, "I could be worse." "How?" I asked. "I might lose my mind," he said.

He thought of himself as a dissenter; indeed he edited a book on the great dissenters of history. His dissent was from a world that denied equality, freedom, and justice and settled its conflicts by arms. But Norman was never above the little services that make life warmly personal. He was too absorbed in public affairs to have hobbies outside his large and devoted family, save for a little summer gardening. If his public image was mainly that of a socialist who ran six times for the Presidency, his stature exceeded the image. He was no partisan, no exponent of a system. He was a crusader, an evangelist, a humanist to whom nothing mattered more than the search for the right road to abolish war, end poverty, and create a world order of freedom and equality. His socialism was his search for that elusive road. In a long life, I have had no greater privilege than to be counted as his companion. When someone says to me, "You remind me of Norman Thomas," I reply: "There could be no greater compliment."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1340

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1340 will be found in the next issue.

JL PEFL XSZ WZKLBUQ; JL PEFL XSZ LBLPKLQ; MSC VXU PEFLQ XSZ BLRC-UXXZ BLKVA-MXZ.

—V. F. NALQCLZCXB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1339

The fate of civilization is like needlework. You can take it up and worry about it at odd moments.
—FRANK SULLIVAN.

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A New Perspective on Our Own Problems

Poverty: America's Enduring Paradox, *by Sidney Lens (Crowell. 341 pp. $8.95), examines a pervasive aspect of the history of the world's richest nation. Milton R. Konvitz is professor of industrial and labor relations and of law at Cornell University. He is the author of "Religious Liberty and Conscience."*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

IN THE SUMMER OF 1928, as he accepted the Republican nomination for President, Herbert Hoover said: "We in America today are nearer to the final triumph over poverty than ever before in the history of any land. The poorhouse is vanishing from among us. We have not yet reached that goal, but given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years [the Harding-Coolidge Administration], we shall soon with the help of God be within sight of that day when poverty will be banished from this nation." As if to underscore this conviction, Herbert Hoover closed his campaign at the end of October with an address to the nation in which he formally articulated his philosophy of rugged individualism, and reiterated: "We are nearer today to the ideal of the abolition of poverty and fear from the lives of men and women than ever before in any land."

No one can blame Hoover for not anticipating, when he made these claims, the Great Depression that was to come in October 1929. But one can blame him for holding so firmly and obsessively before himself and the American people so false a picture of the American economy and society. At the very time he rhapsodized about America, 13 per cent of the work force were without jobs. These millions of unemployed and their families were suffering painfully from poverty and deprivation. In 1929, *before* the fateful October, 42 per cent of American families had incomes below $1,500; 78.4 per cent had no aggregate savings.

And no wonder! For this was years before there was a federal minimum wage law, or a child labor law, or a labor relations law, or an old-age pension law, or an unemployment compensation law, or a fair employment practices law to protect the Irish, the Mexicans, the Negroes, the Jews, and the Italians. It was not only the jobless but also the millions of underpaid workers who suffered from poverty. Yet men like Hoover, idealistic and patriotic men, were absolutely blind to the misery near their own doorsteps. They had eyes but did not see, ears but did not hear. Her-

(*Continued on page* 92)

The 24 hour camera.

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Life as It Is and as It Should Be

Selected Passages from Correspondence with Friends, *by Nikolai Gogol, translated from the Russian by Jesse Zeldin (Vanderbilt University Press. 271 pp. $5.95), displays the great novelist's growing obsession with the idea that he was destined to perform a religious and moral mission of universal significance. Ernest J. Simmons's latest book on Russian literature is "Introduction to Tolstoy's Writings."*

By ERNEST J. SIMMONS

ONE CAN ONLY REJOICE that a translator and a publisher have at long last joined forces to make Gogol's literary stepchild, *Selected Passages from Correspondence with Friends*, available to those who do not happen to know Russian. When the work appeared in 1847, four years before Gogol's death, it deeply disappointed readers who had been expecting a continuation of the wonderful first part of *Dead Souls* (1842). Critics roasted the book; and it provoked the famous scorching letter from Gogol's principal admirer, the great critic Belinsky, which was circulated widely throughout Russia in innumerable contraband copies as a classic condemnation of the oppressive rule of Nicholas I, whom Nikolai Gogol had glorified.

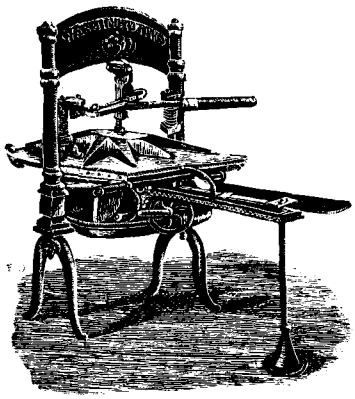
Several factors contributed to the violently negative reception of *Selected Passages*. As the author of *The Overcoat*, *The Government Inspector*, and that supreme masterpiece *Dead Souls*, Gogol had already taken a place in Russian literature as someone entirely fresh and original, gifted with an extraordinary creative imagination, a genius for comic and satirical writing, and a prose style that combined the beauties of poetic rhetoric with the vividness of actual speech. While he had detractors among conservative journalists, the progressive critics, led by Belinsky, regarded him as an enlightened teacher bent on exposing social abuses in a reactionary régime—a mistaken appraisal, for it attributed to him more of the egalitarian spirit than he actually possessed, along with an antagonism to established authority that was alien to his conservative views. He was as much the romantic as the "naturalist" Belinsky called him. Disharmony was the center of Gogol's vision of life—the clash of appearance and substance, the real and the unreal, life as it is and life as it should be.

In *Selected Passages*, the last of Gogol's works to be published in his lifetime, he repudiates in effect his great masterpieces and offers the public a series of so-called letters intended to reveal, in an entirely didactic and subjective manner, his religious, moral, and esthetic convictions. Many of these "passages" were possibly culled from real letters to friends, although one cannot be certain of this; others appear to be set pieces composed in epistolary style because it served the note of intimate familiarity he wished to strike.

The theme of the "passages" is that Russia is full of bribery, corruption, poverty, starvation, irreligion, and mismanagement by local officials, and that if people would only listen to Gogol's advice these failings could be corrected. He contends that conditions are worsened by the élite's belief that only an infusion of the benefits of Western European civilization can remedy the country's ills. Concentrating on specific situations in each letter, he offers advice on how to help the poor, the manner in which one must show love for Russia, the importance of traveling through the country, how a landowner should behave, what a wife can do for her husband in simple domestic matters, the proper administration of rural justice and punishment, and how a governor-general should rule his province.

The arrogance of all this personal instruction to "friends" on how they ought to run their lives is clumsily concealed by Gogol's posture of Christian humility. For, as the preface and the curious "Testament" at the beginning of the book indicate, he is preaching God's message in an effort to regenerate his sinning countrymen, while at the same time accepting the cruelly reactionary government of Nicholas I, including its serfdom, corporal punishment, and censorship, as a divinely inspired order of things.

EVEN in the considerable number of letters devoted to literary criticism Gogol seems to be primarily concerned with justifying the ways of God to esthetics. The word, he declared, "is the highest gift of God to man," and in evaluating Zhukovsky's translation of the *Odyssey* he appears to regret that the original was not written by a Christian. But there are occasional gems of critical analysis.



Nothing more penetrating has been said in such brief scope on the poetry of Derzhavin or the special charm of Krylov's fables. And sometimes there are echoes of Gogol's brilliant poetic rhetoric in his appraisal of characters in *Dead Souls* and in the flowing description of A. A. Ivanov's painting *Christ Appears to the People*.

We gather from Gogol's correspondence that he expected the public to receive *Selected Passages* with wonder and gratitude, and that its message would move them to sin no more. He also hoped the work would put readers in the proper spiritual frame of mind to appreciate the continuation of *Dead Souls*, which he had interrupted in order to write this book.

IN his interesting introduction, Professor Jesse Zeldin is needlessly on the defensive when, in trying to justify translating a work so many prominent critics have dismissed as inferior, he associates himself with those few who see in *Selected Passages* an effort that is all "of a piece with Gogol's earlier writings" and a kind of "summation" of his "religious, moral, national, and esthetic views." This is an arguable position but a difficult one to demonstrate convincingly. If *Selected Passages* establishes anything, it is that Gogol was an artist of things and not of ideas, and that when he concerned himself with intellectual matters he tended to think more feebly than justly.

The work is valuable precisely for the amount of biographical illumination it provides on the strange spiritual, and possibly psychotic, transformation Gogol experienced during the period when he was wrestling with the second part of *Dead Souls*, and perhaps even before he had completed the first part. He declares in his letter about the painter Ivanov in *Selected Passages*: "Do not think it easy to explain oneself to people while a spiritual transformation is going on, when, by the will of God, a process is beginning in the very nature of a man. I know it because I have experienced it myself. My works are strangely connected to my soul and to my inner education. For more than six years I could do no work for the world." And in another letter he writes: "The second part of *Dead Souls* was burned because it was necessary. 'Lest the seed die, it will not live again,' says the Apostle. It is first necessary to die in order to be resurrected. . . My business is *the soul and the durable things in life.*"

In short, *Selected Passages* underscores Gogol's growing obsession that he was destined to perform a moral, religious, and artistic mission of universal significance. He also attempted to discover in his earlier published works an ethical content designed to reform his

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corrupt countrymen. Further, he insisted that readers of them, in laughing at his characters, were actually laughing at him, thus enabling him to free himself of the odious traits of his nature, and that these earlier masterpieces were not so much a reflection of the vices of society as of his own vices, for he sought chastisement because his soul was an unworthy receptacle for divine inspiration. However, it is difficult to take these explanations seriously in light of the fact that Gogol tried to "update" his earlier works, to revise them in terms of his altered views. And he took the amazing step of making pathetic appeals to friends and readers for ideas on the further development of the plot of *Dead Souls* to assist him in piecing out the imperfections of his waning imagination.

Selected Passages points up the fact that Gogol, fluctuating between the claims of religious devotion and those of literature, strove to make one serve the other, and the effort only intensified his neurotic state. Although it is a mistake to seek in the early works a prefiguration of Gogol's later powerful spiritual experience, Professor Zeldin is right in insisting upon its influence on the extensive "fragment"—as it is often erroneously called—of the second part of *Dead Souls* that has survived. Moreover, one welcomes Professor Zeldin's suggestion that this influence has not artistically impoverished the second part, a position nearly always taken for granted by critics. A different set of characters and different experiences in the context of an equally real but different slice of Russian life were necessary to bring about the slow dawning of a Christian moral conscience in the novel's hero, Chichikov. An element of didactic moralizing was inevitable, but it is no more offensive in this scheme of things than it is in some of the greatest novels of Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy.

THERE can be no doubt of the sincerity of Gogol's tremendous spiritual struggle, clearly reflected in this volume. Whether such an experience is inconsistent with artistic fulfillment is largely a matter of opinion. Gogol tells us in *An Author's Confession* that in order to portray positive aspects of Russian life he had to have an intimate knowledge of the human soul, and that this could be achieved only by a study of the soul's great master, Christ. In his self-appointed mission to reintroduce the teaching of Christ through the medium of literature, Gogol was simply a predecessor of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. In truth, his religious experience bears some similarity to that of Tolstoy, who continued to create great fiction after his spiritual revelation, although, as in the case of Gogol, many regarded him as insane.

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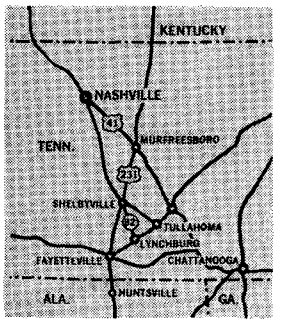

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Glamour's Lineage

The Bouviers: Portrait of an American Family, *by John H. Davis (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 424 pp. $10), traces Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's forebears in this country back to the first immigrant, a penniless young veteran of Napoleon's army. Phyllis L. Méras is a newspaper-woman and free-lance writer.*

By PHYLLIS L. MERAS

On July 28, 1929, an eight-pound daughter was born to John Vernou Bouvier, III, and Janet Norton Lee Bouvier in East Hampton, L.I. The baby girl was named Jacqueline after her father, Jack, and, as most people know, grew to marry into one of the wealthiest families in America and to become First Lady of the land. What is less well known is the rags-to-riches story of Jacqueline Bouvier's own family, whose first American forebear fled to this side of the Atlantic from France in 1815, more than a quarter of a century before John F. Kennedy's family landed.

John Davis, a cousin of Jacqueline Bouvier's, has seen fit in this book to do a little promotion for the Bouvier clan. His principal source is his grandfather's history of the family, *Our Forebears,* a book that was solemnly presented to Bouvier children, grandchildren, in-laws and prospective in-laws at important family gatherings. He has enriched, extended and developed this with interviews, diaries and letters. The result is 424 pages that are a good deal more interesting as a reflection of the economic and social trends in America from 1815 to 1968 than they are in any other respect.

If Jacqueline Bouvier had not married John Kennedy one wonders if the present book would ever have been printed —at least in any form but a vanity press publication—for it is agonizingly replete with generations of begats, birthday verses of elderly Bouviers, amounts of family bequests and taxes (including the cents), snippets from girlish diaries, and descriptions of the orange blossoms and tulle veils at the weddings of couples no one but the Bouviers and their intimates ever have heard of.

Mr. Davis tries to be scrupulously fair and honest and, like his grandfather, he seems to have hoped to write a family document to be cherished. To do so he has had to draw a complex family tree with every branch, leaf and twig mentioned, but making all of these ancestors flesh-and-blood creatures proved an impossible task. Few of them are realized in the book in more than one dimension. The author is a former professor of Italian literature and history, and his book is painstaking and scholarly; however, it is also frequently flat and repetitive.

Far the most interesting of the Bouviers dealt with are the last few and the first—a colorful and entrancing fellow. Michel Bouvier arrived in this country a virtually sou-less twenty-three-year-old veteran of Napoleon's army, fearful of staying in the Provençal village of his birth because of reprisals being taken against Napoleon's supporters. By the time of the financial crisis of 1873, fifty-eight years later, he had amassed a fortune of more than $1 million from real estate and the manufacture of mahogany veneers and marble mantels.

The principal Bouvier about whom one lusts to know more, of course, is Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis. But here Mr. Davis's material seems surprisingly thin. He writes affectionately and understandingly of her swashbuckling stockbroker father, variously known as Black Jack, The Sheik, the Black Orchid and the Black Prince. Jack Bouvier sported a magnificent tan, dressed elegantly, courted women suavely, drank heavily and loved his two daughters, Jacqueline and Lee.

After his divorce from their mother, he fought a losing battle for their affections, and the accounts of his taking them to Bouvier family gatherings, horseback riding in Central Park, and on trips to the Bronx Zoo are poignant. All this gives some insight into Jacqueline Bou-

vier; however, her education, first job and meeting with Jack Kennedy are but fleetingly described—with little the public does not already know being offered. One senses that the Bouviers self-consciously felt on state occasions at the White House that they were playing the part of poor relations.

Mr. Davis offers a brief, pallid defense of Jacqueline's decision to marry Aristotle Onassis, and makes a great deal of the fact that she broke a luncheon engagement with a Bouvier cousin to go to Greece for the wedding.

A selected few of the Bouviers are certainly worth a book. They were astute businessmen, dedicated philanthropists and fanatically devoted parents and grandparents, people who have contributed considerably to the growth of America. But Mr. Davis has written at length about every single member of the tribe. He says he had originally planned to write a novel about the rise and fall of a family. This, or at least a disciplined history, would have been a better idea.

Artist or Craftsman?

Simenon in Court, *by John Raymond (Harcourt, Brace & World. 178 pp. $5.95),* ***Maigret at Vichy,*** *by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Eileen Ellenbogen (Harcourt, Brace & World. 177 pp. $3.95), and* ***The Prison,*** *by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Lyn Moir (Harcourt, Brace & World. 182 pp. $4.95), provide a critic's evaluation of the artistic stature of the prolific Belgian novelist and two additions to his some 200 titles. Glendy Culligan was for many years book review editor of the Washington Post.*

By GLENDY CULLIGAN

Social climbers exist in every walk of life, so the rise of a reliable entertainer to the rank of purported "great artist" should surprise no one. In literature as in society, however, ruts are comfortable; and it is tiresome to have to think about the overwhelming questions. Unfortunately, this parcel of three slim volumes forces us to do just that. What, for example, is great art, or even small art? And what is the social responsibility, if any, of the artist?

Back in the 1930s when Georges Simenon began to appear in translation, he did not seem a candidate for such questions. In fact, escape-readers who sampled his Inspector Maigret while still committed to the tradition of Sherlock Holmes and Philo Vance were at first disappointed. Maigret seldom penetrated double-locked doors, identified fragments of rare Ming china, or deduced the rationale for footprints that seemed to defy anatomical possibility. Instead of collecting telltale hairs, Inspector Maigret gathered personal impressions, sponging them up from the psychosphere that lay palpable as fog over the drab provincial streets where murder loitered.

Soon enough, however, the intuitive Maigret and his creator acquired a following of their own. This new audience approved Maigret's humility, his compassion, his reluctance to label his characters heroes or villains. Erosion of interest in the classic style of detection, and the subsequent vogue for "psychological suspense," probably owed much to Maigret's unobtrusive example.

Yet Simenon, his master, could not rest easy in the new category. Already Maigret's cases were alternating with "pure" novels, in which circumstances rather than police action conspired to reveal the bizarre aspects of human nature that the novelist avowedly collects like stamps. As Simenon's years and titles multiplied, some of those novels seemed more ambitious than mere pot-boilers. Perhaps they were, as admirers claimed, actually profound.

In any event, the question was raised,

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first by his countrymen in several critical surveys, and now by *Simenon in Court*, the first English biographical and critical study of "the most prolific and widely read living author." Starting from the premise that he is "the greatest storyteller of our day," John Raymond assumes that Simenon's 200 acknowledged novels (exclusive of pulps) are "works of art."

Regrettably, Raymond's essay does not define that most important term. Does a work of art excite, instruct or, in the Aristotelian sense, purge the reader? If Aristotle's prescription seems irrelevant to these modern thrillers, it should be noted that Simenon tries "to write Greek tragedy in terms of life today." That bold claim positively invites odious comparison, although it is mitigated by another statement in which Simenon insists that he wants to be judged not as artist but as craftsman.

Crafty he certainly is in the two recent novels that complete this Simenon package, whether the word be used in its original sense of "dexterous" or its current sense of "skillful at deceiving others." *Maigret at Vichy* exposes a scheme to bilk a respectable man of child-support payments for an illegitimate son who never existed. *The Prison* traces the disintegration of a playboy who, flattering himself that he has deceived a complacent wife, finds that she has murdered his mistress because both women loved another man.

WHAT these works share, in addition to their unquestioned hold on the reader's attention, is an almost mathematical precision of design, coupled with an irreducible minimum of detail. Although critic Raymond singles out Balzac as his recurrent standard of comparison, I thought rather of Euclid. Nor can the father of geometry be dismissed as a literary preceptor since Miss Millay commended his "beauty bare."

Mankind's instinctive sense of balance does respond to tidy arrangement, whether in the literary or the graphic arts. That physiological need for equilibrium is the real source of our delight in "poetic justice," a commodity more popular in the fiction of the nineteenth century than it is at the higher altitudes of literature today, although it is a legitimate extension of the classic concept of "fitness" or "decorum" as applied to human events—which remain the subject matter, if not the essential point, of modern fiction. Thus, plot provides genuine esthetic satisfaction, although recent critical theories have stressed the alternate principle of construction based on analogy or metaphor.

Simenon can rarely be faulted for his arrangement, as Raymond's over-generous supply of plot summaries clearly

(*Continued on page* 93)

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Edited by David Butwin

Spring in Sicily

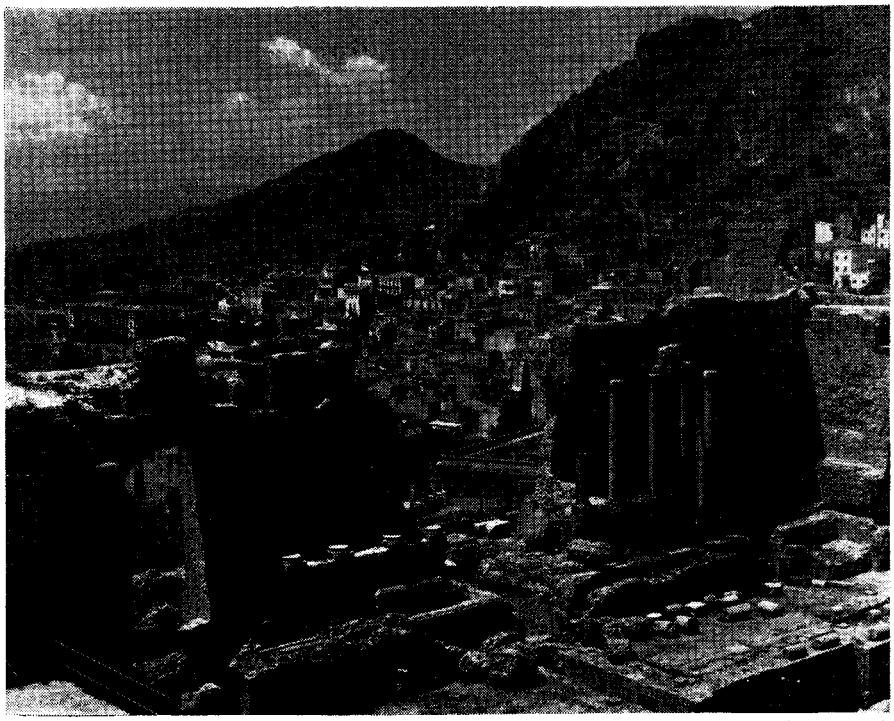
I SAT on the beach at Taormina one sunny April morning, admiring the blue Ionian Sea and a crimson English opera singer. One of the new, slim breed of divas, she lay supine in two wisps of cotton, basting herself with oil. "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there?" she chirped. "Not me."

English travelers before her have preferred the Sicilian spring to their own. In fact, the British tourist invaded Taormina about a hundred years ago, following the Normans, the Saracens, the Byzantines, the Romans, and the Greeks.

Taormina, an hour's drive north from the Catania airport, stands on an operatic balcony 700 feet above the sea. The town has been called touristic, and so it is, in an inoffensive way. Broad lava-rock steps lead to cobbled streets and unexpected piazzas, where pastel houses sparkle in the sunlight and bougainvillea trails over garden walls. The Corso Umberto, a single main street closed to auto traffic, runs the length of the town between medieval gates at either end. It is solid with shops selling everything from crusader puppets to full-size Sicilian donkey carts. In a little *pasticceria*, the stocky, gray-haired proprietor led me past tables piled with his Easter confections. "*Ecco, ecco,*" he cried, pointing out white sugar lambs kneeling in spun-sugar grass, polka-dot eggs, dove-shaped cakes. Sicilian pastry, like other local art, runs to baroque profusion.

Taormina's center of activity is the Piazza IX Aprile in front of the Silesian Church. Two cafés, the Wonderbar and the Mocambo, spill their tables over the sidewalk and a brick-paved belvedere. At this season, they are filled mostly with Italian tourists writing postcards or sipping Cinzano behind outsize sunglasses. From 5:30 to 7:30 in the evenings, the entire populace turns out for the *passeggiata* along the Corso: a plump priest in a biretta talks to an old lady in Sicilian black; teen-age boys in turtleneck sweaters and wasp-waisted jackets stroll like predators; a Taormina family—grandmother, mother, father, daughter, all barrel-shaped—rolls majestically by.

On Good Friday evening, after a solemn procession from the cathedral was over, I climbed up to the gardens behind the Silesian Church for an outdoor performance of *The Trilogy of Calvary*, a play given by the alumni of



—*Silberstein (Monkmeyer).*

Greco-Roman theater, Taormina—pastel houses sparkling in the sunlight, with smoke-plumed Mount Etna beyond.

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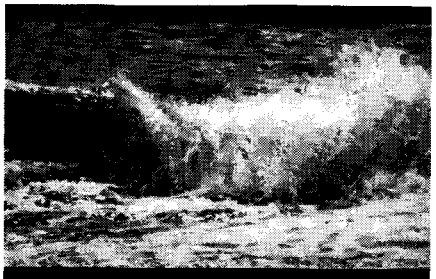

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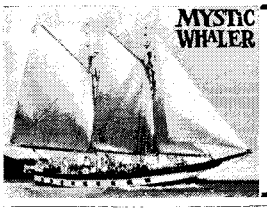

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the church school. The plot was understandable, if not ecumenical. It seemed designed to prove that the Romans, including Pilate, were a bunch of nice Italian boys who, if left to their own devices, might have elected Jesus as Pope. According to the script, however, they were overruled by Jesus' compatriots.

Taormina's chief monument of antiquity is the Greco-Roman theater, built by the Greeks and shoddily rebuilt by the Romans in their characteristic construction of rubble faced with brick, which makes so many Roman ruins look like collapsed warehouses. Yet, from the top tiers under the open sky there is a spectacular view through broken arches that frame the town of Taormina, the cypresses and beaches below, and the smoke-plumed Mount Etna beyond. A group of vacationing university students lounged on the grassy seats. Two of them, wearing conformist beards and corduroys, leaped onstage and declaimed; their gestures were large, their voices small; the seated students applauded ironically from time to time.

Taormina's three beaches lie in the embrace of rocky headlands at the foot of the winding descent from town. On one of them stands the Villa Sant'Andrea, a small hotel with a curious history. It is run by Dickie Manley, a moderately mod young Englishman whose family has lived in and out of Sicily for about 150 years. "My great-great-grandfather came here from Cornwall to build railways and acquired quite a few properties," Dickie told me. "The family built the Villa Sant'Andrea in the 1920s as a summer house, with twenty rooms and baths, then turned it into a hotel after the last war." The entire library, a wedding present to Dickie's grandparents, was transported intact from one of the family's English houses—mahogany mantelpiece, paneled walls, carved bookcases, Lassing's *Pictorial History of the War of 1812*, and all. It provides a corner that is forever England, and the whole hotel has the air of a good country house. "We had some damage during the war when the Germans and then the Canadians took over the villa," Dickie said. "Shot all the pendants off the crystal chandeliers. Fortunately, we had another complete set laid away."

The dean of Taormina's foreign colony, a British actor and producer named Miles Wood, has occupied a showplace villa here since 1924, with time out for the war. (Just before Italy entered, he received a cable from a friend in the British Secret Service: AUNT EMMA SERIOUSLY ILL. COME HOME AT ONCE.) At noon on Easter Sunday, Don Mario, as he is called, presided over a punch bowl for several score guests who came to admire his antiques and the specimen tulips in his garden. He is a tall, spare man who carries his eighty-odd years easily. Deploring certain changes in Taormina, he said: "We used to have the cream of American society and British titled persons. Now all sorts of people come."

Night life centers in the Sesto Acuto ("The Most Stupendous Nightclub of Europe"), not very busy when I was there, and in La Giara—jammed, hot, smoky, deafening, the very model of a successful club. Three electric guitars erupted with rock 'n' roll, as guests jerked about on the small floor. The girls' costumes ranged from jeans to plunging green chiffon, the latter worn by an unusually athletic Spanish actress. When I left at 1:30 a.m., La Giara was still jumping.

Syracuse, about 75 miles south of Taormina, is not at all frivolous. It is the city of the tyrant Dionysius who made Damocles so nervous with the hanging sword; of Archimedes spitted by the Roman soldier; of St. Paul who preached in its quarries. In one labyrinthine limestone quarry, the irascible Dionysius once interned 7,000 Athenian prisoners to rot; today, the quarry floor is a bower of orange and almond trees.

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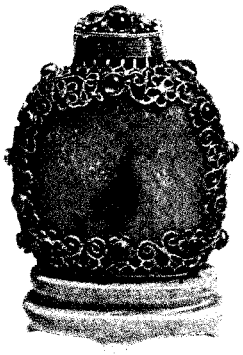

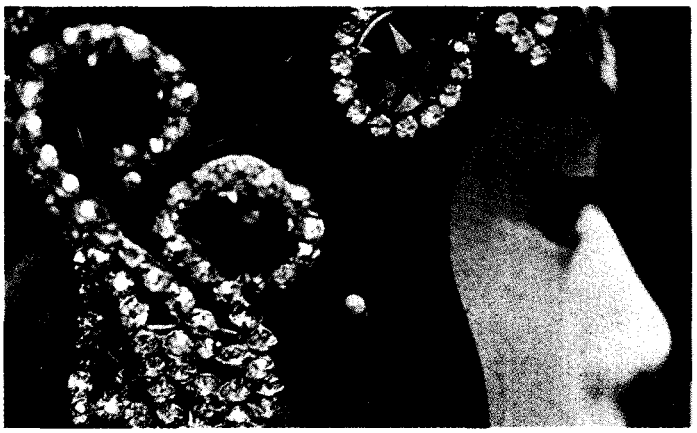

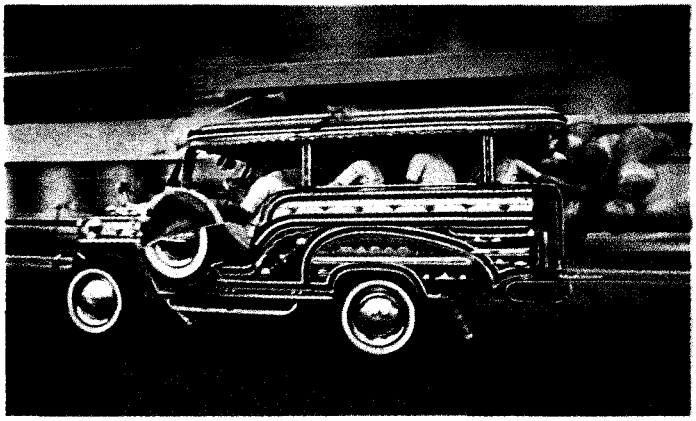

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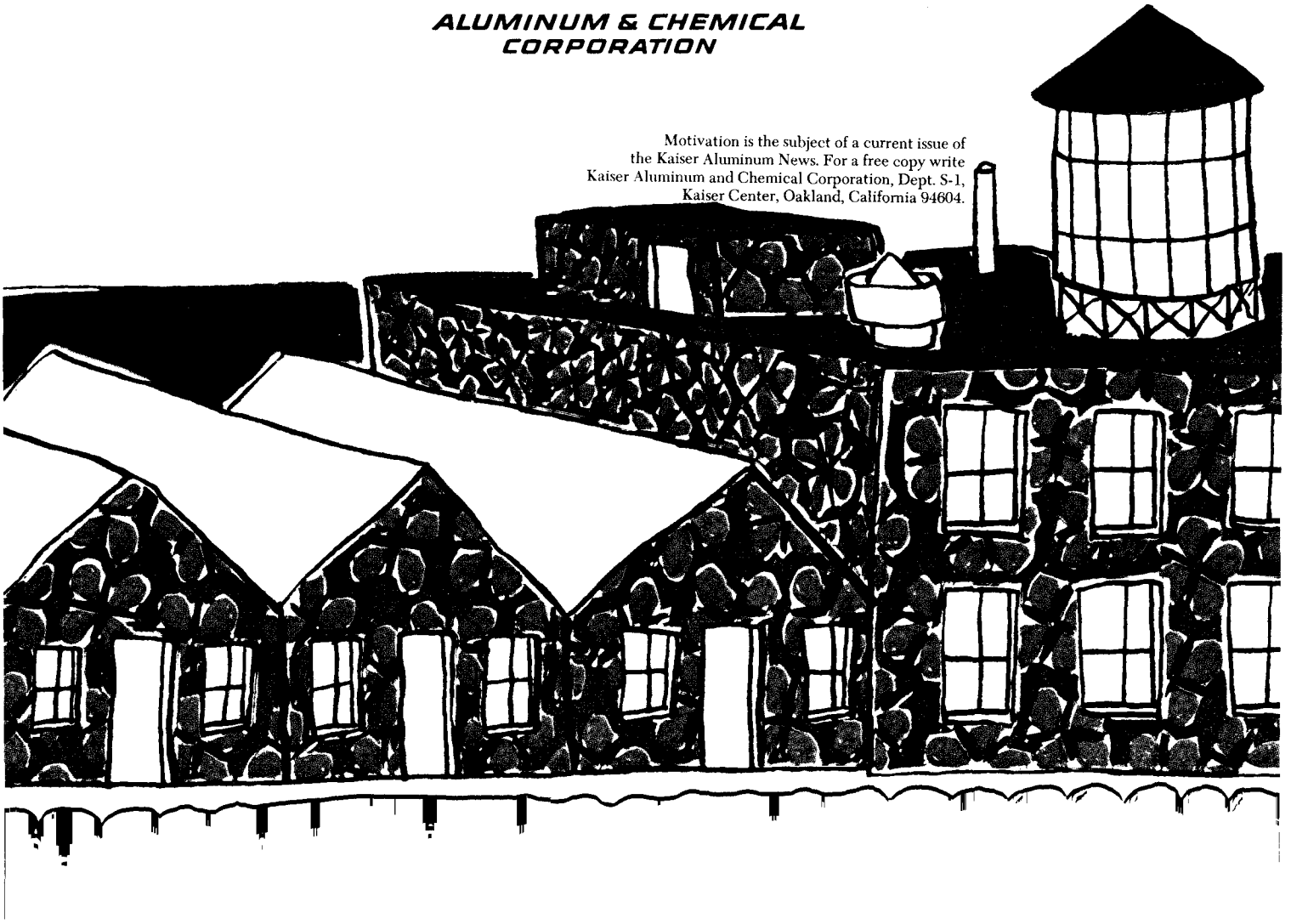

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cut out of limestone ledge, said to be shaped for the spectator's comfort; I did not find them so. They look out over the city to the Ionian Sea, and it must have been a fine vista before a frieze of factory buildings, construction cranes, and a radar tower interposed. Still, a brilliant yellow bank of coreopsis encircled the theater—the Sicilian spring at work—and managed to distract the eye.

The old quarter of Syracuse lies just across a bridge on the island of Ortygia, a jumble of narrow streets opening up in a noble Cathedral Square, of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century baroque palaces. On the square is the archaeological museum, notable for its collection of Greek finds in Sicily. The most popular exhibit is the *Venus Anadyomene*, actually a Roman copy of a Greek original. I found another exhibit more arresting—a squat, seated statue of a woman from an early Greek period. Her square-toed bare feet peep from beneath her robe, and she nurses twins at her broad bosom. Her figure, purely Sicilian, might have been duplicated in any back street in Syracuse.

The patron saint of the city is the martyred Santa Lucia, and in her church hangs a large Caravaggio, *Burial of Santa Lucia*, hidden behind the chancel and covered with a cloth. A Franciscan monk pushed aside the cloth with a long-handled dust brush so I could see the painting. I asked him how the saint was martyred. "They cut her throat," said the monk with an appropriate gesture. Then he brightened. "But it is not true that they put her eyes out. That is just hearsay."

From Syracuse I drove inland and upland toward Piazza Armerina, site of a Roman villa famous for its pictorial mosaics. The mountains in this corner of Sicily are rounded, worn down; white limestone fences cut the land into erratic plots. Apple and peach trees bloom against silvery olive groves. High pastures flower with buttercups and occasional bursts of blood-red poppies. I passed through villages tucked in the hills—blank-faced stone houses, a church, a piazza around which old men lounged in their black cloaks and wide, flat caps.

Piazza Armerina huddles high on a hill, and its gray houses rise in tiers to the green dome of a cathedral. In a valley nearby lie the ruins of the Roman villa which served as a cozy imperial hunting lodge for Maximinius Herculius around 300 A.D. The mosaic floors are astounding—a wall-to-wall display covering hundreds of square feet with vivid scenes of imperial life. They are protected by glass greenhouses, through which one wanders on steel catwalks to peer down at the mosaics. *The Great Hunting Scene*, in a corridor almost 200 feet long, portrays a fanciful Henri Rousseau jungle in which lions, tigers, and leopards hunt game and in turn are hunted by rearing horsemen in embroidered tunics and richly colored cloaks. Blood drips, and one all but hears the screams. Circuses, chariot races, and mythological scenes abound. This imperial Roman documentary also includes some *dolce vita* touches—a mild "erotic scene" in one chamber and in another a troupe of bikini-clad lady gymnasts.

Sicily's largest stand of Greek temples is on the southern coast at Agrigento, an otherwise unappetizing city where hundreds of speculative postwar buildings collapsed a couple of years ago amid cries of official corruption. The Greek temples themselves had already taken some hard knocks from earthquakes and the early Christians. Approaching Agrigento toward sundown, I followed a high ridge along which the ruins string out between the city and the sea. The temples glowed orange in the light of the setting sun. Blooming acacia lined the road, and twisted olive trees stood out black against the columns of the Temple of Concordia, the best preserved Doric temple in Sicily. (The Christians had turned this one into a church, sparing it for the Department of Antiquities.) I ascended to the temple, deserted now except for spirits, and looked down over the green coastal strip to a darkening sea 1,000 feet below.

Next morning, I returned for a round of the archaeological zone. Even in full daylight the ruins are impressive—tumbled columns of heroic size, with flutings as broad as a man. Between the Temple of Concordia and the Temple of Jupiter stands the Villa Aurea, which once belonged to a wealthy Englishman who knew how to pick a site. The gardener, a gentle, wispy man with pale red hair, took me through the formal gardens, blossoming himself as he identified each tree and flower in slow Italian.

From Agrigento I headed north over the craggy middle of the island, where almost every village is crowned with a castle. Backcountry Sicilian food is by no means famous, but I made out well enough with good peasant soups and *pastas*. (Meals in the better coastal hotels are more varied, and are notable for fresh seafood, their enormous size, and the waiters' dramatic flourishes.) When I reached the northern coast at Palermo, I drove through to Mondello, a resort seven miles west of the city on a crystalline blue bay. This little fishing port offers two luxury hotels, half a dozen seafood restaurants, several cafés, and a score of waterfront stands selling mussels and squid for instant consumption. In the evening, Palermians drive out six in a car to stuff themselves; at

(*Continued on page* 95)

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Robert Burns

By KENNETH REXROTH

ROBERT BURNS is a special case in the literature of the British Isles. He was one of the few writers prior to the twentieth century who was a workingman. True, he was not a member of the proletariat, but a farmer. He has often been called a peasant poet. In fact, his father was a yeoman who went bankrupt trying to establish himself as a moderately large-scale independent farmer. This is a very different background from that of the traditional Highland Scottish shepherd or peasant songster. Nonetheless, Robert Burns worked hard with his hands most of his life. He was one of the few writers at the end of the eighteenth century to hold fast to the principles of the French Revolution. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are the warp and woof of the fabric from which all his poems were cut. He was incapable of thinking in any other terms. The reason, of course, is that in Scotland the small independent proprietor was a decisive influence on the form of the culture and was also, in the tremendous changes at the dawn of the Industrial Revolution, being subjected to a process of internal colonization both by the English and by the Scots aristocracy. Burns's father's long struggle and final bankruptcy were not isolated phenomena, but part of a social movement. Far more than the English, the Scottish farmers caught in this historical process were rebellious. They were rebellious because many of them were comparatively well educated.

Burns was taught by a country schoolmaster and learned even the elements of Latin and a smattering of French. Since the mid-eighteenth century was the low point of English secondary and higher education, he was probably a little better educated than the average member of the upper class to the south. It is this conflict between his situation and his potential that made him, like thousands of other Scots, an incorrigible rebel. In France itself the Revolution was not productive of a literature of its own—at least, not of a very high quality. It has been said that Robert Burns was the only major Jacobin poet. Jacobin is easily confused with Jacobite and with reason. Scotland is a separate country with its own traditions; even prior to James—the First of England and the Sixth of Scotland—it had its own great literature in its own language. After the final extinction of hopes for a Stuart Restoration, or an autonomous Scotland, in 1745, with the failure of the romantic Bonnie Prince Charlie, and the enforced total union with England, there was a great upsurge of Scottish cultural nationalism. For centuries, Scottish writers thought in one language and wrote in another. Burns, to preserve the efficient functioning of his sensibility and intelligence, was forced back into the arms of the common people. His verse in English became mediocre and sometimes silly. It was obviously written for the provincial belles of Scottish salons, those young ladies who prided themselves on their southern accents and their familiarity with sentimental English novels.

Their Scottish language should not mislead one in understanding Burns's longer poems, the great satires "The Holy Fair," "Holy Willie's Prayer," and his one comic narrative, "Tam o' Shanter." They are not folkloristic but, like so much Jacobin poetry, Roman in inspiration. They differ decidedly from eighteenth-century satirical verse in England or France; like their Roman models, the English and French wrote about "the town." Samuel Johnson's satires are scarcely altered translations from the Roman poet Juvenal. Burns satirized the middle-class people—farmers, craftsmen, small merchants. In France, the Revolution was struggling to capture power for the middle class. Scotland had evolved a well organized middle-class society almost unnoticed. Its social upheavals had come from outside, from struggle with England. With the exception of Thomas Dekker, who greatly resembles Burns in style, the English city comedies of the early seventeenth century were written from outside by declassed intellectuals whose sympathies were with the *ancien régime.*

The long poems are not much read today—few long poems by anybody are. It is for his songs that Burns is famous throughout the world. More than any other single factor, they have sustained the cultural consciousness of Scotland. The literary mind is often a dangerous thing to turn loose on folklore; the educated adapter and editor usually spoils whatever he touches. Walter Scott's improvements on the ballads of the Scottish border, with only one or two exceptions, lessen their sources and rob them of their peculiar wonder. William Morris's adaptations of folklore, ballads, and sagas can be read today only with the grimmest effort. Except Burns, only the Finn Elias Lennrot was able to gather the fragmentary songs and legends of his people and transmute them into something both more wonderful and more socially powerful than the originals.

Burns did something else. He wrote songs in his youth, some of them adaptations of folk songs. In his latter years, at the height of his poetic powers, he gathered, edited, altered, expanded, and combined hundreds of folk songs. Where he changed, he not only changed for the better, but he changed entirely within the folkloristic context, and intensified the specific glamour and wonder of his sources. Sometimes, he completely rewrote the originals. "John Anderson, My Jo" is changed from a bawdy song to one of an enduring married love, "Ca' the Yowes tae the Knowes"; subtly altered line for line—literally glamorized—it remains within the context. This is the same context that produced the scalp-tingling lines of balladry "About the mid houre of the nicht she heard the bridles sing," and "Half ower half ower tae Aberdower tis fiftie fathoms deep."

Burns was the only poet working on folk material who could perform such literary alchemy. He did it hundreds of times, so that his poems are not just the only Scottish folk songs most people know, even in Scotland, but they establish a sensibility which remains characteristic of the best Scottish poetry to this day.

Burns took the folk songs of Scottish nationalism, of Stuart legitimism, and subtly altered them into something quite different. Jacobite became Jacobin. "Had Bonnie Prince Charlie won, a regime of barbarism, superstition, and incurable civil war, dominated by a mindless and decayed aristocracy, would have been fastened on Scotland." Nobody believes that today largely due to the myth established by Burns's subtle rewriting of Jacobite folk songs. The Stuarts certainly did not believe in freedom of any kind. The songs of the partisans, filtered through the mind of Burns, became battle songs of freedom, hymns to the integrity and independence of the individual, that middle kind of man who is educated, cultivated, and yet works for a living—for example, the Scottish engineers who built bridges, and railroads, and factories, and spread the Industrial Revolution across the world, and who relaxed over a bottle of *uisquebaugh* in the evening, singing "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled."

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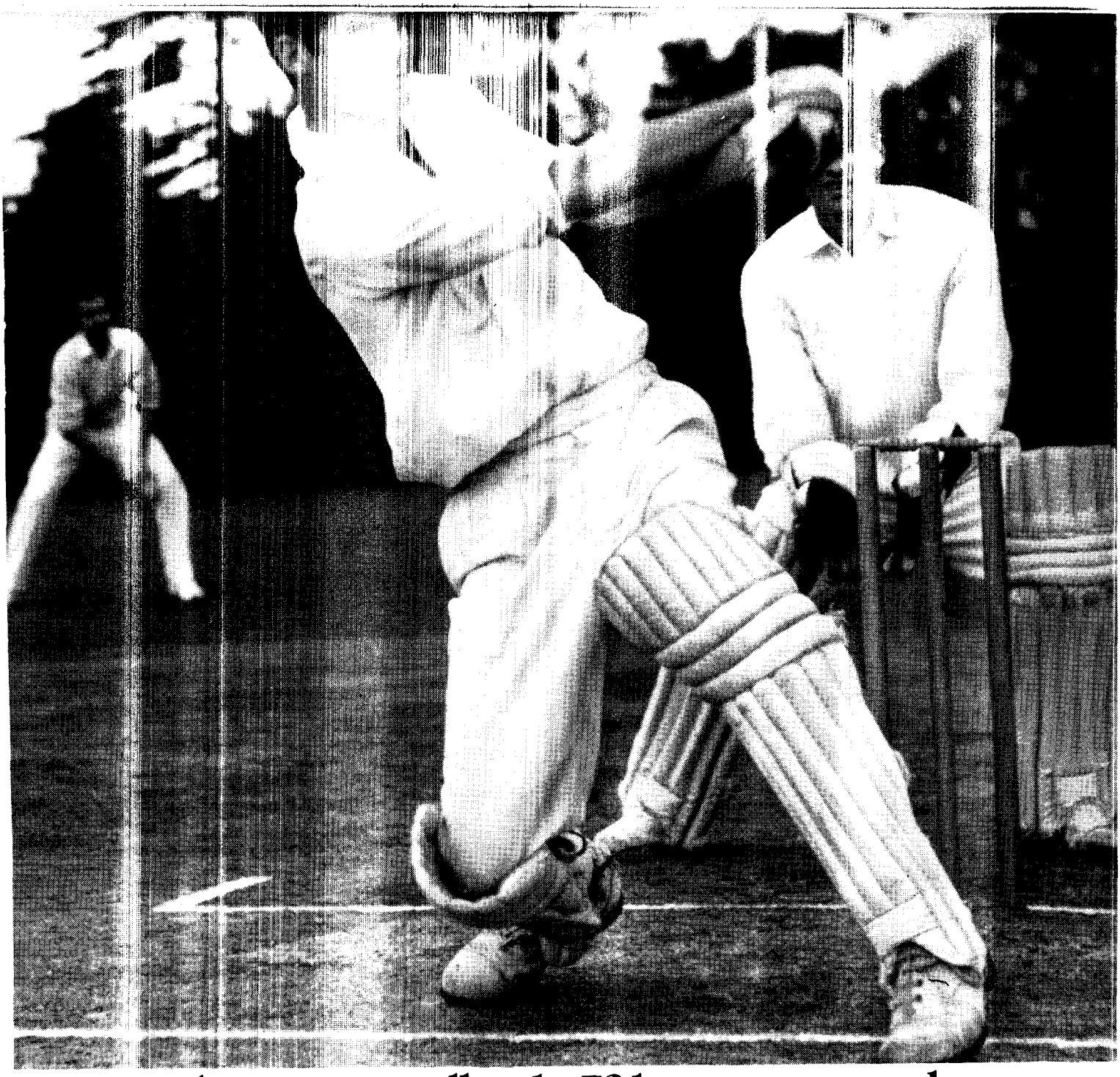

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The Theater

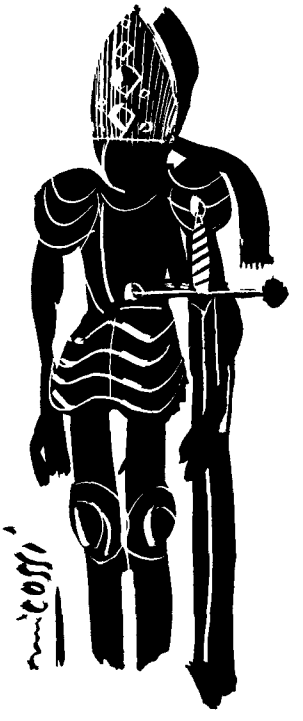
Henry Hewes

A Fresh Hamlet

LONDON.

FOR THOSE OF US who found Nicol Williamson's performance as Bill Maitland in *Inadmissible Evidence* the most exciting of the 1966-1967 New York season, the news that he is now playing *Hamlet* in London is sufficient to prompt a quick trip here to see it. However, many a talented actor has been disappointing in this role (Sir Laurence Olivier, Richard Burton, Peter O'Toole, and Ellis Rabb quickly come to mind), and it was reassuring that a number of leading British critics had already praised Williamson's performance. *The Times* critic, Irving Wardle, said, "This is the first performance I have seen that really escapes the shadow of Gielgud and annexes it as his own territory." Frank Marcus of *The Sunday Telegraph* called it, "the most exciting, intelligent, and straightforward *Hamlet* for a very long time." And Harold Hobson in *The Sunday Times* predicted, "Mr. Williamson's is a performance that will modify the whole tradition of *Hamlet*."

The production is simple and basically a conventional interpretation of the play, with the minor exception that the Prince and all the other men in the Danish court wear beards. What is different is that the usual meter of the verse is largely ignored, and particularly by Hamlet. Williamson, as he was in *Inadmissible Evidence*, is constantly gnawed at by the unsatisfactoriness of the world around him, and by his own shortcomings. Frequently, he speaks with a despairing rise-and-fall inflection that in itself expresses the shabby futility of everything. The pitch of his voice keeps shifting abruptly from a low kettledrum rumble to a high, penetrating whine, often to indicate a transition from one emotional state to another. And most defiantly he will take a line like "The time is out of joint" and stress each word individually as if by making the sentence indigestible he could dramatize his deep discomfort. This unusual delivery can at times bother us, thereby detracting from the play's effectiveness. A minor instance is his response to the news that the sword he has been nicked with had deadly poison on it. "The point envenomed too?" becomes humorous when it sounds like "Can you imagine that?" A more serious mistake is his occasional use of silly melodic singsong, which reduces the dimensions of the character.



Actually, of course, Williamson is trying to give us a smaller and more human Hamlet than the eloquent noble prince we usually see. He begins by being contemptuous of the hypocrisies and artificialities of the court, and his complaints have the quality of a man in a pub sounding off about some local grievance. He is intensely nervous and vulnerable, but in the scene with the ghost he reveals a deep passion for his father. That passion, rather than a sense of aristocracy or a quality of intellectuality he doesn't pretend to have, gives this *Hamlet* its uniqueness. Furthermore, the play acquires an effective shape from the holding back of manic behavior until after the players' scene has established the truth about his father's murder.

Williamson has many inspired moments. He startles Polonius by sticking his head out from behind a column at a crazy 90-degree angle. He is wonderfully insulting as he behaves badly before the guests at the play. His best scene, the one in which he scornfully has it out with the Queen, is suddenly changed from profane to divine by the appearance of his father's ghost, and he ends up in a pitiful sobbing embrace with his mother. He is amusing feigning madness when he chants, "The body is with the king but the king is not with the body," in synchronization with an imaginary pogo stick on which he is bouncing. And his dying words are spoken weakly and with difficulty through clenched teeth to portray dying the way it really happens. But the success of this Hamlet owes less to such moments than it does to Williamson's fantastic ability to emanate a sense of immediacy every second he is on stage. For this reason he emerges convincing and piteous.

Under Tony Richardson's direction, the rest of the cast ranges from adequate to awful. Marianne Faithfull's Ophelia is conventionally lovely, but more could have been done by further utilization of her most genuine quality which is sophistication. As Claudius, Anthony Hopkins looks more an alderman than a king, and appeared to be dissecting his role into an untidy mess. Judy Parfitt gives us a queen whose "heyday in the blood" is already tame. And Mark Dignam's Polonius is a solid though not unusual portrayal.

Hamlet must close here soon because it has a limited booking at the converted open-stage Round House Theater, which belongs to Centre 42. (The latter organization, under the leadership of playwright Arnold Wesker, has leased the theater to various attractions until April 1970, by which time Wesker hopes to have raised the £125,000 required to improve the makeshift auditorium, and to institute a repertory company to play in it.) However, Williamson's *Hamlet* is scheduled to be brought to Broadway's ANTA Theater in mid-May by producer Norman Twain. And a film of it is being made during its London run. Thus, American theatergoers will have the opportunity of seeing an exciting actor in an unorthodox interpretation of a great role.

MARBELLA, SPAIN.

THE OPENING of a new hotel can be most theatrical. While evaluation of the new fourteen-story Marbella Hilton is better left to travel experts, a drama critic can report that producer Conrad Hilton and director Lis K. Brewer, Hilton International's public relations chief, gave the opening a splendid production. The scene design by God and the Spanish people was first-rate. For the first act, there was a remarkable view of the Costa del sol with Gibraltar and Africa in the distance. Act II was a night scene in the streets of the charming little Spanish town of Marbella. And best of all was the climactic extravaganza in the ancient mountain village of Mijas, the highlight of which was a "bullfight" in which the audience was invited to participate. The star turned out to be an American travel editor who, like the man from La Mancha, faced a one-year-old baby bull with humorous blitheness. Although stepped on by the baffled animal, he emerged smiling and triumphant. It was a sparkling debut.

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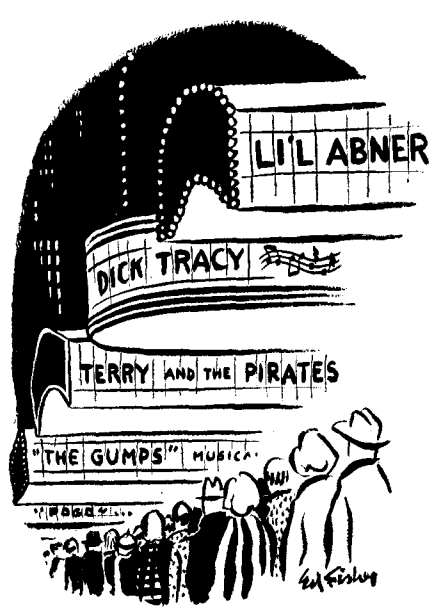
SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Little Ones

A CURIOUS FACT of life in Hollywood is that pictures costing $500,000 or less are considered the chancey ones, while those with budgets soaring to astronomical sums are regarded as relatively safe. The reasoning behind this odd approach to investment lies in the mathematics of distribution. Today, a film must earn back about three times its negative cost before it begins to show a profit. A movie budgeted at $500,000, in other words, would have to take in something like $1,500,000 just to break even, and despite today's higher admission prices, that still means an awful lot of tickets. Furthermore, no producer working on an under-$500,000 budget can possibly afford a star name, supposedly the "guarantee" of an audience turnout. And finally, since advertising and publicity are geared directly to budget, the chances are slim that even a first-rate low-cost production will receive a fraction of the attention it deserves. The exploitation money is showered instead on the "blockbusters" as further "guarantee" of a hefty return on those multi-million-dollar investments.

Although the contradictions in this system are woefully apparent, and most producers of low-budget pictures understand going in that the cards are stacked against them, nevertheless the neophytes stand ready to bet against the house. It is, after all, their only chance to get to where the big money is. A case in point: *The First Time*, which just happens to be the first time out for its producers, former actor Roger Smith and his youthful associate, Allan Carr. Working under the umbrella of the Mirisch Productions, Inc., they went through hell to get their picture on the screen. Leslie Caron had originally been signed for the leading role, then began to demand script changes as befitting her status as star. Lovely Jacqueline Bisset was substituted. After about two weeks of shooting, the young producers realized that they had made a mistake in their choice of director. James Neilson, a fugitive from the Disney ménage, was brought in as a replacement. (One can literally see where the transition occurred.) And when the film, originally titled *The Beginners*, was ready for release, someone had the bright idea of calling it *You Don't Need Pajamas at Rosie's*. Lacking a real star, they figured, you need something to get them in at the box office.



Happily, calmer minds prevailed. The producers were able to convince their studio that anyone attracted by the *Pajamas* title would hate their film and, conversely, that the people who would like their picture might be repelled by its nomenclature. A *Rosie* by any other name, they argued, would smell sweeter. And they were right. While *The First Time* is not the greatest title in the world, one only hopes that it will not join Rex Reed's distressing list of movies that went down the drain because their studios lacked confidence in them or had failed to invest enough money in them. Essentially, it is a joyous, sensitive, and wholly unprurient account of a trio of teenagers who pick up a girl that they, in their innocence, believe to be a prostitute. The boys out on the town for the first time—Wes Stern, Wink Roberts, and Rick Kelman—are marvelously restrained and natural. (Their lines help, too.) And since the town that they are out on happens to be Niagara Falls, there is also considerable visual beauty to enjoy—that is, if you can keep your eyes off Jacqueline Bisset who, as the presumed prostitute, romps through her role with a zest and deftness that her earlier bit parts merely hinted at. Miss Bisset is clearly destined for greater things; the studios might well consider using their low-budget films of today to develop their stars of tomorrow.

Another approach altogether is the one employed by Hall Bartlett, the producer, director, and co-author with Bill E. Kelly of *Changes*, a film that seriously attempts to get beneath the skin of the "now" generation. Mr. Bartlett (who turned out one of my favorite films, *Navajo*, in 1952) financed *Changes* completely on his own—a rare procedure in Hollywood—because he believed in what he was doing, and because he wanted to make his picture his own way. He wanted to do his own thing. Admirable as the attempt may be, Hall Bartlett, born in 1922, is not "now"; while his picture exudes a warmth and feeling for the youth of today seeking to find and understand themselves, it is the work of a somewhat square, sympathetic outsider who wants in, as opposed to, for example, today's student films that transmit the same message from the inside. But there is an honesty here in Bartlett's purpose, a lyric beauty in Richard Moore's photography, and a certain daring in introducing such totally engaging non-stars as Kent Lane, Michele Carey, and Manuella Thiess in the central roles. Significantly, this "little" film is being distributed by Cinerama, originally the biggest of the big screen processes.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Viva Amalia y Mexico!

NEW YORK EXISTS, in the last days of winter and just before spring tries to give a brush of beauty to an almost hopelessly littered city, on the cliché its skyline, and not on its dismal corners. Even the hippies and the student protesters seem to strive for unattractiveness, and they lose out on public sympathy because they settle for an unwashed ugliness instead of learning how to stage their act. Mexico, which has had its student problems, has a marvelous batch of bright youngsters who know how to stage an act. They constitute the Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, and they are beautiful. They are also young, vital, even explosive, and in their one-week stand at the City Center in late March, they gave drab, dirty Manhattan a shining prelude to spring.

This year's touring program is much better than the one last seen in America. It is, perhaps, a trifle more "folk" than "lorico," and this gives a better balance between the lively, romantic, rural dances of the contemporary Mexican of mixed Spanish and Indian heritage and the ceremonies of the pre-Columbian inhabitants. This is by no means intended to underestimate the scenic marvels, the impressive rites that Amalia Hernandez, founder-director of the troupe, has recaptured from a glittering past. It simply means that the joyous welcoming spirit of the dazzlingly dressed Zapotecans in *Guelaguetza* and the life-size *Mexican Toys* in all their antic gaiety are beautifully balanced with the sumptuous, ceremonial *The Mayans*, an absolutely breathtaking pageant of gods and men and creatures.

In *The Mayans*, I was mesmerized by Onesimo Gonzales as the Prince. Not only was he dressed in the outrageously extravagant costume of Mayan warrior-royalty, but he himself, in profile, possesses the features you would only find in Mayan sculpture. It was like being in the presence of a hero of long ago.

Also from the past, or continuing past, into the present was *The Deer Dance*, a dance of the Yaqui Indians of Mexico, an unconquered, self-ruling people. Back to dance it again, after an absence of a season or so, was Jorge Tyller, a Yaqui, and nobody in the world can dance it as he does. He does not imitate a deer as it moves from freedom into the hunt and to surprised, unbelieving death, but he identifies both being and body with the reflexes of a wild creature. On one level, as a work of theater art, *The Deer Dance*, choreographed by no one person but, rather, by a culture, is as great as Fokine's immortal *The Dying Swan*. As an experience in witnessing the pulse of life interrupted, broken, and destroyed, it represents a shattering, and tragically beautiful, exposition of life and death.

For unshadowed beauty and happiness, there is *Wedding on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec*. It may be leisurely in pace, but it is all aglow in its stream of human loveliness, in its relating of romance to ancient ceremony, and in its linking of Indian Conquistador.

Throughout the program, the music lover, as well as the dance follower, could rejoice in the voices, both male and female, of the chorus, and in the sounds of the many instruments, ranging from the guitar, violin, brasses, and woodwinds to deep-voiced drums, primitive harp, flutes, and rattles which once long ago caressed or pierced the air of Mayan, Aztec, Toltec, and Tarascan lands.

***The Mayans*, a re-creation of an ancient heritage by the Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—Onesimo Gonzales possesses features you would only find in Mayan sculpture. He is the Prince, and Auda de los Cobos, the Princess.**

The Juilliard Dance Ensemble has given its last formal performance in the spacious auditorium of its longtime home on Claremont Avenue. In the fall, The Juilliard School of Music will move to its new quarters in Lincoln Center, and the dance department, under the direction of its founder, Martha Hill, will continue to train students in ballet, modern dance, and related theater forms. The members of the Ensemble are, of course, dance students and all are required to have performing experience before graduating.

When William Schuman, composer and then president of Juilliard, invited Miss Hill, a widely respected dance educator (New York University, Bennington College, etc.), to establish a dance department at Juilliard in 1951, she insisted that the dance curriculum include two key techniques, modern dance and ballet, plus other forms that would make for the total training of "American Dance." She was warned that ballet and modern shouldn't go together and that you couldn't expect a dance student to move from Fokine to Sokolow and back again. But, as she says, "Maybe Bill Schuman and I were ahead of the times, or, perhaps, in tune with them."

At Lincoln Center, Miss Hill's department will continue to function under a faculty that includes Antony Tudor (ballet), José Limón and Martha Graham (modern), and other noted teachers. The School of American Ballet, the official school of the New York City Ballet and of George Balanchine, will be housed in the new building. It will be simply called the School of American Ballet at Juilliard, but its students will not be enrolled in Juilliard and the Juilliard students, since they will have their own ballet classes, will not be required to study with Balanchine teachers.

The final dance concert on Claremont represented Miss Hill's concern with turning out dancers equipped to carry out a variety of choreographic assignments. In fact, this year's crop moved easily from ballet to modern to the ethnic-flavored with no trouble at all.

The program offered the premiere of *The Pleasures of Merely Circulating*, a ballet by a comparative newcomer to choreography, and, until very recently, a most valuable and versatile dancer with the City Center Joffrey Ballet, Michael Uthoff; *Pas de Trois*, directed by Tudor, from the Petipa-Ivanov *Swan Lake*; *Echoes*, a new modern dance work by Anna Sokolow; and Limón's *La Piñata*, a dance of games remembered from his Mexican boyhood.

The Uthoff ballet, inspired by a line from a poem by Wallace Stevens and set to music of Handel, is a classical

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ballet sprinkled with modern dance-type floor falls, slide-splits (a bit reminiscent of Gerald Arpino), and a lovely aura of youthful gamboling and kinetic laughter. The ballet included a delightful *pas de deux* involving boy-girl capers, and a kooky *pas de trois* in which a long-limbed girl is manipulated into a surprising array of postures. It is an engaging ballet by a highly talented young *danseur*. Let's have more.

Now for a moment of bad news. The *Swan Lake* excerpt was a mistake. It is an exceptionally difficult classical ballet exercise which must be performed with technical perfection, elegant style, and just the right amount of bravura. It's beyond the ken of student dancers, even if they are already semi-professional.

Limón's gay and playful and sunny *Piñata* has marvelous costumes by Pauline Lawrence (Mrs. Limón) and Betty Williams, and Douglas Schmidt's handsome setting—including the colorful papier-mâché *piñata* itself which, when struck by a stick in a blindman's buff game, releases a shower of toys and, as Limón adds, "a kind of saint who rocked you to sleep at the end." The dance's only problem is the recurring Limón problem as a choreographer—it is much too long. The music of Burrill Phillips, a composer on the faculty at Juilliard, was commissioned by the school, and it is charming.

Miss Sokolow's *Echoes*, set to music of John Weinzweig (Concerto for Harp and Chamber Orchestra), is not nearly as doom-wracked as many of her brilliant creations are. It isn't exactly jolly, but neither does it generate an air of hopelessness. The work is crafted along her recurrent use of exits and entrances, of the massing and then the breaking up of groups, of separations and interminglings. The designs she has evolved for *Echoes* are most effective, and the sculptural quality that she has evoked from the very contours of moving, or poised, bodies is arresting indeed.

The Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies and Paul Polivnick, brought great joy to the occasion, and if Petipa-Ivanov weren't very well treated by the dancers in *Swan Lake*, the Tchaikovsky music, under Mr. Davies's direction, sang and exulted.

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Boulez In, Boulez Out; Caballé in "La Straniera"

PIERRE BOULEZ was both in and out of his element at the third program of his guest engagement with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, a sequence that began with a Haydn symphony, proceeded to Ravel's *Shéhérazade*, and concluded with Schoenberg's Five Pieces for Orchestra and Ives's *Three Places in New England*. Fortunately, as a by-product of chronology or otherwise, the center of gravity in the evening's music was soon attained, thereby exchanging the somewhat forgettable for the definitely unforgettable.

Paradoxically, when Boulez is out of his element, he is in (different); but when he is in it, he is out(standing). A fluent, somewhat hasty, and, above all, humorless treatment of Haydn's Symphony No. 91 (a better work than the preceding week's No. 89) was succeeded by a beautiful statement of the orchestral text of the Ravel. The soprano was Judith Raskin, who provided a coolly monochromatic treatment of the vocal line. It had the kind of clarity wanted, but lacked the shimmer of poetic suggestion which emanates from the surrounding text, or the range of vocal colors to fulfill the changing subject matter. As is customary with Miss Raskin, intelligence and musicality were in strong supply, but her kind of vocal formulation (of the Germanic school) was misapplied in this context.

Both the Ravel and the Haydn were out of another world of experience than that to which Boulez exposed his listeners in the post-intermission period. Here was not only a reminder that, for Boulez, the name of the musical game is transparency, but also a vivid demonstration of the way in which he achieves it. It is evident that he aims only for maximum objectives, as in choosing to perform the Schoenberg Pieces in the original scoring for six horns, four trombones, three bassoons, and a contrabassoon (to a total of thirty-two wind instruments) rather than in the amended scoring of 1949 that is designed to make the performing problem simpler.

By the exercise of that aural faculty which is his most prizable asset, and proceeding by means of a visual plan exemplary in its clarity as well as its economy, Boulez gave even those who thought themselves versed in this music a new insight into its logic and cohesiveness. It was to a degree unfortunate that the program notes of Edward Downes bore heavily on the literary titles (which Schoenberg provided as an afterthought) rather than on the musical values inherent in each section. This tended to direct listening attention to a generalized aspect of the whole, rather than to the extraordinarily explicit results Boulez attained by exercise of a mental command of content rarely equaled in a local performance of these works.

Somewhat the same could be said of the Boulez exposition of Ives's *Three Places*. Here, however, the absorbing aspect of the performance was not so much in the definition of the textual content as in the alien conductor's identification with a native—which is to say American—pattern of mood and atmosphere. The juxtaposition of Schoenberg and Ives was ideally conceived to illustrate likenesses as well as differences, and to underscore the degree to which the musical language can bear tensions and pressures without losing either intelligibility or expressivity.

It was the source of the stunning effect Boulez achieved with "The 'Saint Gaudens' in Boston Common," "Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut," and "The Housatonic at Stockbridge" that every orchestral detail was clearly articulated to relate harmoniously to every other detail. No instrument was forced to overblow or move beyond the dynamic level in which it could be heard to best advantage, resulting in a mirror image of the score, which is to say in a transparent likeness of the ideas set forth by the composer.

Nothing less, really, was to be expected of a musician of Boulez's capabilities (he used a score for both works, but rarely even glanced at the pages as he leafed them over). What was less than expected was the specific sense of time, place, and history he re-created in Ives's evocation of a monument to a Negro regiment that played a heroic part in the Civil War, his response to a memorial to the soldiers of Israel Putnam, who spent a dismal Revolutionary winter in Redding in 1778-79, or the appeal of the quietly flowing Housatonic on a given day in a given year.

Whether by intention or not, Boulez's pairing of Schoenberg and Ives built a musical bridge that paralleled the verbal one found among Schoenberg's papers after his death. It was written by the Austrian pioneer about the American's

(*Continued on page* 67)

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Loops and Reels

By OLIVER DANIEL

WITH the introduction of tape as a musical medium, a real revolution has begun in the world of music. In the beginning, two quite divergent paths were followed. Some, such as the French, recorded actual sounds and noises, then altered and distorted them at will. The Germans in particular relied largely on electrically generated, sinusoidal tones—that is, pure sounds, free from overtones. Today, composers are not so fussy, and all sounds or combinations are employed.

The composer in the future will have to be part physicist, part electrician, and part musician. Tape music is achieving a wide popularity, and we encounter it more and more as background to ballet, as an element in orchestral and chamber music, and even in operas. It has been used as background music in films and in television dramas and commercials. It is now really coming of age, and a wide sampling is available on current discs both in America and in Europe.

Music for Electronic and Older Instruments (CRI S-227) brings us works that are the perfect introduction for the more conventional listener to the world of electronic music. *Concerted Piece* for Tape Recorder and Orchestra is the work of those two tape Gemini, Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky, who were the first to compose full-fledged symphonic works for orchestra and tape. The *Concerted Piece*, the most recent of their collaborative efforts, was commissioned by the New York Philharmonic in 1960 and differs from their earlier efforts where the music was jointly composed. Here each of the work's two movements is the product of one composer: the first by Luening and the second by Ussachevsky. Luening's is the more conventional, and that one would expect from one who has had so much academic experience. The orchestral writing is modern, but in no way post-Webernized. The tape sounds play the role of the soloist and end with a virtuosic cadenza.

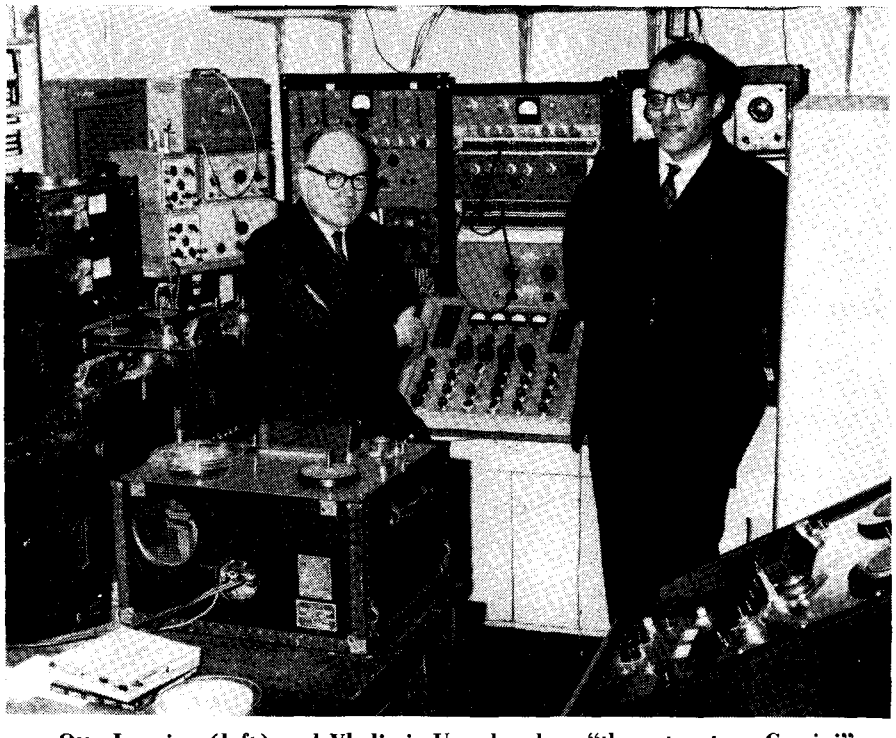
Ussachevsky leans more heavily on the electronic side and has the orchestra and tape sounds fuse more consistently. The performance by the Oslo Philharmonic, conducted by José Serebrier, is brilliant, and the tape fusion is an example of superb integration. The piece has had considerable popularity with orchestras here and abroad, and it deserves it. A shorter work of his for tape alone is called *Of Wood and Brass*, and in it he manages to transform each wood or brass sound into something utterly unlike the original sound. Although that smacks more of magic than music, this witty little scherzo manages to hold together as music should.

His *Wireless Fantasy*, commissioned by the De Forest Pioneers to honor Lee De Forest, whose inventions led to the development of radio, is a piece of low camp. On antique radio equipment, Ussachevsky recorded such signals as QST, a standard call to stations to stand by for something of interest; then the first "old open gap spark-generated" code signal "DF" for De Forest, which was the identifying call of the early Manhattan Beach Station that could be heard from Newfoundland to the Caribbean. Other code signals are used along with *Parsifal* altered to sound like an early broadcast. This is an occasional piece that no doubt pleased and entertained De Forest and the Pioneers, but it might send the new generation scampering off to get a decent-sounding version of Wagner and sour them on tape forever.

Mel Powell, having lived down his early fame as a jazz pianist, has also rid himself of his Hindemithian characteristics. Four varied works show both imagination and taste. His *Improvisation*—using voices of such prominent actors as Martha Scott (Mrs. Powell), Mildred Dunnock, and Lee Bowman—has words, fragments of talk, grunts, and various syllables which whirl about in a veritable tonal vortex. In his *Second Electronic Setting* he lets loose swarms of electroptera that peep, beep, squeak, flutter, and whistle up a storm. Frankly, I prefer the tape works to the more conventional ones. They are a non-electronic *Improvisation* for piano, clarinet, and viola, and *Two Prayer Settings* for tenor, oboe, and strings.

In Columbia's "Music of Our Time" series, the *New Electronic Music* disc (MS-7051) contains works by John Cage, Milton Babbitt, and Henri Pousseur. Cage's *Variations II* at times sounds like a stylus being dragged over burnt toast. But this does not deter Cage, for as long ago as 1937 he believed that "the use of noise to make music will continue and increase until we reach a music produced through the aid of electrical instruments that will make available for musical purposes any and all sounds that can be heard."

The score of this work consists of a set of six transparent sheets of plastic having straight lines at various angles, and five with a few dots. It is all a sort of fun-and-games affair in which anything goes for any number of players and any sound-producing means. In this performance, each of four channels uses a contact mike attached to the piano and a phono cartridge to play on the strings. In addition, contact mikes are attached to such things as toothpicks,



Otto Luening (left) and Vladimir Ussachevsky—"those two tape Gemini" at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center in New York City.

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plastics, pipe cleaners, and other objects which are stroked, scraped, and struck on the strings. When an anguished howl of audio feedback occurs, Cage delightedly regards it as part of his sonic palette. Freed from the conventional restraints of system, style, or the rational faculty, we are treated to what Cage describes as "disorganization and a state of mind which in Zen is called no-mindedness." It is another way of describing musical garbage, and twenty minutes and twenty seconds of protracted needle scratch is about as hallucinatory and attractive as scabies.

Milton Babbitt's approach is one of "mindedness"; it is more talmudic than Zen. He utilizes tonal and temporal organization derived from the theories of Schoenberg and restricts himself here in his *Ensembles for Synthesizer* to the twelve pitch classes of the tempered scale "with minimal use of sound outside this domain." One might be tempted to ask why impose such limitations, but his scintillating tonal gyrations are like rapid explosions of microcosmic fireworks. It is all of electronic origin and the tones are pure, clear, and non-reverberant.

In contrast to both Babbitt and Cage, Henri Pousseur is a tone painter, a romantic electronic impressionist. Having begun as a strict serial composer, he climaxed his obeisance with a *Quintet in Memory of Webern* in 1955. He rebelled against the "pitiless regimentation" that controlled even the smallest details of much music, but found, as many others have, that many of the most geometrically conceived works often sound aleatoric. This he felt was less the result of its geometry than the mysterious charm of nature: "The unhurried dispersion of passing clouds, the twinkle of pebbles in the bed of a mountain stream, or the breaking of surf against a rocky coast." Pousseur's *Trois visages de Liège* consists of I—"L'Air et l'eau"; II—"Voix de la ville"; and III—"Forges." With the exception of voices and a single instrumental chord, all of Pousseur's sounds are purely electronic. The results are evocative and poetic.

Another Columbia essay in the "Music of Our Time" series is *New Sounds in Electronic Music* (Odyssey stereo, 32 16 0160), which contains Richard Maxfield's *Night Music*, Steve Reich's *Come Out*, and Pauline Oliveros's *I of IV*.

Having assembled a quantity of sounds made by the interaction of an oscilloscope and a tape recorder, Maxfield observed that these electrically generated sounds were identical in feeling to those made by birds and insects on summer nights in Riverside and Central Parks. He then deftly fused them into sounds of a twittering electronic aviary. It is skillful, sensitive, and delightful, and is a joy to hear.

Steve Reich, in his approach, is less relaxed; he has a thing about repetition. He can achieve an almost hypnotic effect by subtly altering what seem to be endless repetitions. Like some Op art, or such patterns as one finds in tiles, wallpaper, or carpets, Reich makes patterns that flow with mechanical precision. He has an innate sense of knowing just when and how variety may step in and continue to hold the attention of the listener. From a sentence uttered by Danniel Hamm, one of six boys arrested during the Harlem riots—"I had to, like, open the bruise up and let some of the bruise blood come out to show them"—Reich chose the phrase "come out to show them" as his material, and, by repeating it like a set of gradually multiplying canons, he creates a work of effective originality.

Pauline Oliveros is a skillful hand with tape; she has composed a considerable amount of electronic music and is winning increasing recognition. "I had some people come over, got them a little drunk, and they belched," she is quoted in a recent interview. One of the belches she supposedly used as sound material, though not in her *I of IV*, which is all electronic and was developed in the University of Toronto's Electronic Music Studio. It sounds like, and has all the charm of, an irritated vacuum cleaner overworked for twenty minutes. She belabors her musical points; the few good spots are lost in a whirr of electrically made mechanical sound. She is reported to have spent a night recording a noisy toilet in a Vancouver hotel room. And this might lead to a new-type water music. Miss Oliveros studied composition with Robert Erickson and Thomas Nee. We have no information about her toilet training.

And speaking of water music, an amusing electronic scherzo called *Dripsody* (Folkways stereo, FMS 33436) originated in the same Toronto studio back in tape music's early days—1955, when Hugh Le Caine recorded the sound of a drop of water and copied it at various speeds to produce frequencies of a wide range. He keyed the music in various sound patterns and produced a piece of conventional music that is witty and really quite funny in a good sense. Technically it is a tour de force, but rear rather than avant-garde.

All of the other works on the disc are a product of the Toronto Studio. The second is another dripping piece by Myron Schaeffer, which is also a set of pings and plonks more varied and more imaginative than the Le Caine work. *Summer Idyl*, a composite work by Arnold Walter, Harvey Olnick, and Myron Schaeffer, composed in 1959, shows its age, for it seems to be predicated on the shape of music of the past and as such is a lot easier to take than some of the more recent works. The same applies to the music of Robert Artkin, which he calls *Noesis*. It would be remarkably effective as a movie background for something like *The Hound of the Baskervilles* or one of those murder mysteries that begins with a grim Tudor manse on the night-swept moors.

Side 2 brings us music by Val Stephen, J. D. Robb, Jean Eichelberger Ivey, and Victor Graner. By profession, Stephen is a doctor specializing in anesthesia. His first work is called *Fireworks*, and it is quite impressionistic. His very brief *Orgasmic Opus* lasts forty-five seconds and is about as satisfying as coitus interruptus.

A collage by J. D. Robb, which he calls "primarily a splicing job," is a rather amateur-sounding assemblage of various instrumental timbres put together indifferently. Jean Eichelberger Ivey composed *Pinball* for an art film on *How to Play Pinball*. It is an interesting attempt to produce many different tape-sound colors and integrate them in some musical way. I can't imagine it improving one's pinball game, but it has a rather agreeable musical sense about it. *Inferno*, by Victor Graner, is like a women's club version of Dante.

The Europeans—most of them younger than those on the Toronto disc—seem more sophisticated. On a two-disc album of *Electronic Music*, Volume 1 (Mercury stereo, SR 2-9123), Luciano Berio begins with two works, *Momenti* and *Omaggio a Joyce*. *Momenti* is arranged in five parts and sets in motion ninety-two sound frequencies which he says "tend to work across the entire sound spectrum. . . ." It is new in its sound and concept. The *Joyce* opus, too, is fresh and ear-catching. The liner notes unforgivably refer to "a woman's voice" without ever identifying it as the incredible Cathy Berberian, on whose speech patterns, derived from intoning a fragment of *Ulysses*, the entire work is built.

Bruno Maderna, Berio's gifted Italian colleague, achieves quite satisfying results in his *Continuo 1958*. It opens gently, and Maderna appreciates quiet and builds against it with sometimes stunning effect. Side 2 opens with a dramatic three-part work by Luc Ferrari, which has a scenario more relevant for the composer than the listener. Interest lags before midpoint, and one wonders whether visual elements might not save it. Choreographers could have a field day.

But not so with Xenakis. His *Orient-Occident*, which I first heard in Paris in the Radio Diffusion Studios, is an effec-

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Jazz LP's

Data	Report
George Benson: *Shape of Things to Come.* Benson, guitar, with bands of ten, twelve, and seventeen pieces. A&M stereo, SP-3014, $5.79. Kenny Burrell: *Night Song.* Burrell, guitar, solo on one title; on six titles with Richard Wyands, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Freddy Waits, drums; on one title with fifteen-piece band; on two titles with ten-piece band. Verve stereo, V6-8751, $5.79.	Although still overshadowed by the late Wes Montgomery's huge popularity, both Benson and Burrell are well equipped artistically to succeed to his place. The A&M album seems specifically designed as a registration of claims, producer Creed Taylor having clearly guided the musicians in the direction that proved so rewarding for Montgomery. Just how tasteful and exciting Benson can be (simultaneously) is best shown on the last two tracks. Temperamentally, Burrell is probably not so close to Montgomery, but he is the more versatile of the two aspirants, and his album contains sharp contrasts of mood and tempo. Very precise comparisons can be made, for there are arrangements by Don Sebesky with similar instrumentation on both records.
Bobby Hackett: *Bobby Hackett Quartet plus Vic Dickenson.* Hackett, cornet; Dickenson, trombone and vocal; Lou Forestieri, piano; Tito Russo, bass; Joe Brancato, drums. Project 3 stereo, PR-5034-SD, $5.79.	The addition of Dickenson's trombone and sly humor makes a world of difference to the quartet, and by giving the trombonist adequate solo space, Hackett himself gains in stature. Both men are essentially melodists, and each seems to know intuitively how to enhance what the other does. Dickenson's burry growls make a striking contrast with the cornetist's elegant flow, but there is a relaxed, gentle quality underlying everything they do. Sample "Sister Kate," where Hackett replies instrumentally to Dickenson's vocal asides, or "Ida," where they work together like a pair of soft-shoe dancers.
Herb Hall: *Old Tyme Modern.* Hall, clarinet; Claude Hopkins, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums. Sackville stereo, 3003, $5.00. (Postpaid from Sackville Recordings, 719 Yonge Street, Suite 5, Toronto 5, Canada.)	This set is a big improvement on its predecessor by The Jazz Giants (3002). Although Hall exhibits many of the characteristics of his more famous brother, Edmond, he is less prone to violent, trumpet-like phrascology. His playing, in fact, is closer to the traditional New Orleans style, and it often has a delicacy that makes this kind of context ideal. The rhythm section is excellent, and Hopkins distinguishes himself once more both as soloist and accompanist. It is gratifying indeed that this sensitive, swinging musician—a contemporary of Waller and Ellington—should be experiencing a new wave of appreciation.
Johnny Hodges: *Rippin' and Runnin'.* Hodges, alto saxophone; Billy Gardner, organ; Jimmy Ponder, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Freddy Waits, drums. Verve sterco, V6-8753, $5.79.	Hodges rises to the challenge of the younger musicians in this group with spirit and confidence, with some of his best playing occurring not on his own originals but on those of others, such as Alonzo Levister's "Touch Love." He has played successfully with organ groups before, but Gardner's approach is closer to Jimmy Smith's than to that of the orchestral-minded Wild Bill Davis, whom Hodges favors. Carter's bass is always a source of strength, and a talent of much promise is indicated in Ponder's solos.
Hank Johnson: *Harlem on My Mind.* Johnson, composer, arranger, and conductor; Clark Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Jackie Byard, piano; Billy Butler, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Freddy Waits, drums. Action Theatre mono, XTV-144313/4, $1.95.	This is an interesting memento of the controversial exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. The second side contains a pocket history of jazz in ten parts that is also used (on Side 1) as a musical background to voices describing the Harlem of yesterday and today. Terry does a dashing job of portraying 1900 and ragtime; Gonsalves is remarkably resourceful in simulating saxophone styles and sounds of different periods, not least those of the 1920s; and Butler's Depression blues is superb. Several of the selections are far too short, however, and it is a great pity both sides of the record could not have been devoted to the music, because Johnson's work is as intelligent and affectionate as that of his instrumentalists.
Gary McFarland: *America the Beautiful: An Account of Its Disappearance.* McFarland, composer, arranger, and conductor; with bands of nineteen and twenty-two pieces. Skye stereo, SK-8, $5.79.	An "exposé of 'junk culture,' " this is undoubtedly McFarland's most significant and best-realized work to date. His very considerable talent has too often been applied to lightweight projects, but here the stimulus of indignation has given it force and edge. Playing and recording do full justice to the equally arresting themes and scoring, which are rich and full of contrasts. The cello appears to represent the subdued, sad voice of conscience throughout. Among the individual contributions, Eric Gayle's twanging electric guitar on "80 Miles an Hour Through Beer-Can Country" and the somber flugelhorn of that reluctant soloist, Snooky Young, on "Last Rites for the Promised Land," deserve special mention.
Jan Savitt: *The Top Hatters, 1939-41.* Savitt, conductor; with fourteen-piece band. Decca stereo, DL-79243, $5.79.	Savitt's Top Hatters and their shuffle rhythm won a following that has remained loyal and insistent to this day. Although it lacked outstanding soloists, the band was disciplined and musical, and it adopted the fashionable, workable formulas of the Swing Era with much success. The second side is the better, for, following the example of his more famous contemporaries, Savitt bought arrangements from some of the best Negro writers. Among them are "Blues in the Groove" and "It's Time to Jump and Shout" by Eddie Durham (both also recorded by Jimmie Lunceford), and three by Billy Moore—Sy Oliver's brilliant successor—of which "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" is completely in the Lunceford manner.
Kay Starr and Count Basie: *How About This?* Kay Starr, vocal; Basie, piano, celeste, and organ; with sixteen-piece band. Paramount stereo, PAS-5001, $5.79.	A generally good choice of material, expertly tailored arrangements by Dick Hyman, and impeccable performances by the band give Miss Starr an enviable setting. Her professed influences, Bessie Smith and Mildred Bailey, are often discernible in her energetic singing. The soloists are Oliver Brashear (trumpet), Lockjaw Davis (tenor saxophone), and Eric Dixon (flute). There are several attractive glimpses of Basie himself, his stride piano on "Keep Smiling at Trouble" being a special joy.
Sonny Stitt: *Little Green Apples.* Stitt, Varitone alto saxophone; Haywood Henry, baritone saxophone; Joseph De Angelis, Donald Corrado, French horns; Paul Griffin, piano; Eric Gale, guitar; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass; Joe Marshall, drums; Jimmy Mundy, arranger and conductor. Solid State stereo, SS-18047, $5.79.	The dichotomy prevalent in the thinking of most of those responsible for "jazz" recording today is much in evidence here. Neither jazz nor rock, the album simply falls between stools and is unlikely to please anybody. There is little of the virile blowing normally to be expected from Stitt, and his Varitone contraption is only occasionally rewarding, in the ensembles. He plays a pleasing blues chorus on "Oh Me, Oh My," where arranger Mundy briefly shows what might have been. Henry, a superior saxophonist, is kept in the background except in the final number. —Stanley Dance.

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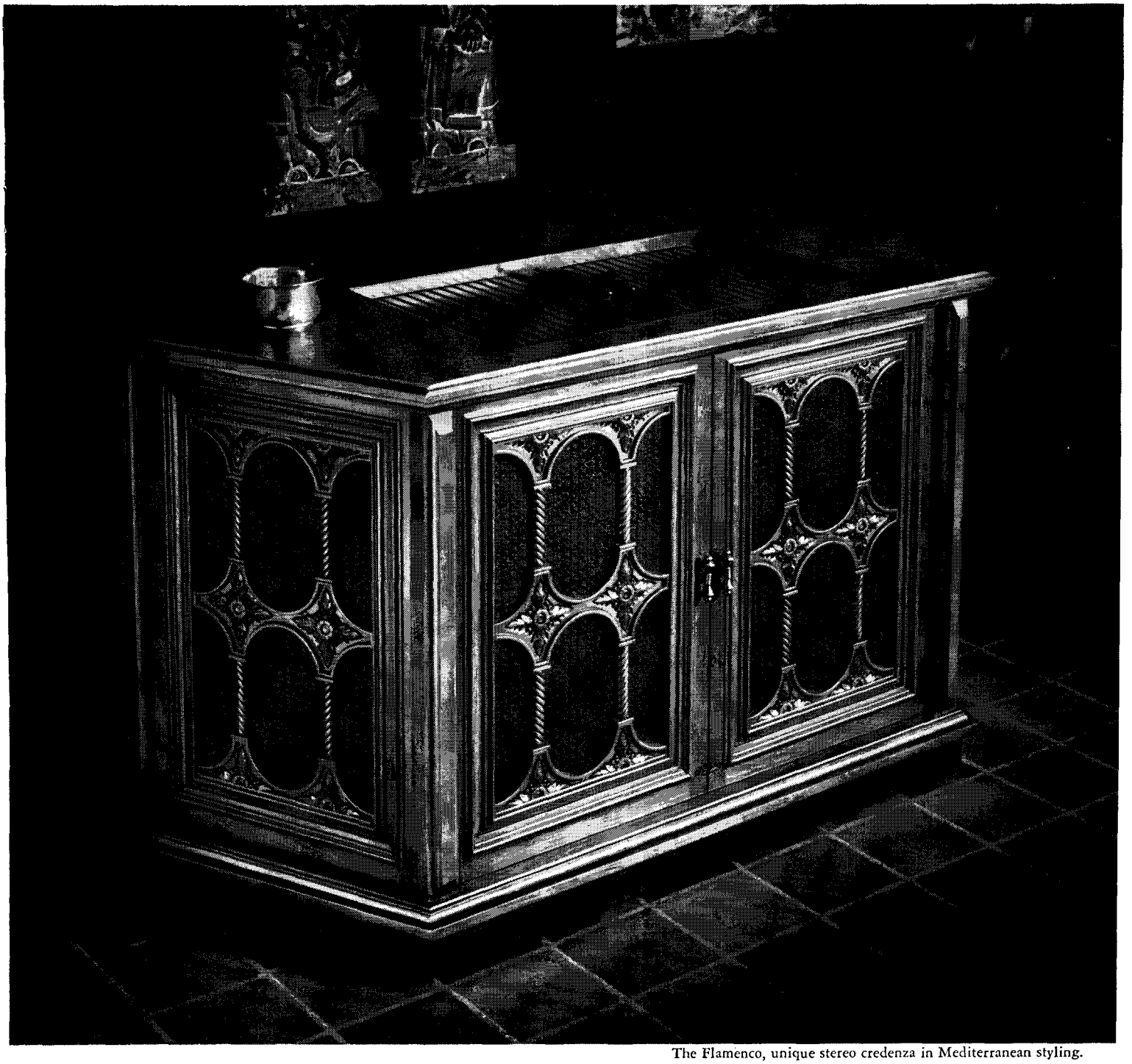

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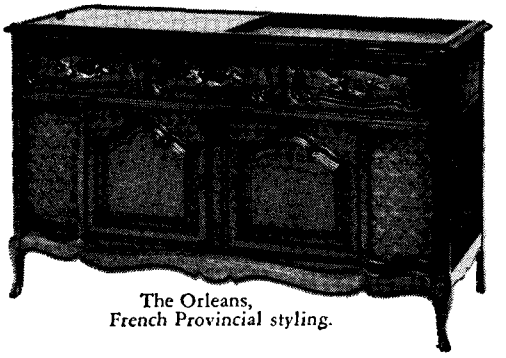

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The Realm of Mercer and Short

MABEL MERCER is a gracefully aging source of wisdom. A singer/actress, or better yet, an actress who sings, she brings the warmth of immediacy to songs. In this time of change and flux, Miss Mercer remains herself. Regal, unrelentingly elegant—in the most positive sense of the word—she moves on the periphery of "popular" music, ruling her realm with a light but learned hand.

She is a developed taste. Generally, one's appetite for her work grows with repeated exposure. What Miss Mercer does is lift out the essence of an experience, while bringing to material the understanding and nuance that illuminate it with a soft yet revealing light.

For longer than it is polite to remember, this *grande dame* has been singing in small, *intime* clubs and bistros here and abroad. Her songs—written for her, submitted to her, or discovered by her—all have one thing in common: they say something, generally in a clever, feeling way.

Miss Mercer instructs us on the delights and dilemmas of life, but all too infrequently in recent years, in person. Those who care savor her Atlantic recordings. And they teach an important lesson. The lady does not need the ambience of a club to help shape her type of truth; well considered and deeply felt, it retains its thrust in the harsh light of day.

THE late Gary Kramer, an acutely perceptive man-about-music, once commented about her recordings: "One lives with them—and learns from them as each year goes by. Mabel's songs return the listener to all-but-forgotten reaches of his inner self and then out again into the world, stronger, wiser, and more appreciative."

Recently, Atlantic added another Mercer offering to its lists. Taped live at New York's Town Hall, May 19, 1968, the concert found Miss Mercer sharing the stage with Bobby Short—about whom we will comment later—therefore the title, *Mabel Mercer & Bobby Short at Town Hall* (SD2-604). Following the intermission, she came out, sat in a high-backed chair, and, with only Jimmy Lyon's piano accompaniment, drew the capacity audience close. She spoke of love in its many varieties, children, idealism and the loss of it, staying young and growing old. Life.

The Mercer voice, a shadow of its youthful resilience, was manipulated with care and built-in theatricality by its owner. Always it made clear her intentions and passions, or lack of them, even when the sound did not carry. Time blurred as she immersed herself in one characterization after another.

Most memorable of all—her portrayal of a lady long past her prime, in a song titled "Staying Young." This gem by Bob Merrill tells of one person's relish for life, and the sadness inherent in the winter years. Half sung, half spoken, it obviously causes some turbulence within Miss Mercer's hidden spring. She becomes the lady of the song and immediately one senses her need to hold onto life, to grab it while the grabbing is good. We come to understand her fear of tomorrow, her basic optimism, ultimate sadness, and resignation.

Miss Mercer's face tightens and brightens on two songs by Cy Coleman. She's young and full of ginger on "Isn't He Adorable?" an early Coleman effort with lyrics by Joseph McCarthy, and on his "You Should See Yourself," for which

Mabel Mercer shared the stage with Bobby Short in a concert taped live at New York's Town Hall on May 19.

Dorothy Fields provided the words. Her sound and inflections are flower fresh in the manner of a girl in the first flush. Contrast is provided on still another Coleman song, "Bad Is For Other People," with lyric lines by Robert Wells. We discover the worldly wise Mabel Mercer urging away sadness in a happy/unhappy way, emphasizing that gladness is certainly preferable for "rainbow painters like you and me."

A different person on every song, Miss Mercer is comfortably maternal on "Jenny Rebecca"; a fast-moving lady on the Schwartz-Dietz ditty, "Confession," which old-timers might remember from the 1931 revue, *The Band Wagon*. The very essence of calm and inner-directed happiness on "Lazy Afternoon," she beautifully articulates and shades John LaTouche's lyric images and Jerome Moross's melodic line.

HERE is a musing talent, nourished from within, which allows for great concentration and deft movement from one emotional environment to another. The very antithesis of flamboyance, Miss Mercer is not show business. Just quiet assurance. She should be more widely shared.

Bobby Short, on the other hand, is outgoing and buoyant, if sometimes a bit excessive and overly "posh." A graduate of the Paris-London-Hollywood-New York wheel of nighttime gathering spots for the "privileged," he reaches out for his audience via "sophisticated" material, ranging from well known songs to undiscovered jewels. The writers are among our best—Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Ellington, Strayhorn, etc.

A polished, well-dressed gentleman, who accompanies himself at the piano, he generally is aided in his endeavors—as he is here— by a bassist and drummer. There's no denying the man's enthusiasm and intense brand of charm. His instantly identifiable voice, though quavery and limited in range, seems

(*Continued on page* 92)

Arthur Fiedler's Accompanist

The New Baldwin

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Loops and Reels

Continued from page 63

tive work when heard on multiple channels, and it ends up being more musical than gimmicky.

The second disc begins with works by Mauricio Kagel and Herbert Eimert. Muddy, thick, over-reverberant sounds mar the Kagel work. While it is highly organized, it is just so much more of all the uninteresting tape works that are being made everywhere by pretentious amateurs, and its length produces little but tedium.

Old man of the electronic boys is Herbert Eimert, born in 1897, who hides his generation gap successfully. His *Sélection I*, written in 1959, is every bit as good as that of his colleague, Kagel, and only half as tedious. The Germans have an excellent word to describe boredom. They say *langweilig* – which literally means a long while—and what a long while these *langweilig* pieces of Kagel and Eimert take.

Pierre Henry was one of the French pioneers in the electronic media, and his *Entité* is relaxed and almost pastoral. But it is a mere tidbit compared with his *Voyage*, which occupies a full disc—two sides of the second volume of this series. The concluding pieces by Ligeti, Boucourechliev, and Pousseur were all composed in 1958. Hungarian György Ligeti, born in Dicsöszentmárton, Transylvania, in 1925, made a rather ticky sensation with a *Poème symphonique* for 100 metronomes at the Buffalo Festival in 1965. His *Artikulation*, a considerably more musical affair, aims to explore the ground that separates music and speech. His procedures are complex, but the results are simply effective. He is an accepted member of the international in-group and has impressive orchestral works to maintain his position. His tape music is good, but hardly distinguishable from hundreds of other similar essays.

THE Boucourechliev and Pousseur works are equally effective. Known chiefly as a music critic, Boucourechliev may be recognized by the less adventurous for his biographies of Schumann and Chopin. Now what's a nice, conventional man like that doing composing a *Texte I*—on tape? It's a good try!

Pierre Henry's *Le Voyage* (Mercury, 90482) is one of the longest tape works on records or tape. The work was stimulated by Henry's contact with the choreographer Maurice Béjart, whom he met in 1955. This resulted in Henry's composing *Le Voyage*, based on *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, a work in sections depicting in Henry's explanation: "Breath I"—the last breath of the dying man; and "Breath II"—the first breath of the reincarnated spirit. The five intervening movements are grouped in three sections: "After Death I and II," "Peaceful Deities and Wrathful Deities," and "The Coupling." The program is elaborate and suggestive, and the realization is one of the most imaginative works created on tape. Henry is concerned with creating and suggesting extra-musical states rather than illustrating musico-mathematical theories or proving some point or procedure.

Karlheinz Stockhausen is an old hand with tape and an inveterate experimenter. His *Mikrophonie I* and *II* occupy two sides of a CBS "Music of Our Time" disc (stereo, ST 32 11 0044). Stockhausen describes how he began experimenting with a large tam-tam, hitting it with various objects and moving a directional mike about it like a doctor examining a patient with a stethoscope. *Mikrophonie I* is a twenty-minute affair that is remarkable for the astonishing number of different sounds it contains, which are produced with such paltry means. The manner of producing them is fascinating: six "players" are involved, two "excite" the tam-tam, two pick up sounds with directional mikes, while two more activate an electronic filter and potentiometer. A few spoken words, grunts, and the like come through, one particularly distinct *Schwierigkeit*—which, if you don't know, means difficulty. It is almost Freudianly appropriate.

Mikrophonie II is more varied, using a chorus and Hammond organ fed through ring modulators, which go through four speakers producing superimposed layers of sounds. To these he adds for good measure recorded segments of three of his earlier works: *Gesang der Jünglinge*, *Momente*, and *Carré*. It is all out of the world of Marat/Sade, or perhaps out of that of Hieronymus Bosch, without their respective humors. It is more games than fun, and it could have been enhanced had he added one more player—that is, one who would "excite" and "activate" the listener.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 61

works, which he discovered when he became a resident of California: "There is a great man living in this Country—a composer. He has solved the problem of how to preserve oneself and to learn. He responds to negligence by contempt. He is not forced to accept praise or blame. His name is Ives" Obviously, the French-born Boulez concurred—to the advantage of all.

Any opera whose synopsis begins "A wedding chorus sung by peasants and members of the court of Lord Montolino as they row upon the lake outside the castle" and ends "Alaide . . . is left alone to fulfill her destiny as Queen, sacrificing once again all hope of personal joy to her greater, tragic role" requires something more than a conventional quota of beautiful music in between to sustain interest. The one by Vincenzo Bellini titled *La Straniera*, which was recently given a first performance by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall after a lapse of more than a hundred years, bears the burden bravely, but hardly on the exalted level of *Norma, La Sonnambula, Il Pirata, I Puritani*, or even *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*.

It owes its reappearance to a current interest in operatic esoterica among those to whom novelty has its own charm and is thus a marketable commodity. There would be nothing but virtue in this were the novelty accompanied by the qualities of vocal authenticity demanded by the writing. But, as in all too many instances in the recent past, *La Straniera* ("The Stranger") was cast at the level of the approximate, rather than of the specific. For its embodiment of the half-natural, half-supernatural Queen who entices a lover to his doom (while impelling him to kill her own brother in a jealous rage), the American Opera Society sought out Montserrat Caballé, who is not in the least supernatural, let alone half natural.

What she is not, also, is a singer of the dramatic power and striking force to energize such a role in a concert hall and make something credible of its incredulities. Miss Caballé began her rise to international prominence (as an unheralded substitute for another singer) before this audience in 1965, and it has since felt something of a proprietary interest in her. As her variable performance demonstrated, she is basically a lyric soprano with a florid facility, meaning that she is at least one category beneath the size of sound, as well as several shades paler than the dramatic coloration, required for this queenly sorceress.

In the other members of the cast directed by Anton Guadagno (whose stock in operatic trade is Italian impulse, unrefined to Bellini's requirements) was a customary assortment of little-known, hardly overqualified performers. Among them, the most able was Vincente Sardinero, as a solid-voiced Baron Valdeburgo (the ill-fated brother); Biancamaria Casoni, with a sizable but none-too-dependable mezzo voice, as Isoletta (whose marriage is frustrated at the end as well as at the beginning); and Amadeo Zambon, who drove a none-too-resonant tenor through the demanding music for the unhappy suitor, Arturo. The indiscriminate applause for any seemingly difficult vocal feat, whether achieved or not, qualified the audience as more eager than discriminating.

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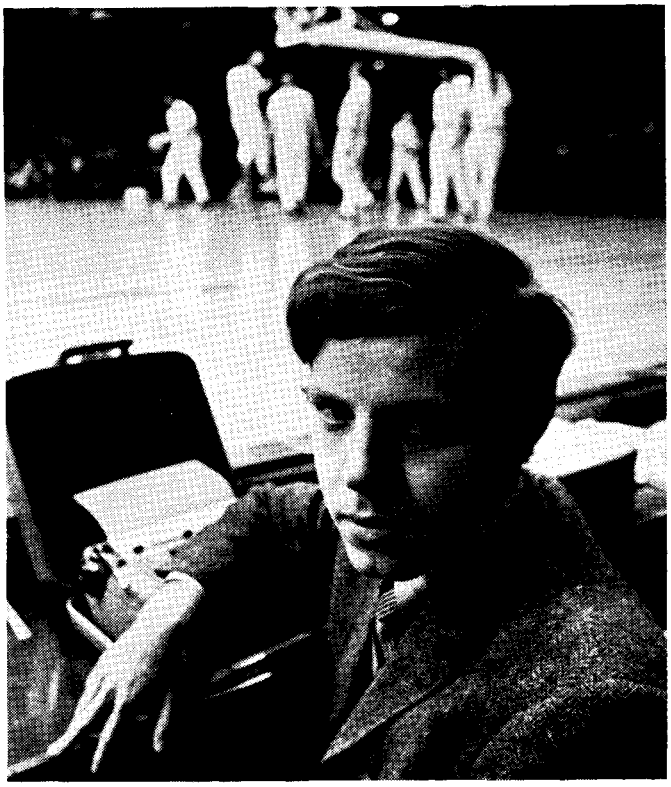

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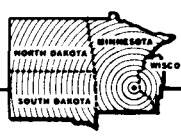

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Blood and Gore on the Home Screen

EVIDENCE continues to pile up that blood-and-gore television is still too much with us, that little or nothing has been done so far by the networks to curb programs depicting violence, and that there is a growing connection between these facts and a constantly rising U.S. crime rate and a destructive attitude among U.S. citizenry, particularly the young. Let's look at some recent revelations.

The federal government has now begun an inquiry into possible health hazards from violence on television. Through the Department of Health, Education and Welfare this inquiry will attempt to study the mental well-being of young Americans regularly exposed to televised brutality, violence, and criminal how-to. The inquiry stems from an urgent message by the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service, who is now involved because the preservation of the mental health of America's young has become an issue of sufficiently critical importance to have been moved to the top of HEW's priority list.

The network bosses who laughed uproariously a few years back at any attempt to reduce exposure of the young to cigarette advertising perhaps find it equally hilarious that their debatable programing has not changed one whit since the assassinations of 1968. They had better start reading the newspapers. Jack Gould, writing in *The New York Times*, recently put it this way: "Up to now, the issue of violence on the home screen has been primarily debated in social and behavior terms. That a diet of violence might impair normal mental health development is now an added aspect." Mr. Gould, who is probably the most respected critic in the TV field, quoted James C. Hagerty, vice president of ABC, as saying: "Washington generally does not appear to understand that television makes program commitments as much as eighteen months in advance and that turning a schedule around, often involving tens of millions of dollars under firm contractual commitments, is not easy to do quickly." Another network head, who understandably wished to remain anonymous, told the *Times* that there was no question "that educators, intellectuals, and many political figures feel strongly about the violence issue, but the volume of complaining mail from average viewers is negligible."

At the same time, Dr. Lawrence J. Friedman, senior faculty member of the Los Angeles Psychoanalytic Institute, was quoted by John Leo in another issue of the *Times*: "If a child watches enough television, he will automatically become violent, because he has nowhere else to go with his normal aggressive energy that he should be working off in creative activity." Dr. Friedman had three young patients aged eleven, nine, and seven, each of whom had regressed into bed-soiling, and it took him a whole year to convince their parents that long hours of sitting still in front of the TV was making the children regress. When the parents finally agreed to take the television away, the passivity disappeared and the bed-soiling stopped. Dr. Friedman is really saying that a generation that grew up just pushing a button to be entertained is finding it extremely

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difficult to establish objective relationships with other human beings. Dr. Friedman concludes that "the consequences of TV are much more far-reaching than ever described."

TV Guide recently ran a pro-and-con two-part article on televised violence. Martin Maloney, who is professor of radio and television at Northwestern University, devoted several thousand words to an exasperated diatribe against the current crusade indicting violence on TV. If we read him aright, Professor Maloney is telling us that we are a violent people and there's nothing we can do about it. He concludes: "In the long run, I think that the crusade against violence on television is not only ridiculous and pointless, it is genuinely dangerous. It is a distraction. It is a crusade without risk, pain, or hard decision, and if we join it, we may very well never find out where the social action really is."

Responding in the same publication a week later, Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island gave example after example of the pervasive impact of television. He made a telling point, it seemed to us, about the influence of "constant exposure to violence which has the kind of immediacy of impact that violence in television has and which newspaper articles or other media do not." He points out that the television industry has answered this question for itself—affirmatively. Its financial foundation rests entirely upon the principle that TV *does* influence the minds and actions of people. He adds: "And are these products sold by a straight message that says buy this? Certainly not. Cigarettes are sold because a virile young man is cruising on a yacht with a beautiful girl. . . . The examples are endless. If this is meaningless, if television advertising does not induce people to do things, then should we not happily dispense with TV advertising, end the shrill demands upon our attention, and presumably reduce the cost of the products it sells? Unthinkable? Perhaps. But, if unthinkable, the industry is then left with the untenable position that its advertising time can motivate people but its programing time does not."

Max Lerner, also writing recently in *TV Guide*, says that future American historians will rank television as the most revolutionary and democratizing medium of our time, and that TV gives more people than ever a chance to ask who they are and what are the common stakes they share. But if television simultaneously makes the new generation over into psychopathic brutes through its apparently unending appetite for sex and violence, what good will it do to grow up at all? There won't be a world left fit to grow up into. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

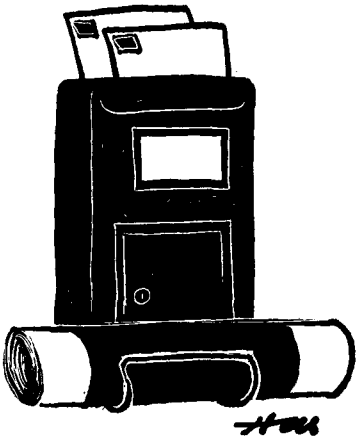
Gentlemen Still!

I TAKE a dim view of Paul Reynolds's contention [*SR*, March 8] that publishing is no longer an occupation for gentlemen. Why, some of my best friends are publishers! His reference to Horace Liveright, the "wheeler-dealer" publisher who "did not get very far," seems naïve, to say the least. It was Liveright who dared to publish now famous authors rejected by others because they were either unknown or considered "salacious." It was Liveright who helped develop the Modern Library, later purchased from him by Bennett Cerf for a meager $215,000. It was of Liveright that *Publishers' Weekly* in August of 1918 said, "Publishers are judged by the books they publish, and certainly Boni & Liveright should rank high among publishers who try for the worthwhile in literature." It was Liveright's highly successful author, Sherwood Anderson, who brought both Hemingway and Faulkner to Liveright's firm, and it was eventually Scribners who took Hemingway away! True, Liveright was no financial success, but this is in no way attributable to his lack of gentlemanly qualities or insignificance as a publisher, as author Reynolds implies. Finally, I am forced to reject the widely held concept that publishing is no longer a gentlemanly occupation. True, publishing has become, like most professions, more commercial, but certainly no less gentlemanly. If anything, using today's standards of ethics, it is more gentlemanly than ever!

TIMOTHY WELCH,
National Sales Manager,
Dickenson Publishing Company,
Encino, Calif.

Fifty Years a Copywriter

AS A GREAT admirer of the work of John Caples over many years, as his contemporary bridesmaid but never his bride, so to speak, I was pleased to read again the story behind his great piano-playing ad [*SR*, Feb. 8]. They're still laughing when I sit down to play the piano. I never took the course, but I made up my mind that one day I'd meet the man who wrote that ad (and dozens of others of almost equal renown), and find out for myself what pearls might fall from his lips into the yawning lap of this yearning copywriter. I wasn't disappointed. John Caples is not only one of the ablest men in advertising but one who has passed on his copywriting skills and wisdom to thousands of others like myself through books, classroom lectures, and countless campaigns that bear the Caples stamp.



Twenty years ago, I published a book of great advertisements. It was called *The 100 Greatest Advertisements—Who Wrote Them and What They Did*, Raymond Rubicam wrote the foreword, and the first edition sold out pretty fast. In this book were many touchstones of advertising inspiration (including John Caples's famous "They laughed, etc.," ad), and I was asked to speak in all parts of the country about the great ads that sort of baced-up earlier days of the advertising business: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel," "Often a bridesmaid but never a bride," and, of course, the first great iconoclastic automobile campaign, the widely admired and beloved and constantly disputed campaign for Jordan Motor Cars in the 1920s, of which "Somewhere west of Laramie" was the most swinging, memorable ad of the lot. Jordan's copy was far from hard sell; it was almost poetry, but it was great because in a day of bolts and nuts, it strove to break new ground in advertising, and it sure did. Before he died, Ned Jordan wrote a book about his advertising ideas, and in some circles they wouldn't be considered so wacky today!

This letter is still primarily applause for John Caples. Forget the "me" part. It's hard to keep fifty years as an advertising copywriter stuffed back in the closet.

JULIAN L. WATKINS,
Carmel, Calif.

COMPLIMENTS ON John Caples's "Madison Avenue—$1,000 a Word" [*SR*, March 8]. As both a consumer and a taxpayer, the cost per word a good advertisement represents is interesting, no more. But advertising that various producers over the past twenty-five years have used as their easiest income tax dodge is most offensive to us. What Madison Avenue test has been used to prove this fact of American life before 1970 IRS reports are filed?

KATHERINE V. WELLINGTON,
Yakima, Wash.

THE VERY CAPABLE John Caples gives the impression that advertising research should be believed automatically. Not so, based on my thirty years on mad Mad. Avenue. In my book, *The Permissible Lie, The Inside Truth About Advertising*, I caution "You can't win an argument with the smooth and voluble psychologists of research, the lads with the omnipotent air. Unfailingly they have another obscure answer ready if the preceding answer is questioned. . . ."

As an example of research believability, the book reports: "The Mystery Writers of America" ('Crime Does Not Pay . . . Enough') reported in their publication, *The Third Degree*, on a simple survey. A sidewalk researcher in New York City asked passersby what books they preferred to read from a specified list of paperbacks. The

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winners were: Shakespeare, the Bible, and a few classics.

"After each interviewee answered, the researcher told him to select one of the listed books as a gift to be sent for cooperating. The book most people selected was *Murder of a Burlesque Queen* by Gypsy Rose Lee. . . ."

My high compliments on the always interesting communications section.

SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER,
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

The Facts on Monorail

R.L.T.'s EDITORIAL, "Communicating by Rail" [*SR*, Feb. 8], was a source of smug, not disinterested, pleasure to me until just before the end, where I tripped on the sentence, "There is simply no other way, excluding monorail, that the gradual strangulation of urban traffic can be solved." Being a specialist in communications, you should be made aware that the word "monorail" has been as responsible for creating discouraging and costly delays in the formation of balanced transportation systems in many of our metropolitan areas as the most powerful lobby opposing improved public transportation.

The reason is it automatically conjures up visions in lay minds of a light, graceful vehicle—unquestionably a product of our space technology—traveling silently and swiftly on a beautiful but invisible path, usually through a park, against a backdrop of distant, beautifully designed buildings reaching into an azure sky accented by rosy puffs of cloud. So, whenever the construction of a modern rapid transit system is proposed, using words such as "subway," "structure," "train," and "track" (and we all know what visions these words bring to mind), a significant number of the public is likely to reject the proposal, while wondering why their city can't have a *monorail*.

The reality of monorail is that all of the presently proposed systems bearing this label would require multi-track guidance and, except for short, simple routes, would involve the use of cumbersome switching arrangements that are acutely dangerous for high-speed operations. The cars themselves, whether they would be right side up or upside down, would have to be of the same size and structural strength as modern rapid transit vehicles, if they were to carry the same number of passengers in comfort and safety. Finally, if a major portion of a monorail system was to be placed underground, as in a developed urban area, the construction cost would be appreciably higher, because it would require a larger diameter tunnel than does a modern rapid transit system.

As you can see, I object to the implication that monorail is a practical or desirable mode of transportation for helping to achieve more livability in our cities. The word itself is a menace.

We cordially invite you, the next time you visit this area, to make a tour of our construction sites, and to let us show you our award-winning designs.

RICHARD J. SHEPHARD,
Secretary,
Bay Area Rapid Transit District,
San Francisco, Calif.

More of Chautauqua

CHAUTAUQUA's original and most significant pioneering [*SR*, Jan. 11] was in its extension course. My experience with this began at about age seven (1897). In the small town (population about 2,500) of Coudersport, Pennsylvania, about 50 miles from Chautauqua, there was a literary society, the CLSC, which received its inception, programs, and books from Chautauqua. My mother was an ardent member, and attained the degree of membership in the SHG—The Society of the Hall in the Grove. The Hall was at Chautauqua Lake, the meeting place of the Society. Our local CLSC organized the children's society of which I reluctantly benefited. We met weekly in the Baptist "Parlors." We had small paperback booklets containing selections from Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, et al. I still have a few! I think it was this society which made me recite *Hiawatha*. The tent shows were something else and came along later.

THE REV. C. E. B. ROBINSON,
York, S.C.

Children's TV Workshop

THANK YOU for publishing Stuart W. Little's article "Children's Television Workshop" [*SR*, Feb. 8]. It proved very helpful in stimulating the discussion after my talk on "Problems of Bilingual Children" at the February meeting of the Curriculum Committee for Mexican-American Education in Catholic Schools of the Los Angeles Diocese. And many thanks for printing James L. Evers's letter "Media and Message" [*SR*, March 8] with its cautions for CTW on their approach. As an added caution, I offer the suggestion that CTW include a perforated page of alphabet letters in *TV Guide*. They would facilitate individualized practice for decoding and encoding the appropriate responses to alliterative rhyming riddles. The familiar riddles of Mother Goose and Beatrix Potter would probably attract many listeners if they were presented in the form of a little contest with answers given at the end of the program. It is my hope that the programs will set a new high in standards for children's television viewing, listening, and manual participation. May I anticipate reading more in *SR* about the progress in planning the programs? Hundreds of students at California State College, Los Angeles, will be eagerly anticipating the initiation of this series.

EDYTHE E. RODRIGUEZ,
Associate Professor,
Elementary Education,
California State College,
Los Angeles, Calif.

McGill the Man

I THOUGHT your obituary to Ralph McGill a very fine tribute to a man whose writings, whose philosophies, whose "guts" I have very much admired over the years. Thank you.

ROBERT G. KERR,
FMC Corporation,
Niagara Chemical Division,
Napoleon, O.

JUST FINISHED reading R.L.T.'s beautiful tribute to a good man. I say the English language is gloriously sufficient. He touched me to the core with it. His appreciation of Ralph McGill's good qualities do him honor. I wish my English was sufficient to express my pleasure of his article.

FRIEDA G. REYNOLDS,
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

"What have you done with Mr. Armbruster?"

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THE NOT-SO PEANUTS WORLD OF CHARLES M. SCHULZ

1. Happiness Is a Comic Strip

—*H. Lee Hooper.*

"Sparky" and Snoopy.

By JOHN TEBBEL

AT about 9:30 every morning, four days a week, a tall, crew-cut man named Charles M. "Sparky" Schulz leaves his comfortable house, a thirteen-room split-level ranch constructed of brick with redwood siding, and begins walking to work. The California sun is often misty at that hour as fog from the ocean, only 15 miles away, sifts through the giant redwoods and Douglas firs on Schulz's 28-acre ranch in Sebastapol, an hour or so by car north of San Francisco, travel time depending on freeway traffic.

Charlie Schulz walks to work along a shaded gravel road—estimated by various interviewers as 50 yards, 100 yards, and a quarter-mile long—which a street sign informs passersby is Charlie Brown Boulevard. At the end of the road is a small house containing an office, a sunroom, a kitchen, a guest room, and a birch-paneled studio—well-fitted but not ostentatious. It is quiet in the studio; only the distant splashing of an artificial waterfall is audible.

At the opposite end of Charlie Brown Boulevard, and on the spacious grounds surrounding the main house, life is about what one would expect in a world inhabited by five children, eleven ducks, five cats, four dogs, three horses, two ponies, and Schulz's charming wife, Joyce. There are reminders of Charlie Brown's world: a small baseball diamond, with a wire backstop Schulz made himself; a beagle named Spike who bays at the moon on cloudy nights; and a St. Bernard named Lucy. There is also a nine-hole miniature golf course, a regular four-hole course, a swimming pool, and a tennis court. The Schulz place which is bounded on one side by a quiet country road called Coffee Lane, is known to its inhabitants as the Coffee Grounds.

This is the setting—natural, human, and animal—for the creation of what has become the most popular comic strip of all time: *Peanuts*. While the locale certainly reflects Charlie Schulz's prosperity, it also has the special quality—a simplicity amid sophistication, a lost innocence—that has made *Peanuts* beloved around the world. In America, the strip has become an institution, and its hero, Charlie Brown, is familiar to more Americans than most political and pop culture figures. In fact, readers tend to think of the strip as *Charlie Brown* rather than *Peanuts,* which pleases Schulz, who has never liked the name United Feature Syndicate gave to his fledgling comic strip when they bought it in 1950. Schulz wanted to call it *L'il Folks.*

At forty-six, Schulz has come a long way from those early syndicate days, nearly two decades ago. *Peanuts* started in eight newspapers, and with a $90-a-month income. It caught on at once, and the third month's check was for $1,000. Today, the cartoonist's income is closer to $1,000 a day, and the total income from the strip, including that of its twenty-one licensed subsidiaries, has been estimated at anywhere from $20,000,000 to $50,000,000 a year, Schulz's personal income is kept to reasonable taxable levels by the fact that he derives only a small percentage from many of these subsidiaries.

Charlie Schulz became a millionaire, in a sense, by not thinking like one. He appreciates prosperity, but he is far from being preoccupied with money or the making of it. His life revolves around such human essentials as raising his three daughters and two sons, maintaining a relatively simple way of life, and being himself— that is, a warm personality who shares Charlie Brown's rather baffled yet understanding perception of the world. Sometimes, when he's talking, it is hard to believe that Charlie Schulz *isn't* Charlie Brown.

ONE of the most remarkable facts about the strip is the way its popularity cuts across every kind of classification. People from very young children to the very old admire it, for all kinds of special reasons. Schroeder, the Beethoven-loving character who is usually seen playing the piano when he isn't playing baseball, appeals to people who had never heard of Beethoven before. The little tyrant Lucy is seen by the small fry as a deliciously contrary girl, and by some adults as the typically abrasive female in American life. Linus, with his security blanket, seems to speak to everyone who would like to have a blanket of his own in troubled times. And Snoopy, the beagle who has Van Goghs hanging in his doghouse and a World War I aviator's helmet on his head, is the kind of fantasy dog everyone would like to own.

These and other elements have combined to provide *Peanuts* with audiences in more than 1,000 newspapers in the United States and Canada, and more than 100 others in forty-one foreign countries. Charlie Brown and his friends speak in twelve languages around the world. The newest is Catalan, which has made Charlie the hero of Barcelona. Schroeder, quite naturally, has just emerged as an idol in West Germany through a book of the strips in which he plays Beethoven. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, one of seven *Peanuts* publishers, is doing books in both Spanish and French for release next fall. In Asia, Charlie has appeared to great acclaim in Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Japan, where the reprints are, however, mostly in English.

Accurate sales figures in the book business are hard to come by, but it is probably safe to say that Holt, alone, has sold more than 8,000,000 copies of its *Peanuts* books and that Fawcett has sold another 20,000,000 reprints. What the total figure, American and worldwide, may be is anybody's guess, but an educated estimate would be somewhere near 50,000,000.

This publishing bonanza came as a total surprise to the book business. One remembers when the *Peanuts* books first appeared at the trade fair of the American Booksellers Association convention in Washington a few years ago, as the principal stock-in-trade of a small (one woman, one man) new publishing house in San Francisco named Determined Productions. There was considerable skepticism, and even laughter, over Determined's earnest efforts to promote

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Charlie Brown to the trade. Nobody's laughing any more.

Probably the most unusual literary extension of the strip is the emergence of Charlie Brown and his friends as modern evangelists in two books, *The Gospel According to Peanuts*, published in 1964, and *The Parables of Peanuts*, out last year. *Gospel* has already been translated into Japanese. These books are the work of Robert L. Short, a young minister who has been a Ph.D. candidate at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago in-between lectures around America and Europe on what might now be called the Peanuts-Gospel circuit. Mr. Short employs color slides (in the lectures) and numerous contemporary literary and theological references in his exegesis of *Peanuts*. Chapter One of *Parables*, for example, begins with quotes from St. Mark, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Pierre Berton, Charlie Schulz, Marshall McLuhan, Quentin Fiore, Lewis Carroll, Karl Barth, Psalm 96, Melville, Meister Eckhart, Edward Albee, and Isaiah. What follows in this and other chapters is an exposition of fundamental Christian theology, with frequent references to *Peanuts*, not only in text but in reproductions of the strip, to illustrate the points Short is making.

Short observes that Schulz is "no mean theologian" himself. As a young man, the cartoonist was active in his father's faith, the Church of God, but although there is a congregation in nearby Petaluma, his only religious activity now is teaching an adult Sunday school class in the Sebastapol Methodist Church. Schulz never compelled his own children to go to Sunday school; he has little faith in teaching religion to children, and would never do it himself. Nevertheless, according to Short, thoughts expressed in *Peanuts* can be found not only in the Bible but in such works as Barth's *Church Dogmatics*, Bonhoeffer's *Ethics*, and Camus's *Myth of Sisyphus*.

Book reprints of the strip are a big business, obviously, but they constitute only a third of the *Peanuts* industry. Schulz is sensitive to the charge made in some quarters that he has "overcommercialized" the strip and permitted Charlie Brown to become a business. In fact, he and United Feature Syndicate have been extraordinarily careful about who gets licenses. "We've never sought out licensees," Schulz says. "They've always come to us. We insist that whatever is licensed be of high quality. In the publishing business, we've tried to be loyal to old friends, and to be selective about who prints the books."

At the syndicate end in New York, the business affairs of *Peanuts* are in the hands of United Feature's vice president and business manager, Jim Hennessy, a genial, graying man with something of

(*Continued on page* 90)

2. *But a Comic Strip Has to Grow*

By CHARLES M. SCHULZ

DRAWING a daily comic strip is not unlike having an English theme hanging over your head every day for the rest of your life. I was never very good at writing those English themes in high school, and I usually put them off until the last minute. The only thing that saves me in trying to keep up with a comic strip schedule is the fact that it is quite a bit more enjoyable.

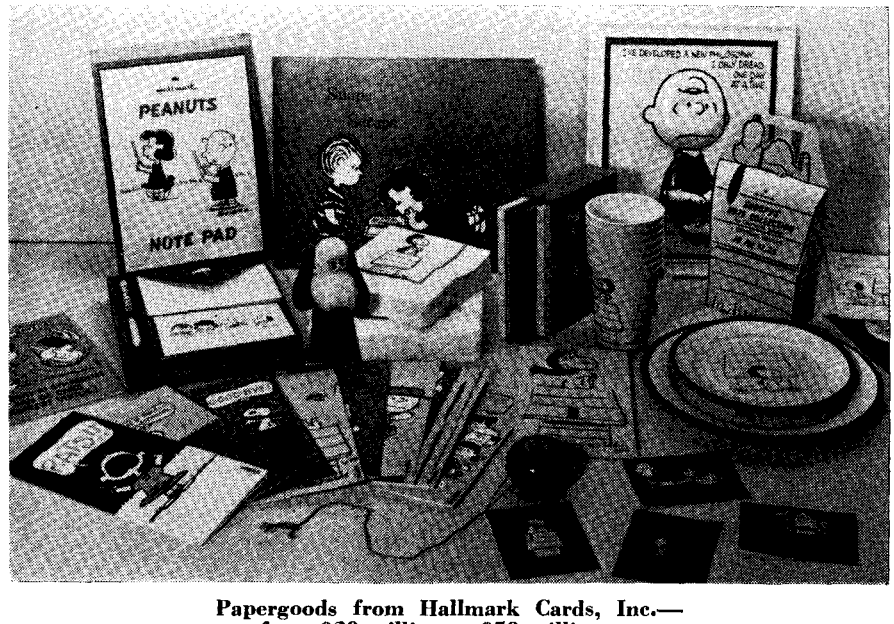
I am really a comic strip fanatic and always have been. When I was growing up in St. Paul, Minnesota, we subscribed to both local newspapers and always made sure that we went to the drugstore on Saturday night to buy the Minneapolis Sunday papers so that we would be able to read every comic published in the area. At that time, I was a great fan of Buck Rogers, Popeye, and Skippy.

After high school, I had a job delivering packages around the downtown St. Paul area, and I used to enjoy walking by the windows of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* and watching the Sunday comics as they came rolling off the presses. It was my dream, of course, that one day my own comic strip would be included.

Almost twenty years have gone by since I first began drawing Charlie Brown and Snoopy, and I find that I still enjoy drawing them as much as I ever did, but, strangely enough, one of my greatest joys is gaining an extra week on the schedule. I have walked away from the post office many times with a tremendous feeling of joy, knowing that I have mailed in six strips that I thought were really good and that I have gained a week on that oppressive schedule.

During these twenty years, I have had the opportunity to observe what makes a good comic strip. I am convinced that the ones that have survived and maintained a high degree of quality are those which have a format that allows the creator room to express every idea that comes to him. A comic strip should have a very broad keyboard and should certainly not be a one- or two-note affair. If you are going to survive, you simply have to make use of every thought and every experience which have come to you.

A comic strip also has to grow. The only way you can stay ahead of your imitators is to search out new territories. Also, what is funny in a comic strip today will not necessarily be funny the following week. A good example of this is the character of Snoopy. The mere fact that we could read Snoopy's thoughts was funny in itself when *Peanuts* first began. Now, of course, it is the content of those thoughts that is important, and as he progresses in his imagination to new personalities, some of the things which he originally did as an ordinary dog would no longer be funny. Snoopy's personality in the strip has to be watched very carefully, for it can get away from me. Control over such a character requires a certain degree of common sense. I also believe that a comic strip, like a novel, should introduce the reader to new areas of thought and endeavor; these areas should be treated in an authentic manner. I never draw about anything unless I feel that I have a better than average knowledge of my subject. This does not mean that I am an expert on Beethoven, kite-flying, or psychiatry,



Papergoods from Hallmark Cards, Inc.— . . . from $20 million to $50 million a year.

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but it means that as a creative person, I have the ability to skim the surface of such subjects and use just what I need.

Many times people come up to me and tell me how much they appreciate the philosophy of *Peanuts*. This never fails to confuse me, for I really do not know what this philosophy is. It has always seemed to me that the strip has a rather bitter feeling to it, and it certainly deals in defeat. It has given me the opportunity to express many of my own thoughts about life and people. It is my own opinion that it is absolutely necessary for each one of us to strive to gain emotional maturity. Unless a person becomes mature in all things, he will always have fears and anxieties plaguing him. It is interesting to put these adult fears and anxieties into the conversations of the children in *Peanuts*. The passage of time is an area that will almost always show up a person's immaturity. Children have a strange attitude toward time, for they do not have the patience to wait for days to pass. They want what they want immediately, and adults who are incapable of learning to wait for things will find themselves in all sorts of trouble.

It is also immature not to be able to realize that things that are going to happen in the future are quite often inevitable. If children are allowed to do so, they will put off almost anything, merely because it is in the future; of course, adults will do the same.

I am asked quite frequently to attempt to analyze each of the characters in the strip, but I find myself incapable of doing this. I really cannot talk about Charlie Brown, Linus, or Lucy as individuals. I can draw them, and I can think of things for them to do, but I do not talk well about them.

Licensed Snoopy Cook-out apron from Determined Productions, Inc.

One thing that does interest me, however, is the set of offstage characters I have gradually accumulated. A reader once wrote to me and gave a fairly good description of what he thought Peppermint Patty's father must be like. This offstage parent refers to his daughter as a "rare gem," and apparently tolerates her tomboyishness quite well. The reader speculated that her father has either divorced his wife or perhaps she has died. I have treated Charlie Brown's father in a fair amount of detail, because I have let it be known that he is very receptive to his son's impromptu visits to the barber shop. Most of this is autobiographical, for my dad always greeted me cordially when I would drop in at his barber shop, and I used to go there and sit and read the newspapers and magazines until he closed his shop in the evening. He also never objected if I rang the NO SALE button on the cash register and removed a nickel for a candy bar.

Linus's mother seems to be the peculiar one. As Charlie Brown once remarked, "I am beginning to understand why you drag that blanket around." She seems to be obsessed with his doing well in school, and tries to spur him on by sneaking notes into his lunch which read, "Study hard today. Your father and I are very proud of you and want you to get a good education."

Some of the offstage characters reach a point where they could never be drawn. I think the little redheaded girl is a lot like the inside of Snoopy's doghouse. Each of us can imagine what she must look like much better than I could ever draw her, and I am sure that every reader sees a different doghouse interior and would be a little disappointed if I were to attempt to draw it in detail.

Linus's beloved Miss Othmar, his teacher, is a rather strange person, and I have tried to do much with her through the conversation of Linus. I have experimented with a two-level story line at times. I have tried to show Linus's view of what is happening at school, but then show what actually was occurring. I have done this to bring out a truth I have observed, and this is that children see more than we think they do, but at the same time almost never seem to know what is going on. This is an interesting paradox, and one with which adults should try to acquaint themselves, if they are going to deal well with children.

I am very proud of the comic strip medium and am never ashamed to admit that I draw a comic strip. I do not regard it as great art, but I have always felt it is certainly on the level with other entertainment mediums which are part of the so-called "popular arts." In many ways, I do not think we have realized the potential of the comic strip, but sometimes I feel it is too late. Many regard the comic page as a necessary evil and a nuisance, but it is there and it helps sell newspapers. With a little more tolerance and with a little more dedication on the part of those who create the comics, perhaps we could do better. I look back upon great features such as *Out Our Way,* and I feel that perhaps we can never recapture some of that glory. I really shudder when I read a description of a new feature about to be launched by some newspaper syndicate and they refer to it as "off-beat." It is time we have some new features which are "on-beat," and which are about real people doing real things.

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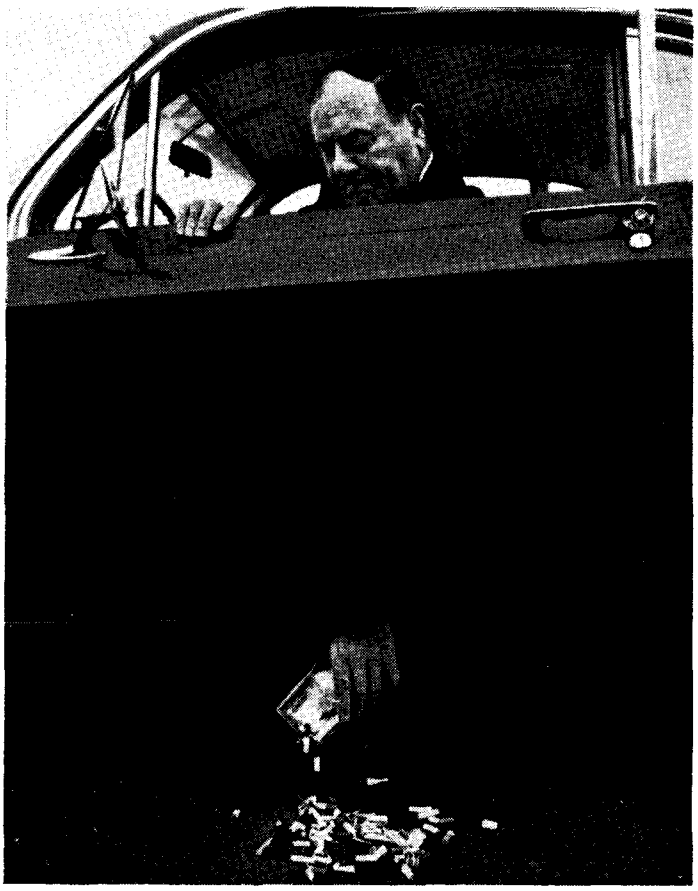

What have you done to your country lately?

Cigarette butts. Gum wrappers. Candy paper. Don't drop them in all the wrong places. Like a sidewalk. Or the highway. Or on somebody's lawn. Or in the gutter.

Every once in a while, make a deposit in a waste can at your Shell station. It's a great way to save. The landscape.

Now you can visit your Shell dealer when your tank is empty, or when your ash tray is full.

That way,you not only keep a tidy car. You get a tidy country to drive it in.

Please keep this in mind: if we keep throwing trash away on the streets and highways, we're throwing something else away.

A nice place to live.

Top Ad of the Year: Pictured above is Shell's dramatic two-page ad. The original, in color, represented a specific public interest service rendered by the company and found by *SR*'s Seventeenth Annual Advertising Awards Committee the outstanding overall example of "advertising in the public interest." Not only did this ad receive the highest number of votes but the voting was virtually unanimous.

CORPORATE ADVERTISING: Great Leap Forward

CORPORATE advertising isn't new. As David Skylar, the vice president of the Griswold-Eshleman Company, recently pointed out in *Industrial Marketing*, some companies pioneered it effectively as long ago as the turn of the century, most notably the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Others have merely paid dutiful lip service to the concept by periodic institutional advertising, usually featuring a handsome picture of the institution's home office or plants. "But," Mr. Skylar adds, "by and large this type of advertising has been pompous and stuffy, stereotyping corporations as monolithic icebergs, seven-eighths submerged by dehumanized boards of directors."

Writing recently in the *Public Relations Journal*, Walter Weir, who is vice chairman of MacManus, John & Adams, said: "The next 'great leap forward' in so-called corporate advertising is close at hand, if not late in coming." After World War II, business suddenly found itself promoting and preserving the public welfare. "And business found, at the

1969 Awards Committee

S. R. Bernstein, *Publisher, Advertising Age*
Norman E. Cash, *President, Television Bureau of Advertising, Inc.*
W. C. Clark, *Dean, School of Journalism, Syracuse University*
Joseph R. Daly, *President, Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Tom Dillon, *President, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
J. D. Elgin, *Advertising Manager, Mobil Oil Corporation*
Earl English, *Dean, School of Journalism, University of Missouri*
John R. Everett, *President, New School for Social Research*
Kermit O. Hanson, *Dean, Graduate School of Business Administration, University of Washington*
Henry H. Hunter, *Vice President, Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation*
James L. Isham, *President, Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Walter H. Johnson, Jr., *Chairman of the Board, Infoplan International, Inc.*
Robert P. Keim, *President, The Advertising Council, Inc.*
George Lazarus, *Advertising News Columnist, Chicago Daily News*
John L. Lowden, *Director, Advertising and Sales Promotion, International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation*
Douglas Mueller, *Director, Public Relations & Advertising, Borg-Warner Corporation*
Fred T. Richards, *Assistant to the Chairman of the Board, Avco Corporation*
O. W. Riegel, *Professor and Director Emeritus, Lee Memorial Journalism Foundation, Washington and Lee University*
Elmo Roper, *Senior Consultant, Roper Research Associates, Inc.*
Alfred L. Seelye, *Dean, Graduate School of Business Administration, Michigan State University*
John P. Warwick, *President, Warwick and Legler, Inc.*
Willis J. Winn, *Dean, Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania*

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same time," says Mr. Weir, "not only a pride in this, but a desire to have its particular contribution known among its customers and the general public."

" 'Institutional' was hardly the name for this kind of advertising," Weir continues, "and the term died not just because so-called institutional ads were remembered chiefly as self-congratulatory and stuffy in nature, but also because, despite the enlightened selfishness of the message, this new non-product advertising did recognize and call attention to the involvement of business with the general welfare rather than simply its own well-being and aggrandizement."

THAT this "great leap forward" in corporate advertising is close at hand was never more obvious than as a result of the 1969 Seventeenth Annual *Saturday Review* competition for "Distinguished Advertising in the Public Interest." The judges appear to agree that the quality of the submissions this year was well above normal. W. C. Clark, Dean of the School of Journalism at Syracuse University, put it this way: "When I received the entries in the contest for the Distinguished Advertising in the Public Interest awards, I was appalled. They were all so good. The fact is, I spent a good many hours stewing over them, and I'm not really sure of my choices yet. But I've done the best I can, and I leave it up to you and the rest of the committee." John L. Lowden of ITT said: "This project was a most interesting one, and I must say that the high quality campaigns you presented made the selection of preferences a very difficult task." And one judge actually called up and tried to get out of any decision at all on grounds that he could not easily select one over another except that he felt, as the judging committee unanimously did, that the Shell ad about auto litterbugs was outstanding.

David Ogilvy, in his highly readable book *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, quotes Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill on one side of a general debate on the subject "Should Advertising Be Abolished?" Mr. Ogilvy quotes President Roosevelt: "If I were starting life over again, I am inclined to think that I would go into the advertising business in preference to almost any other . . . . The general raising of the standards of modern civilization among all groups of people during the past half century would have been impossible without the spreading of the knowledge of higher standards by means of advertising." And then Mr. Churchill: "Advertising nourishes the consuming power of men. It sets up before a man the goal of a better home, better clothing, better food for himself and his family. It spurs individual exertion and greater production."

Ogilvy goes on: "Almost all serious economists, of whatever political color, agree that advertising serves a useful purpose when it is used to give information about new products. Thus, Anastas I. Mikoyan, the Russian: 'The task of our Soviet advertising is to give people exact information about the goods that are on sale, to help to create new demands, to cultivate new tastes and requirements, to promote the sale of new kinds of goods, and to explain their uses to the consumer. The primary task of Soviet advertising is to give a truthful, exact, apt, and striking description of the nature, quality, and properties of the goods advertised.' "

Ogilvy believes implicitly in advertising as a contribution to the public welfare as well as an advancement of its own brand image, and he finds any campaign to be essentially wrong which is created without reference to long-term considerations and improvement of the institutional image. In either case, the author would be highly pleased by the entries in *SR*'s Seventeenth Annual Advertising Awards competition because, in one way or another, most of them not only enhance their brand image through public service and information but, quite subtly, give the public "information about new products." Consider the prizewinning ad:

A middle-aged man has opened the door of his middle-cost car. He is emptying the auto's bulging ash tray onto a highway. To the right is a big headline: "What have you done to your country lately?" Below this headline are these words: "Cigarette butts. Gum wrappers. Candy paper. Don't drop them in all the wrong places. Like a sidewalk. Or the highway. Or on somebody's lawn. Or in the gutter. Every once in a while, make a deposit in a waste can at your Shell station. It's a great way to save. The landscape. Now you can visit your Shell dealer when your tank is empty, or when your ash tray is full. That way, you not only keep a tidy car. You get a tidy country to drive it in. Please keep this in

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Seventeenth Annual *SR* Awards: Following in alphabetical order are the names of the thirty campaigns that won *Saturday Review*'s Seventeenth Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest along with the names of the agencies that prepared the winning advertisements.

Company	Agency
Addressograph Multigraph Corporation	*Griswold-Eshleman Company*
Avco Corporation	*Pritchard Wood Associates, Inc.*
Borg-Warner Corporation	*LaRoche, McCaffrey and McCall, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Company	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Chase Manhattan Bank	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Crosman Arms Company	*Hutchins Advertising Company, Inc.*
First National City Bank	*J. Walter Thompson Company*
General Electric Company	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
General Telephone & Electronics International	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Hughes Helicopters	*Foote, Cone & Belding*
International Business Machines Corporation	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
International Business Machines Corporation (Advertising Supplement)	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
International Paper Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Eli Lilly & Company	*Geer, DuBois*
Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc.	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Newsweek	*Richard Kerr*
New York Life Insurance Company	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Polaroid Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Seagram Distillers Corporation	*Warwick & Legler, Inc.*
Shell Oil Co.	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
St. Regis Paper Company	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Standard Oil Company (N. J.)	*LaRoche, McCaffrey and McCall, Inc.*
Union Carbide Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Western Electric	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Westinghouse Electric Corporation	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
Zenith Books	*Franklin Spier, Inc.*

Special Mention

Advertising Council's Traffic Safety Campaign	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Camp Harriman, The Boys' Club of New York	*Olshan, Smith & Gould, Inc.*
Street and Highway Safety Lighting Bureau	*Griswold-Eshleman Company*

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By 1978, cars will be less of a smog problem than they were in 1928.
Some people think of the twenties as the golden age of motoring. They have a point.
We drove on wiggly roads instead of turnpikes. Fifty miles an hour was heady stuff. Cars were reasonably reliable but still slightly adventurous. And there weren't many of them. Who cared if they smoked a bit? The blue vapors floated up to the blue sky and disappeared. Or seemed to.
By the fifties, things were different. There were twice as many cars. And a new word had entered our vocabulary. Smog. The car's contribution to this phenomenon had become a problem to be taken very seriously. Rightly so.
By 1978, there will be six times as many cars on American roads as there were in the late twenties. Will the exhaust problem be six times worse? The answer from Jersey's affiliate, Esso Research, is a resounding no. Here are a few incontrovertible facts.
Air pollution from cars reached its zenith last year. We have now passed the turning point. Despite the car population explosion, total exhaust emissions will go down this year – further down in 1969 – and further and further down in all successive years.
By the early eighties, the unburned gasoline exuded by each car will be less than half an ounce a day. Little more than you need to fill a cigarette lighter.
Credit for this encouraging news must go equally to oil industry scientists, automotive engineers and intelligent lawmakers. But Jersey can justly claim a major role.
Esso Research scientists have worked with car experts to design fuels and lubricants that help cut unburned gasoline vapors and carbon monoxide to a minimum.
They have built a simple device that can reduce evaporation from your gas tank and carburetor by 95 per cent.
And they are now studying catalysts and other systems that will actually change pollutants into nonpollutants.
Ten years from now, we may well look back on the 1960's as the not-so-golden age of smog.
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)

Almost as popular as the Shell ad was Standard Oil's evocative modern comparison with a street scene in 1928. Also in color and running over two full pages, this ad strikes at the public problem of air pollution, pointing out that, despite the car population explosion, total exhaust emission was reduced in 1968—and will go further and further down in successive years.

mind: if we keep throwing trash away on the streets and highways, we're throwing something else away. A nice place to live."

Now, Shell is a big company that sells a lot of gasoline, and its market is the highways and those who use them. So effective was this illustration, so evocative and pertinent, that Shell's double-truck ad about the auto litterbug was the virtually unanimous top winner in this year's *SR* Advertising Awards. It was the only industrial ad Kenyon & Eckhardt submitted in this competition, and the agency needed no other, for the power of the advertising copywriter was never put to better use nor his intention etched more clearly in the copy and art work. This was advertising truly in the public interest, but with powerful references to company and product.

MANY of the ads this year involved what is being done by industry, business, and government for the disadvantaged and the ghetto. Several double-truck ads showed dark skins against a dilapidated background on the left page with the legend on the right. For example, Avco's headline went this way: "Unemployables? Don't be so sure. At one of our plants we hardly hire anyone else." IBM, talking about the potentiality of computer program jobs, showed a Negro girl on the left with the legend on the right-hand page: "When Gail Johnson was in grade school, jobs like hers didn't even

SEVENTEEN-YEAR HONOR ROLL

Top award-winning campaigns during the past seventeen years:

YEAR	COMPANY	AGENCY
1953	**John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.**	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
1954	**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.**	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
1955	**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.**	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
1956	**Caterpillar Tractor Co.**	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
1957	**Weyerhaeuser Co.**	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
1958	**E. R. Squibb & Sons**	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
1959	**Weyerhaeuser Co.**	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
1960	**Container Corporation of America**	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
1961	**International Paper Co.**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
	New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
1962	**International Paper Co.**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
	Weyerhaeuser Co.	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
1963	**New York Life Insurance Co.**	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
1964	**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.**	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
1965	**International Paper Co.**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
1966	**International Paper Co.**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
	Shell Oil Co. (Public Service)	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
1967	**Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.**	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
1968	**ITT**	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
	Mobil Oil Corp.	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
	Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
1969	**Shell Oil Co.**	*Kenyon & Eckhardt*

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The trouble with a cheap education is that we never stop paying for it.
Consider the roots of poverty.
Half of the kids in the primary grades won't finish high school. In America today, one out of three high school students won't graduate.
If the dropouts don't wind up as delinquents or criminals (and their chances are ten times greater than average), they'll wind up with a family.
But with less chance to earn the money it takes to support a family.
The chances are two to one that a man with less than eighth-grade education will earn $3,000 or less. Too little to support a family.
So while we can skimp on dollars for education, we'll spend the money we save—and more—supporting the people who don't have the education they need.
Good schools with good teachers and good facilities can produce good citizens.
Which is why money spent on education represents the best investment we can make.
An investment that never stops paying.
Sources for information contained in this message on request.
This message is sponsored by the Copier Duplicator division of the Addressograph Multigraph Corp.
As businessmen who have a stake in education.
First, because we are deeply involved in ways to use communications technology to improve the quality of American education. (For instance, the Multilith offset press has been used in programs that serve to recapture the interest of potential high school dropouts and help prepare them for gainful employment.)
Second, because we believe America's future—and ours—is no better than the future of American education.
If you would like more information on how educators are using the products of the Copier Duplicator division to improve their schools—or if you'd like reprints of this message—write Addressograph Multigraph Corporation, 1200 Babbitt Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44117.

Tied with Standard Oil for second place in the overall voting, Addressograph Multigraph's campaign involves the roots of poverty and why money spent on education represents "an investment that never stops paying." Very much in the public interest, this ad was near the top in both the Public Relations and Public Service categories, as well as total vote.

exist." Addressograph Multigraph Corporation reversed the art work with picture on the right and legend on the left under the headline: "The trouble with a cheap education is that we never stop paying for it." General Electric, showing three handsome brown faces on the left, told its story this way: "These men just joined the race to the moon."

That advertising can be written in the public interest, and not just to sell a consumer good for profit in the capitalistic system, was never plainer than in this year's contest. Advertising has come a long way, in the last generation, toward understanding the importance of the institutional message, copy that makes the reader feel warm and serves a public interest.

Sometimes, the advertising also does some subtle product selling. For example, Polaroid's two-pager shows a deaf child on the left-hand page and a Polaroid camera with picture in color on the right. An astute copywriter calls the product: "Julie's other hearing aid." Similarly, Olin tells the story of the company's plan to salvage enormous ships sunk beneath the waves. On the left-hand page is a marker buoy above some dirty water marking the point 225 feet down and some 100 miles off the coast of Massachusetts where 30,000 tons of ship with a 40-foot gash through seven of her eleven decks lies a-rusting. Olin's headline on the right-hand page puts it this way: "Here lies the Andrea Doria. But she could sail again." It is almost impossible to read this headline and not go on to find out what Olin has in mind for raising the famous Italian passenger liner.

Some advertising is, of course, tailored specifically to public service interests, and the source is more often than not the Advertising Council. One of the most effective of these won the top prize this year. It shows a hospitalized woman, whose head is bandaged completely except for her eyes, near a type legend that goes: "Mrs. Gordon never bothered with safety belts just to go to the beauty shop. What's *your* excuse?" Naturally, this is one in a series of the Traffic Safety Campaign. Camp Harriman of the Boys' Club of New York pictures a dilapidated

Public Service Campaigns: In the balloting for the overall awards for public interest advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the public service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories, Public Relations and Corporate.

Company	Agency
Addressograph Multigraph Corporation	*Griswold-Eshleman Company*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
New York Life Insurance Company	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Seagram Distillers Corporation	*Warwick and Legler, Inc.*
Shell Oil Co.	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
State Mutual of America	*The Bresnick Company, Inc.*

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back alley, filthy and choked with debris, bearing the title: "Welcome to Fun City." Small boys in this unwholesome playground stir the reader's attention to the coupon below: "To help send a boy to camp." Seagram's, on the other hand, uses as a Father's Day message a full-page ad depicting two young couples in an automobile, with the headline: "If they want to drink tonight, it's too late to stop them." Moderation and common sense in drinking is the joint lesson of this effective piece of copywriting.

Public interest awards for television this year were apparently quite difficult for *SR*'s committee of judges. Most votes went to ABC's Olympic Games coverage, certainly the outstanding TV sports coverage of 1968, or any other year. Naturally, the Democratic National Convention in Chicago received a lot of votes (ABC did not cover the conventions in full, so only CBS and NBC were cited). And almost all of the judges thought John Banzhaff's amazing anti-smoking campaign an outstanding TV project.

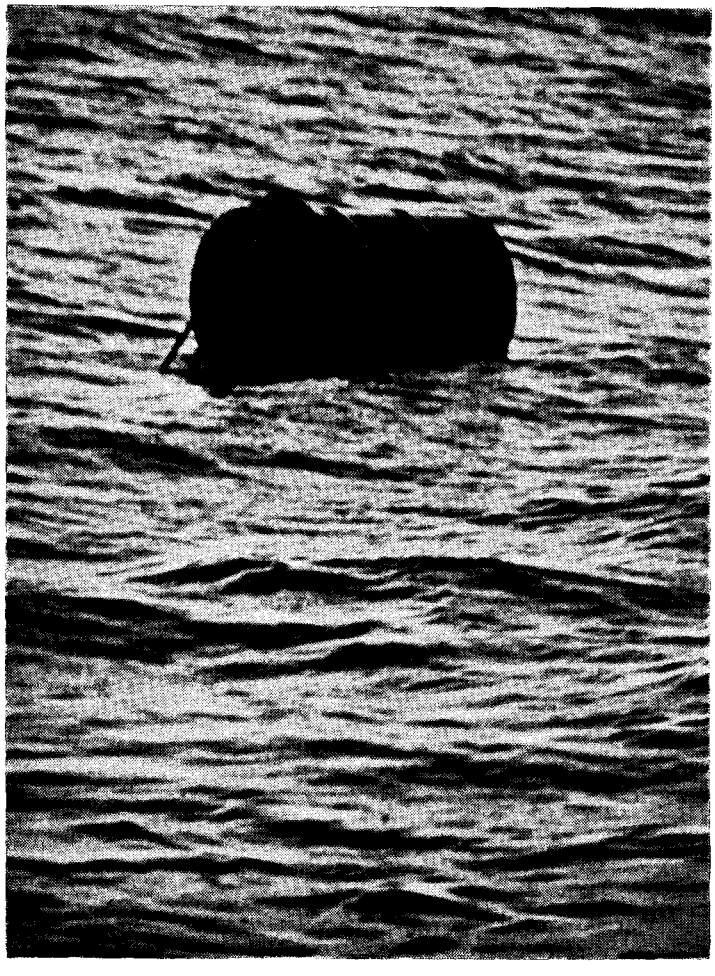
Less obvious were citations to Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-In* which, if it did not always come up to promise, broke some prime-time inhibitions and barriers, and changed forever the format of the average TV variety show. Special events like *Justice Black and the Bill of Rights* (CBS) and "The CBS Children's Film Festival" won almost unanimous acclaim. The National Geographic Society's CBS specials on nature were highly popular in the final voting, as was ABC's *The Undersea World of Jacques Costeau.* And the National Educational Television's "Journal," which tackled Appalachia's poor, the pain of the migratory worker, life in Spanish Harlem, and depressed coal mining towns, among other social issues, won proper praise.

Many other TV programs of distinction were among the runners-up, including the Vladimir Horowitz concert in Carnegie Hall (CBS) and ABC's splendid one-shot *The Confrontation* which recalled for a new generation the witch-hunting days of the 1950s, including the McCarthy hearings. North American Rockwell was cited for that rare thing in

Corporate Campaigns: An alphabetical list of the winners:

Company	Agency
Borg-Warner Corporation	*LaRoche, McCaffrey and McCall, Inc.*
First National City Bank	*J. Walter Thompson Company*
General Electric Company	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
International Business Machines Corporation (Advertising Supplement)	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
International Paper Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Eli Lilly & Company	*Geer, DuBois*
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Polaroid Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Standard Oil Company (N.J.)	*LaRoche, McCaffrey and McCall, Inc.*
Union Carbide Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Westinghouse Electric Corporation	*Ketcham, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*

Seventeen of the twenty-two judges picked Olin's story of how the Andrea Doria might be raised from sea bottom as their number one choice in the Corporate category. This advertisement was addressed not exclusively to the corporate image but in a rather subtle way to the Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation's products and services.



Here lies the Andrea Doria. But she could sail again.

She lies 225 feet under that red marker, some 100 miles off the coast of Massachusetts.

And though it's been eleven years since she went down, there are still men who lie in bed at night and think of her.

She is the ship salvager's dream. Even if she never sees service again, whoever could bring her into port—along with the cash, jewelry, negotiable bonds and other valuables still on board—will have taken a prize worth millions.

But she's also a salvager's nightmare. That's 30,000 tons of ship, a size that has never been raised from such a depth.

There's also severe hull damage—a gash up to forty feet wide through seven of her eleven decks—caused by the collision which sank her.

To complicate things further, she lies on the damaged side, precluding repairs. (Which, even if they were feasible, would take years. At 225 feet, a diver can work only four hours.)

So, too heavy to lift, impossible to repair, too full of holes to be raised by pumping air into her, she lies there waiting for an idea.

One has come along.

It uses Olin's urethane foam. And not urethane foam as it is commonly made, but a new process in which the *ingredients* are pumped under pressure down to a ship and the foam is actually manufactured *inside the hull.*

Then as the foam becomes rigid, it displaces thirty times its weight in water to float the ship to the surface. And just as important, it *seals* the hull, eliminating underwater patching.

This new method, another of the special application capabilities of Olin, is now being used by the Murphy Pacific Marine Salvage Company of Emeryville, California. And it has already worked some small miracles in ship raisings.

In 1964, it lifted a 500-ton barge lying fifty feet down in a California bay. Two years later it raised a 2400-ton ship in sixty feet of water near Vietnam. And then last summer it floated a Navy destroyer off a coral reef.

All without patching the hull.

Although originally developed to clear out the dozens of "unsalvageable" vessels which block shallow harbors and shipping lanes in many parts of the world, the method has shown us something else: it'll work in deep water.

In fact, it has already passed tests for working at the depth where the *Doria* lies.

Anyone want her?

Olin

Olin is Chemicals, Metals, Paper & Packaging, Winchester—Western Arms & Ammunition.

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If they want to drink tonight, it's too late to stop them.

They're on their own tonight.

And a little doubt clouds your smile as you close the door behind them. You told them to have a good time. And you meant it. But now you hope that their idea of a good time is the same as yours.

Teenagers, especially in a group, are often tempted to do things they might not do on their own. Like taking a drink when they know they shouldn't.

We're sure you're concerned about this problem, just as we are. But you won't have to worry much about it if you've shown your youngster over the years that your ideas about drinking are healthy and mature. Then the chances are his will be, too.

If and when he chooses to drink, it's a good bet he'll wait until he's of age. He won't mix driving and drinking. And he'll realize, without having to think it through, how to handle this grownup pleasure in a sensible and moderate way.

This mature point of view will please us as well as you. Because sensibly and moderately are the only ways we like to see our products used.

A Father's Day message from... **Seagram/distillers since 1857**

For reprints, please write: Advertising Dept. A, Seagram Distillers Co., 375 Park Ave., N.Y. 10022

Near the top in overall voting, Seagram's provocative ad under the general headline: "If they want to drink tonight, it's too late to stop them," struck almost all of the judges as a forceful piece of copywriting, with public relations the agency's primary target. This ad, incidentally, originally came in black and white as it appears above.

TV these days—a single sponsor for a series (ABC), and in this case an outstanding series, "Man and His Universe." Few TV programs were more perceptive or accurate accounts than this one which showed the demanding and absorbing life of a researcher in the field of genetic coding. NBC's *Babar the Elephant* deserved more votes than it received for an imaginative and successful transfer from print to television of a children's classic. But, then, dozens of top-quality TV shows did battle for high honors in the public service field, and for genuine viewer enjoyment.

To return to the philosophy of the "great leap forward" in corporate advertising, one should go back to origins. To quote Mr. Weir again: "How corporate advertising has helped advance business as an entity has differed according to the conditions under which it has been created, and with which it has had to cope. Its earliest designation—"institutional"—did not adequately define its purpose, perhaps because, under the owner-management of business characteristic of the era, there was little planning for the corporation either as part of the economy or as a problem in professional management. The business was seen, rather, as an extension of the owner, and the owner was usually indistinguishable from management. Also, management decisions were made, not in terms of what the owner (and manager) found most suitable for his immediate purpose—additional personal income, the building of a larger plant, or an advertising campaign to celebrate the size to which the business had grown."

THE purpose of that sort of advertising was the creation of an image and "institutional" was then as good a name as any. The designation "institutional," however, changed forever as a result of World War II, when "war effort" advertising was tried and public relations advertising really came of age. The business community was, again quoting Weir, "telling the public the use it was making of its management experience and skill, its plant, machinery, and resources for purposes other than the production of sales and profits. And it was doing this to win goodwill. Suddenly business found itself promoting and preserving the public welfare. And business found, at the same time, not only a pride in this but a desire to have its particular contribution known among its customers and the general public."

Mr. Skylar also foresees ever-greater opportunities for a well tailored public relations program through advertising in any corporation's unceasing battle for capital and recognition. Yet, he concludes, "Only now are corporations—small, medium, big, and giant—generally agreed that genuine public service and acceptance of social responsibility best serve their own self-interests."

Writing a year ago in these pages, William D. Patterson said that in our economic democracy "the survival, as well as the prosperity, of an industry or a corporation has come to depend more and more on basic public approval not only of its products but of its performance as a socially responsible institution." The marketplace is no longer the only criterion of success or even survival—there is the forum of public opinion where "business is judged on its role as a good citizen." That's remarkably true this year, as every winning entry in *SR's* Seventeenth Annual Advertising Award Competition gives eloquent proof.

—R. L. T.

Public Relations: An alphabetical list of the winners:

Company	Agency
Addressograph Multigraph Corporation	*Griswold-Eshleman Company*
Avco Corporation	*Pritchard Wood Associates, Inc.*
Chase Manhattan Bank	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
General Electric Company	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Polaroid Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Seagram Distillers Corporation	*Warwick and Legler, Inc.*
Standard Oil Company (N.J.)	*LaRoche, McCaffrey and McCall, Inc.*

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Your little girl just swallowed a mouthful of paint thinner. Should you make her vomit, or not?
Vomiting is usually the answer when someone swallows poison. But not always.
So make sure you know exactly what that little girl took. Then call your doctor. Tell him what she swallowed. And how much. In this case, he'd tell you absolutely not to make her vomit. Because paint thinner and gasoline, as well as lye and other caustics, would do as much damage coming up as going down.
He might tell you to get your child to the hospital fast and get her stomach pumped. Or he might advise some other treatment. Whatever, follow his advice promptly. If you move fast, your child will probably be as good as new in no time at all.
Parents sometimes forget that a young child will swallow just about anything, no matter how awful it tastes to us.
So here are a few simple precautions you ought to remember:
1. Keep insecticides, barbecue lighter fluids, weed killers, paint and thinner off the ground and up on high shelves where the kids can't get at them.
2. Be sure to keep such things in their original containers. Mistaken identity is a common cause of poisoning. Also, you'll usually find first aid directions on the label—along with the chemical ingredients—which the doctor will need to know for proper treatment.
3. Make sure the children understand that they are not to eat any berries, seeds or mushrooms they find outside.
4. Keep a little syrup of ipecac handy to induce vomiting when the doctor advises it.
5. When getting rid of medicines, cleaners or any other potential poisons, pour them down the drain. Then wash out the container. And, if you can, smash it so it can't hold even one drop.
6. Be prepared for emergencies. Keep your doctor's phone number handy. And have another's ready in case you can't get your own doctor immediately.
You may be near one of more than 500 Poison Control Centers in the U.S. Keep this number handy, too. You may need to call it if you can't reach a doctor at once.
Metropolitan Life has published a booklet—*Panic or Plan*—that covers a lot of potential threats to your family's health and safety. It tells you how to prevent them, how to cope with them...even how to save a life if you have to.
For a free copy, write to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Dept. R-108, One Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.
This little thing you do today may someday be the most important thing you've ever done.
Metropolitan Life

On the right is this year's top ad in the Special Mention category, the Advertising Council's striking Traffic Safety Campaign with haunting art work. The other two winners in this category were ads for Camp Harriman (Boys' Club of New York) and the Street and Highway Safety Lighting Bureau.

On the left is the Metropolitan Life's provocative public health campaign—in this case what to do when a child drinks a potential poison. Only Shell, top vote-getter in the Public Service category, drew more votes than this ad.

***SR*'s Television Citations:** Following are the details of the nine television programs cited by *SR*'s judges for distinguished achievement in the public interest.

National Educational Television — ***National Educational Television Journal*** — **NET-TV**

Citation: For its presentation of social and political information documentaries that are consistent in their thoughtfulness, careful presentation, and creative technical quality, despite the limitations of modest budgets. Its third season was distinguished by three memorable reports on American pockets of poverty: "What Harvest for the Reaper?" a study of the painful life of migratory farmworkers; "Appalachia: Rich Land, Poor People," which showed stirrings of protest movements among the depressed coal miners; and "The World of Piri Thomas," an unusually candid and grim picture of life in New York's Spanish Harlem.

Multi-sponsored — ***Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*** — **NBC-TV**

Citation: This latter-day version of Broadway's old, zany comedy revue, Olson and Johnson's "Hellzapoppin" has difficulty sustaining audience interest to its bitter weekly end; but before one wearies of its swift tempo and fragmentary short jokes, one is invariably impressed with its willingness to poke fun, that is often very telling, at any and all sacred cows of our society. It has broken some bland barriers in prime-time television comedy.

Multi-sponsored — ***Olympic Games*** — **ABC-TV**

Citation: For the American Broadcasting Company in recognition of its first-order magnitude coverage of this international event. The Tenth Winter Olympic Games in Grenoble, France, and the 19th Olympiad in Mexico City were brought to American viewers in the most comprehensive treatment ever afforded by television to a sports event—seventy-one hours, via Early Bird from France, and live from Mexico City. The pageantry, the competition, and the cultural context represented not only an achievement in broadcasting but an extraordinary viewer experience.

Hamilton Watch Company
Aetna Life Insurance Company — ***National Geographic Society Specials*** — **CBS-TV**
Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc.

Citation: For continuing to explore, at a popular but literate level, the natural world around us, offering the twentieth-century, generally urban and homebound viewer, a sense of faraway places and people, of alien, wonderful creatures and other epochs. The pictures are generally more exciting than the travelogue texts, but the lure of geography manages to survive in such programs as "Reptiles and Amphibians," "The Amazon," and "America's Wonderlands—The National Parks."

The Undersea World of Jacques Costeau — **ABC-TV**

Citation: For an unusual adventure-entertainment series that successfully combined the derring-do of divers amid dangers underwater with some meaningful marine experimental laboratory work. The photogenic Frenchman and his specially-outfitted ship were shown in the first program tagging sharks so that their migratory habits can be studied, experimenting with shark repellents, and instigating a "feeding frenzy."

Multi-sponsored — ***CBS News Special—Justice Black and the Bill of Rights*** — **CBS-TV**

Citation: For the first televised informal conversation with a Justice of the Supreme Court who is still on the bench. This distinguished hour, in which the venerable Mr. Justice Black, appointed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, chatted with Martin Agronsky and Eric Sevareid about the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and contemporary issues involving the First Amendment, presented viewers with an extraordinary opportunity for a close-up of the mind and the personality of a great libertarian of the law.

Multi-sponsored — ***The CBS Children's Film Festival*** — **CBS-TV**

Citation: To the CBS Television Network for adhering, during the second season of this delightful program, to the conviction that there is an audience for children's films, drawn from various nations, which can entertain, teach, and provide useful insights into the common humanity of all people—without the crutch of violence. The subject matter, the English language sound tracks in all the films, and the commentary of Burr Tillstrom, Fran Allison, and their puppets Kukla and Ollie combine to make this the most worthwhile network series for children.

Chicago Convention Coverage — **CBS-TV, NBC-TV**

Citation: To the news divisions of CBS-TV and NBC-TV for their complete coverage of this momentous political event; for the courage and persistence of the reporters in revealing, in its full implications, the repressive handling of dissent both inside the convention hall and outside in the streets of the city.

Anti-Smoking Commercials — **ALL NETWORKS**

Citation: To John Banzhaff III, young New York attorney who singlehandedly won time on the air for commercials that warn the public of the hazards of cigarette smoking; and who carries on the campaign against cigarette advertising before the FCC and the courts, as Executive Director of ASH (Action on Smoking and Health), the Legal Action Arm of the Anti-Smoking Community.

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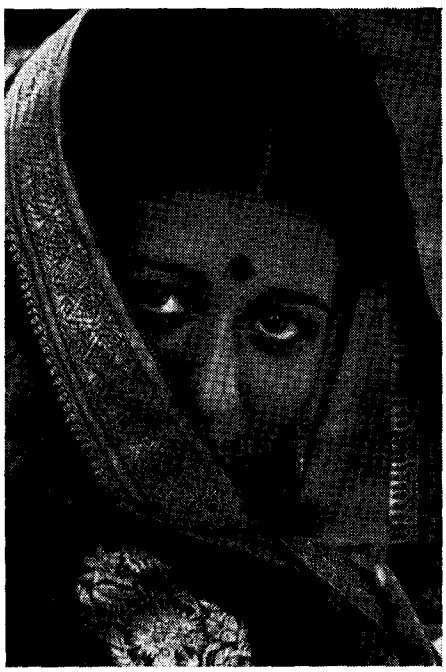
With all due modesty, we hereby proclaim our tours of India a little bit better than anybody else's tours of India.

If that seems not very modest at all, remember that India is our homeland. Shame on us, if we could not show you our homeland better than anybody else.

Take an Air-India tour of India. It's un-typical, and that's a very nice way to go almost anywhere.

Relax, you're on Air-India



Take an un-typical tour of India, with Air-India.

AIR-INDIA SR-9412
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10019
Dear Air-India:
Please send me descriptive folders of your tours to India.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

My travel agent is:_____

THE AIRLINE THAT TREATS YOU LIKE A MAHARAJAH.
OVER 36 YEARS OF FLYING EXPERIENCE.

NICHOLAS JOHNSON VS. "BROADCASTING"

FCC's "Teenybopper" Under Fire

By ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

IN June 1966, President Lyndon Johnson appointed Nicholas Johnson (no relation) to the seven-man Federal Communications Commission for a seven-year term. Commissioner Johnson's tenure to date has been marked by an activist regulatory philosophy. The main thrust of the work by this former professor of law at the University of California (he was also national maritime administrator, and prior to that a law clerk serving Associate Justice of the Supreme Court Hugo L. Black) has been directed at the achievement of a healthier level of competition in the communications industry, particularly broadcasting. He has been a vigorous dissenter, often alone, against majority FCC decisions that sustained multiple-ownership media practices, and he has objected to conglomerates that merge broadcasting structures with other corporate interests.

It was Commissioner Johnson who wrote the majority opinion in the Carter Phone Case, as a result of which independent companies have been permitted to attach their gear to the AT&T switching network. With other commissioners, he has helped to stimulate the development of public broadcasting as another option for viewers and listeners. The promotion of diversity through the greater use of UHF channels has been among his objectives. He has supported the general principle that citizen groups ought to know of their rights to compete, at license renewal time, for franchises that are granted to station owners—privileges heretofore renewed largely *pro forma* by the rubber-stamp Broadcast Bureau of the FCC.

Currently, he is at the center of a pattern of intense regulatory activity at the Commission, along with his colleagues, particularly Kenneth A. Cox and Robert T. Bartley, but the FCC has known activist phases before. Other so-called rebel commissioners, such as Fly, Durr, Hennock, Minow, and Henry, have come and gone. Nicholas Johnson may not have helped to achieve significant competition in broadcasting by 1973, when his term expires, but he will have contributed to the general recognition among broadcasters and communications lawyers that the industry badly needs a new trade journal to compete with *Broadcasting*, the magazine that now dominates the press of this important field. Published since 1931, *Broadcasting* provides the most complete coverage available of the FCC. Vital industry statistics may be more quickly found in *Broadcasting*'s annual review issues than in the Commission's files, but in a deeper sense, the magazine is out of touch with the complex realities of today's rapidly changing communications world. It feeds its subscribers, especially in its editorials, a mix of images compounded of fantasy and propaganda. Its highly selective packages of information may support the biases and self-fulfilling prophecies of its readers, but these serve more to gratify the readers' emotions than to render them real service by independent, tough-minded analysis.

Such a performance is generally the rule in any trade press, and this fact is not overlooked in evaluating *Broadcasting*. Successful trade media mute the obvious nature of their role with acceptable rhetorical manners that are temperate in tone and accent. Generally speaking, this has been true in the past, even of *Broadcasting*, but the magazine, in its treatment of Commissioner Johnson, has dropped its mask of good manners and revealed an *ad hominem* stridency that grows ever more shrill, to the uneasiness of more thoughtful broadcasters. This situation has come about because Johnson has refused to quit the agency despite the barrage of attacks leveled at him by the magazine. He hasn't been bought off by a better job. *Broadcasting* suggested this in an editorial in its March 17, 1969 issue: "To remove a commissioner appointed for a specific term without substantial cause . . . is a sticky business. Perhaps the offer of another position in government or on the bench, paying as well, would do it, and that prospect, it's hoped, will be pursued."

A look at the record is instructive—thirty pieces of news and editorials (the two are often hard to separate), beginning December 5, 1966, and ending March 17, 1969. They reveal a pattern that emphasizes slogan and invective rather than the serious debate of issues on their merits. The pattern begins with scorn and disdain, and escalates to almost pre-emptory commands to President Nixon to fulfill his campaign promises to rein in the Government's regulatory agencies. In 1966, the magazine took early editorial notice of Commissioner Johnson in connection with his objections to the aborted ABC-ITT merger. Although the editorial answered briefly

(*Continued on page 87*)

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A typical Indian.

In India, one needn't venture far from one's hotel to encounter a variety of faces, races, cultures and customs unmatched anywhere in the world.

Mediterraneans, Orientals, Mongolians. Blacks, whites, browns, yellows, shades in between. Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Buddhists, Christians, Jews, all manner of faiths. They are our living past. They represent 5,000 years of civilizations, interwoven.

You will not only come face to face with them. You will see that, by some miracle, they have managed to preserve their own identities in the process of becoming one nation.

To ask them how this happened, one need merely speak 14 regional languages. Or English, which you may be surprised to learn, is the language spoken all over the country.

In turn, you will find them quite interested in what *you* think, in the way *you* live. And don't be surprised if this interest turns into a sudden invitation to tea, a family gathering, or a local feast.

Long after you glimpse our Taj Mahal by moonlight or stand at the foot of our Himalayas at dawn, breathtaking though they may be, you will remember the people of India.

"A bundle of centuries", we have been called. It is a bundle easily unwrapped by open eyes and curious minds.

A modern rail system and a large domestic airline make our major tourist centers quite accessible. Numerous hotels and houseboats make overnight stays pleasant and extremely economical.

You may not find *all* the comforts of home. (A dry martini in New Delhi, yes. A discotheque in Kerala, probably not.) But a new face, an exotic place, a fresh view of life — they are everywhere you turn.

For more about the people, places and events in India, see your travel agent. Or mail this coupon to the Government of India Tourist Office: New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Also in Canada.

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India.

For those who seek more of life.

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Dan Sarazin,
photographed by Karsh Ottawa

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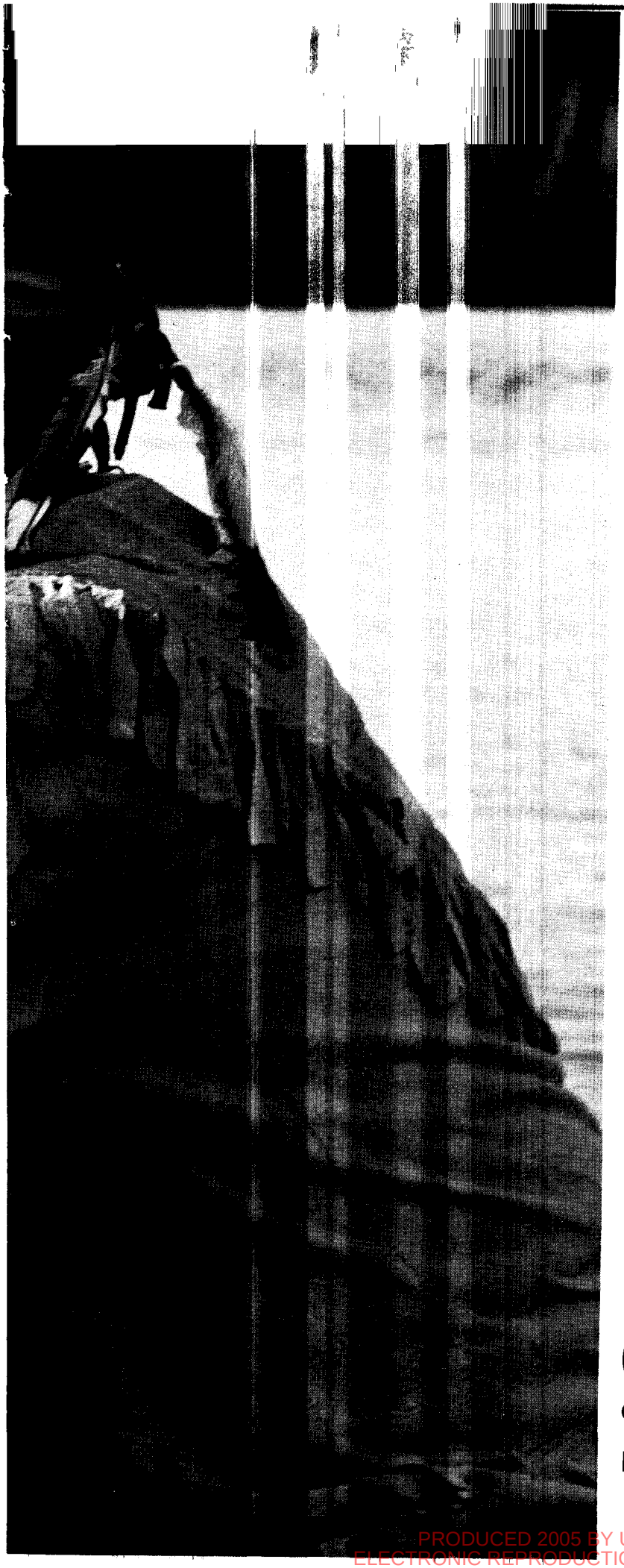

With sinewy hand, practised eye and dedicated heart, Dan Sarazin expresses his Algonquin heritage. Each canoe he builds is an art treasure: birch bark stitched with spruce roots, stretched tight over cedar ribs, sealed with bear grease and spruce gum — traditional materials found close at hand at Golden Lake Indian Reserve, in Ontario. Cultural patterns persist in all the peoples who live in this land's nostalgic solitudes. In the true North, man is still the stranger, outnumbered by moose, deer, beaver and bear. And the promise for the visitor to this part of Ontario is an intriguingly *different* vacation experience. Explore its history, its quarter million lakes, its unique Precambrian geological curiosities. Observe the Canadian Shield's massive indifference to man's puny scratchings and burrowings — for all that it yields a billion dollars in gold and silver, uranium, copper, nickel, iron and lead. A Great Ontario Adventure Vacation, such as few of your friends have ever enjoyed, offers unique satisfactions. We'll describe them for you when you write:
Dan Sarazin (Chief White Eagle),
c/o Department of Tourism
and Information,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

ONTARIO

Canada

Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near

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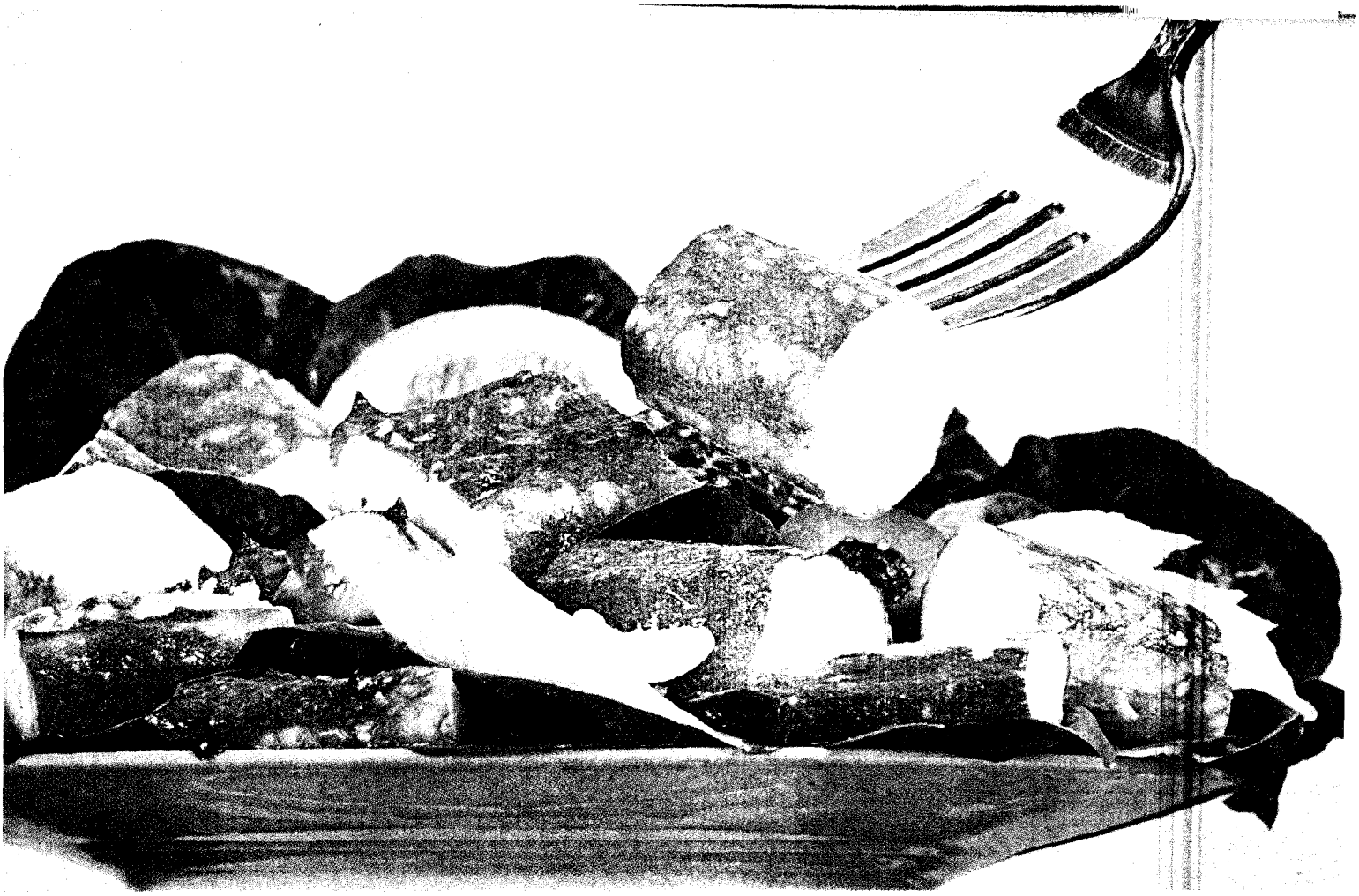

The king of shellfish is Alaska King Crab. And Wakefield's is its name.

When you serve Wakefield's, you serve the choicest Alaska King Crab. More tender than lobster. More versatile than shrimp. And more economical than either.

Wakefield's is pre-cooked and frozen fresh from the sea in sweet, juicy bitesize chunks. Quick and easy to serve, hot or cold, in all your favorite ways—main dishes, salads, casseroles, seafood cocktails and hors d'oeuvres.

Package after package, you'll find Wakefield's keeps its delicious flavor and tenderness. The reason is simply that we refuse to cut corners on quality.

Despite shortages, we still choose only the finest of the catch. We still insist on 100% U.S. government inspection (we're the only ones who do). That's why the U.S.D.I. shield is on every Wakefield package. And we're as fuddy-duddy as ever about keeping all the other quality controls that Wakefield originated and perfected.

So when you buy Wakefield's Alaska King Crab, you know you're getting the best.

And isn't the best worth looking for?

Wakefield Seafoods, Inc., Port Wakefield, Alaska 99615.

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Continued from page 82

a point about conflict of interests between the conglomerate and the network, it made three irrelevant thrusts. It said that both Johnson and Commissioner Cox "seem to dote on" publicity; it noted that Johnson was Mr. Cox's "thirty-two-year-old disciple"; and it warned them that "the Administration wouldn't relish action that would frustrate more aggressive competition among the three major networks." The magazine generally kept its cool in future editorials and news briefs, when dealing with Johnson, but its tone grew increasingly sharp, as the Commissioner, often with Cox and Bartley, challenged routine license renewals, fought against concentration of media control, and wrote and spoke out publicly about program surveillance by the Commission.

Broadcasting warned the Commissioner that he was "not winning friends"; it called him a "teenybopper" and "the shrill and frequent critic of the actions of his elders." It rebuked the National Association of Broadcasters, the major trade group, for providing "a platform for an FCC member who makes a practice of beating his captive audiences over the head." It charged unethical conduct by Johnson in several situations, and printed replies by him and others that countercharged misinformation and inaccurate quotation. In the summer of 1968, *Broadcasting* abandoned any efforts to deal with the merits of the positions taken by Commissioners Johnson and Cox. An editorial in the June 10 issue looked with favor on "various proposals for riper legislation [which] would enable the President to appoint a new commission, eliminating those who want only to attack and destroy." Commissioner Cox was accused of "espousing rigid control of program and business affairs, in defiance of the law—a sort of socialism." It said of Mr. Johnson, "his number should be up."

In its issue of February 17, 1969, the magazine asserted that "an erstwhile reasonably safe majority [at the FCC] has lost control to a makeshift radical minority." The article continued:

> It is shameful that at the root of most of the trouble-making is Nick Johnson, who, in his two-and-one-half years as a commissioner, has made a fetish of throwing sand in the FCC machinery. . . . This brash, thirty-four-year-old self-anointed savior, who was removed from his last job as maritime administrator, jams the FCC processing lines with his dissents, automatically opposes routine renewals, personally woos reporters, editors, and pundit-columnists with his double-spaced documents [SOP is single-spacing to save paper and money], maintains a private mailing list at government expense, and stands accused of brow-beating FCC personnel.

Interest in *Broadcasting*'s treatment of Johnson is heightened when one considers the credibility of the magazine's past cantankerousness. The trade journal said in its first editorial (1931): "Broadcasting in the U.S. today stands in grave jeopardy. Politically powerful and efficiently organized groups, actuated by selfishness and with a mania for power, are now busily at work plotting the complete destruction of the industry we have pioneered and developed." Somehow the plotters were foiled, and the AM-FM-television broadcasting industry went on to achieve an annual revenue of $3.2 billion in 1967. Nevertheless, in the June 10, 1968, editorial cited earlier, the apocalyptic strain surfaced again: "The nation is witnessing the most audacious and unethical assault upon broadcasters ever contrived. It could spell the end of American-Plan 'free' broadcasting."

As of March 17, 1969, the situation was still at emergency level. "The regulation of communications — particularly broadcasting — has reached a critical point, and is threatened with a breakdown. When the FCC takes actions that encourage reckless applications for occupied facilities worth millions, anarchy lies ahead unless remedial measures are invoked."

The truth or falsity of pictures in our heads may be tested against reality; we must ask whether or not they correspond with the pictures in other peoples' heads. *Television Age*, an advertising trade journal, commenting on Johnson in its January 2, 1967 issue, wrote:

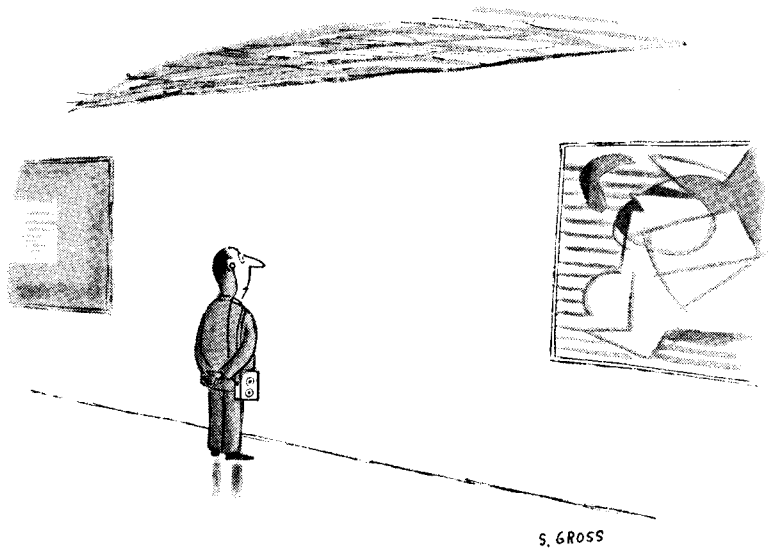
> He has kept out of the public glare, spending his time instead devouring information on communications, talking to industry leaders, and observing his FCC colleagues in action. Even his detractors agree that he has strong assets: he's intellectually curious, and he is intellectually honest.

Newsweek, on April 20, 1967, reported: "He professes to prefer the role of a young communications don, working monkishly over his long opinions, and returning each evening to his wife and three children in quiet suburban Maryland." The *Christian Science Monitor* noted in an interview, on June 12, 1967: "Nearly 95 per cent of the time he has voted with the Commission majority, for whose chairman he has 'great respect and affection.'" The National Association of Television and Radio Announcers, in August 1968, gave Johnson an award with this citation: "A bold, fearless, and humane man who has made the industry aware of its legal and moral obligation to serve the communities of America, making them cognizant that broadcasting is a privilege and not a right." The U.S. Jaycee voted him one of its Ten Outstanding Young Men for 1967, noting that he had "consistently worked to achieve a more coherent communications policy in the best interests of the general public. Within a short time, he has injected life and imagination into the workings of a crucial government agency."

Broadcasting has responded by harking back to the good old days when the magazine's editors, linked importantly with major corporate interests in broadcasting, gave marching orders to a complacent Commission that knew its place. Participatory democracy is in the air; the people want in, even in broadcasting, and the magazine cannot grasp the change.

In the context of a democracy, there is nothing wrong with the phenomenon

(*Continued on page* 91)



"This painting has been temporarily removed for restoration. Just notice the discoloration of the wall, where the painting was originally hung. It is also interesting to note that part of the gilt frame of the picture has left scratches on the wall over on the left side approximately three-and-a-half feet from the floor. In addition . . . ."

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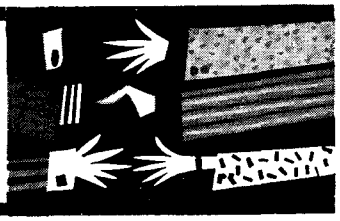
Public Relations



Learning Political Processes

IN the last decade, more and more companies have encouraged employees to become active in civic and political affairs. Some firms have developed carefully structured programs of training so that those who participate can get a practical as well as a theoretical understanding of the political processes. In all cases it is made clear that management wants those who become involved in politics to do so as private citizens and not as agents of the company.

The rationale for these programs was probably best expressed by Henry Ford 2d in 1961, a year after the Ford Motor Company had begun its Effective Citizenship Program, when he said: "It is necessary to keep in mind that the objective is not to further the pet political theories of top management; it is to help build, in American political life, in the electorate, and in both major political parties, a solid, active group of politically and economically informed and moderate people. Corporations are—or ought to be—politically color-blind."

As the result of companies encouraging their employees to become active in civic and governmental affairs, many problems have arisen. For instance, what happens when an employee of a corporation decides to run for political office? What happens when election requires only little time away from work? What happens when the post the employee runs for requires full time? And what provision is made if there is a potential conflict of interest between serving the people who elected the employee to office and the company he is employed by?

Last November, Dr. Russell W. Peterson, director of the research and development division of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company and in charge of programs for corporate diversification, was elected Governor of Delaware. Prior to Dr. Peterson's nomination as the Republican candidate in November 1967, a company announcement stated that should he receive the nomination for governor he would not be asked to resign but would be asked to take his accumulated vacation time, a leave of absence without pay, or a combination of leave and vacation time during the campaign. Upon election, he would be expected to resign or retire. "This is consistent," read the company statement, "with our feeling that the office of governor should be free of any possible conflict of interest." And, if the Du Pont executive were defeated in the election, the company would be glad to have him return to work.

After his election, Governor Peterson retired (he was eligible for early retirement) from Du Pont. But what of other cases in the company? Du Pont's policy is flexible. If an employee is elected to local office needing little or no time away from his job, his company status usually remains unchanged. For state office that does not require enough time to interfere substantially with the employee's work, his company pay is not generally affected. For national office, in view of the possible application of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, the employee runs, and if elected serves, without company pay. At present, there are some ninety city officials, twenty state officials, and eight county officials from Du Pont serving in elective posts.

A study of ten additional corporations shows a variety of policy positions for those who are elected to part- or full-time office, and they are worth more than a passing look. While there are variations in the policies of these companies, one position is present in all of them: a flexibility of regulation as to the employee's position with his company.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company neither encourages or discourages an employee to run for office. AT&T leaves it entirely up to the individual. There is no overall policy for those elected to full- or part-time office. Each case is treated on its own merits. Leave of absence is sometimes granted for those elected to a full-time government post. There is no record of the number of employees elected.

The Aluminum Company of America encourages its employees to be active in politics. For those employees who serve in full-time elective office there is a formal leave of absence procedure that permits the person leave time for as long as four years. For salaried employees in elective office requiring a minimum of time off, Alcoa permits that time off with pay, if the leave does not seriously interfere with job performance. Some 400 Alcoa employees hold elective office, most of them local offices. Alcoa employees have been state legislators, county commissioners, mayors, members of school boards, and state air and water pollution board members.

The Chase Manhattan Bank also encourages its employees to be active in public and political affairs. For those who hold part-time elective office that calls for reasonable time away from work, that time is given without loss of pay. For those who are elected to a local or state legislative office and must attend sessions of the legislative bodies, time off is given without loss of pay. Those elected to offices that require complete absence from the bank for a major portion of the year will probably be given leave of absence without pay. If those given a leave without pay return to active service with the bank after their leave, they will be credited with continuous service with the bank for the purpose of vacation policy, and they will not lose their employee benefits. In 1968, Chase employees holding public office numbered 148, including three mayors, thirty-two town councilmen and village trustees, and forty-one members of school boards.

The Chrysler Corporation is happy to have its employees participate in political and public affairs. Each elective officeholder, part- or full-time, is handled as a separate case using general guidelines. There are no figures on the number elected.

The Ford Motor Company provides leave without pay for those elected to full-time political office. They retain their status in fringe benefit programs and their service rights are preserved when they go back to work for Ford. Salaried employees who serve in part-time elective office can arrange time off without loss of pay. There are no complete figures of Ford employees holding elective office, but they are estimated to be in the hundreds. One is a Michigan state senator; two are state representatives, one in Michigan and the other in Missouri. Mayors, city councilmen, and school board members abound.

The General Electric Company encourages its employees to become involved in political activity. Employees elected to full-time office get a leave of absence without pay but with benefit plans maintained. For those elected to part-time office, arrangements are made for special work schedules so that an employee does not lose worktime and

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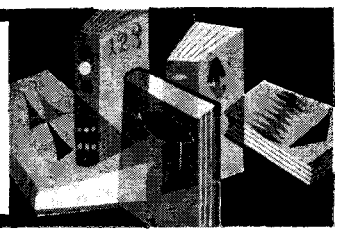
Books in Communications



View of a Fiery Country

AMERICA in the year 1968 is the subject of a slim new volume of observations and impressions by a young English journalist who was here for just over thirteen months. Much of what happened in the untranquil political year took place before his eyes. He traveled in thirty-six states. He was open to every experience from Memphis to Chicago, talked to many sorts of Americans, interviewed or at least observed closely all the chief figures in the political drama, weighed the national mood, and drew his own sorrowful conclusions about the state of the country. "Poor America," he decides. "Never have things gone so wrong."

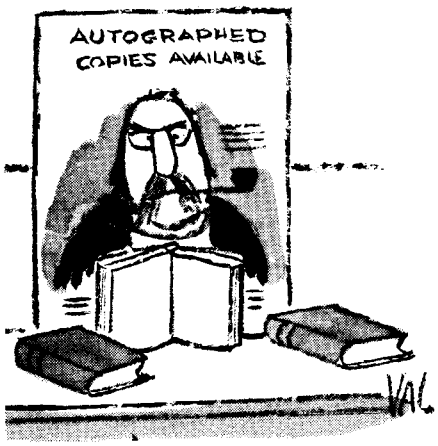
At no other time was America so nakedly vulnerable to critical comment as in 1968. Torn by the racial struggle, beset by urban problems, vexed by the student rebellion, numbed by the war in Vietnam, and wrenched by a series of violent events, the country on top of everything was forced uncertainly through the diagnostic political process —a peculiarly public display—and came out of it without the hoped-for healing result. Maybe we are past being despised or envied abroad for our wealth.

There is no trace of the foreigner's condescension in the account of Max Hastings in *America 1968—The Fire This Time* (Taplinger, $4.95). He writes almost as a concerned American might write about his own country, with the same feeling of involvement. Hastings is young enough to be a student, but he is actually an Oxford graduate and a feature writer for the London *Evening Standard*. His American counterpart might well have shaped the story to fit a pro-McCarthy cause or an anti-Vietnam bias. Hastings plays no partisan role, although his every page reflects a viewpoint. He is skeptical of candidate Nixon. Like so many young Americans, he was inspired by the new brand of politics offered by McCarthy. The American politician for whom Hastings has the greatest admiration is Mayor John V. Lindsay, "because he appears so totally uncommitted to the old American ideals which cripple so many of the nation's politicians." Hastings is tolerant of student activism, critical of television, and holds strong views about the nation's press. And yet, throughout there is a wisdom and detachment that makes it seem so improbable that Hastings was only twenty-two years old when he wrote this book. It is a remarkable job—fair, perceptive, balanced, compassionate. Age, in fact, which a reader is unavoidably conscious of on first picking up this small volume, becomes totally irrelevant as one reads along. *America 1968* is a superbly controlled narrative and analysis. This is the way the country was during a year of nightmare events.

In nine chapters, Hastings considers the political repercussions of Johnson's bowing out; the riots in Chicago following the shooting of Martin Luther King, Memphis after the shooting; student unrest; the Kennedy-McCarthy campaigns up to June 5 in Los Angeles; the still-strong WASP influence; television and the press; the political conventions in Miami and Chicago; and, finally, the mood of the country as President Nixon took over.

No admirer of Robert F. Kennedy, Hastings in a line gives the essence of much of the fascination with the man: "It didn't matter whether you loved Kennedy or hated him, one had to be fascinated by the manner in which he went to war." Johnson he saw as "a kind of Army noncommissioned officer who scares the daylights out of recruits on the drill square." McCarthy, like all academicians, was too good at seeing both sides of the question to be a really convincing politician. Nixon and Humphrey, compared to the others, were "shop-soiled" candidates.

It is remarkable how sensitive visitor Hastings is to the nuances of the racial question. He can observe that "one of the most pathetic little corners of American society is that created by successful Negroes; those few who have made it, in business or professionally, are so terrified of losing what they have gained that they establish their own pattern of life, modeled on, but separate from, their white equals."



He sees American youth as "the richest, best educated, most sophisticated children in the history of any society on earth"—and totally opposed to the American Dream. In his definition of American universities as power structures in their own right, much of the confusion and bewilderment of student demonstrations comes clear. Given the pervading conservatism of American society in 1968, "only determined action and protest" is acted upon.

Dealing as it does with events so fresh in the mind, the book is remarkable for not seeming a rehash. In weighing the mood of the country, Hastings goes beyond frustration with the unwinnable Vietnam war, the turmoil in the cities, the struggle of the blacks, the disaffection of the youth. There is a sense that "the country has run out of room to expand," that there is nowhere to go. Finally, Hastings sees that the people of the New World are at last realizing there is nothing special about them, that they are really "like everyone else." It is deeply depressing.

Hastings's book is strongly recommended. I doubt very much if a better account of the cataclysmic year 1968, within the same compass, will come along.

Years of Diplomacy: Against the vivid day-to-dayness in Max Hastings's book, the material his countryman Thomas Barman deals with in *Diplomatic Correspondent* (Macmillan, $6.95) seems to belong to another century. That is not Barman's fault but rather the fault of the accelerated rate of change in history. Twenty-one years as the BBC's diplomatic correspondent and a foreign correspondent before that for *The Times* of London, Barman writes of pre- and postwar Europe. Sometimes his analysis of the past illuminates the present, as when he quotes Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen saying in 1946 that we ought to wait fifteen to twenty years before engaging the Russians in serious talks. He would seem to be right on the button. I would quarrel with one of Barman's assumptions. He feels that television has pre-empted the diplomatic correspondent's role he filled with such obvious distinction for so many years; the statesman or politician no longer wants to talk to small groups of journalists when he can command microphone and camera. The very use, or misuse, of television, it seems to me, demands more diligent analysis on paper—more, not fewer, Barmans. —STUART W. LITTLE.

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Schulz

Continued from page 73

Schulz's own quality, who has been with the strip from the beginning. *Peanuts* has grown so that it now needs the help of another man, Bill Payette, a syndicate vice president recently arrived, who shares a small, cluttered office with Hennessy.

Out of this office, and always after close consultation with Schulz himself, come the business arrangements with the licensees. They are a varied lot. The first was Determined Productions, which put *Peanuts* on the literary map and made publishing history with its "*Happiness Is . . .*" series, followed by the *Peanuts Projects Book*, the *Peanuts Calendar/Date Book*, large stuffed pillow-dolls, small, plastic *Peanuts* pocket-dolls, sweatshirts, a Snoopy wristwatch, pillows, sleep wear, sleeping bags, and so on presumably to infinity.

THE second licensee was Hallmark Cards, which has produced a complete line of greeting cards, stationery, party goods, bridge tallies and pads, posters, and greeting booklets, among other items. Holt, Rinehart & Winston were the first publishers licensed to produce *Peanuts* books after Determined, and they were followed by Fawcett's paperbacks; World Publishing's reprints, including book versions of the two *Peanuts* television shows, *Charlie Brown's Christmas* and *Charlie Brown's All Stars*; John Knox Press's *Gospel According to Peanuts;* and Saalfield Publishing Company's *Peanuts* coloring books and erasable slates called "Treasure Boards."

After the books came the deluge. Norwich Mills has been authorized to make *Peanuts* tee shirts for children, along with sweatshirts and pajamas. Simon Simple Originals makes a long line of fashion accessories using *Peanuts* characters, including a Snoopy hair curler caddy. The J. Chein Company makes a line of *Peanuts* toys, and Sawyers of Portland, Oregon, has been licensed to produce pictures and scenes from the strip for optical viewing in a View-master. Bedspreads, draperies, and rugs with a *Peanuts* motif are turned out by Carolyn Chenilles. Mattel, toymakers of Hawthorne, California, are busy producing such items as musical jack-in-the-boxes and talking and musical books. The Thermos division of King-Seeley makes children's lunch kits with a picture of Snoopy on the side, along with Thermos bottles and similar items. MGM Records sells the original cast album of *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown*, the Off-Broadway musical hit based on the strip. In San Francisco, Aviva Enterprises makes jewelry items with a *Peanuts* motif, and in New York, Avon Products is licensed to sell toiletries, cosmetics, and bath accessories linked to the strip. Laurie Records has committed to discs such items as "Snoopy vs. the Red Baron," and "Snoopy for President," while Schmid Brothers is turning out music boxes and lamps. Harper & Row was licensed to publish Short's *Parables*, and the last licensee on the list is Wilson Sporting Goods, makers of a Charlie Brown baseball.

The syndicate could license many times this number of *Peanuts* products; the requests flow in by the dozen every day. It has been a year and a half, however, since a license has been granted, and Hennessy is in no hurry to pass out others.

Meanwhile, the *Peanuts* industry grows. Next December, the first full-length feature animation of the strip, *A Boy Named Charlie Brown*, will be released to movie theaters—just in time for Christmas. *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown*, after a triumphant American tour in theaters from coast to coast, has opened in London, where the critical reception was cool, but the audiences were warm.

Snoopy, who rivals and sometimes surpasses Charlie Brown in popularity—Schulz says he has to be careful not to let the ubiquitous beagle run away with the strip—has been adopted by NASA as a promotional device. Snoopy Pins were presented recently to seven North American Rockwell Launch Operations personnel for their work in the Apollo program, and the *Manned Flight Awareness Newsletter* reported not long ago that Snoopy emblems are now worn by more than 800 members of the manned space flight team as rewards for outstanding work. At the Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Alabama, Snoopy emblems depicting the beagle as a spaceman have been placed on the glass doors in the areas open to the public, to prevent accidents resulting from walking into the glass. In mid-March, Snoopy, astride his doghouse, had replaced his World War I aviator's helmet with an astronaut's space suit and was calling Houston Control as he began his own imaginary moon flight.

To Charlie Schulz, sitting back there in Sebastapol, California, in his studio, all these far-flung activities seem remote. He is content with the world of the ranch and Charlie Brown's world, and seldom leaves them, except for occasional trips to San Francisco. He hasn't been to New York for years, and doesn't know when, if ever, he will come again. Behaving completely unlike either an author or a celebrity, he failed even to attend the opening of *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown*. He preferred to wait until the road company got to San Francisco.

The outside world intrudes mostly in the form of endless letters and telephone calls, an activity duplicated in the syndicate's New York office. Schulz gets nearly 500 letters a day, and manages to answer most of them with the help of a secretary. Ten letters addressed only to "The Great Pumpkin, c/o The Pumpkin Patch" (a reference to Linus's Halloween fantasy) have reached him, thanks to knowledgeable postmasters. It is a tribute to the power of the strip that children have taken Schulz's gentle spoof of the Santa Claus legend as seriously as they do Christmas itself—the Great Pumpkin appears every year at Halloween to reward the child cultivating "the most sincere pumpkin patch."

Most of the letters and phone calls to the Coffee Grounds want Charlie Schulz to do something for somebody, using the

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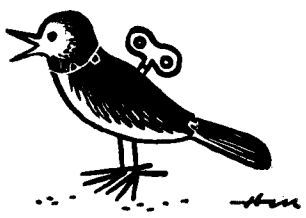
Peanuts characters for a multitude of purposes, worthy or mercenary. A man of infinite goodwill, Schulz regrets that he can't help everyone who wants help. A majority of the syndicate's mail comes from textbook publishers who want to use the *Peanuts* strip or characters in educational enterprises. Most of these requests are granted.

Schulz thinks of himself and the syndicate as the hub of a giant wheel, with the spokes radiating out to the licensees and the other *Peanuts* enterprises. Seldom has such an enormous wheel had so small a hub, for at the center is a man doing what he enjoys doing most, taking two days to draw six of his daily strips, a whole day to do the Sunday page, scribbling down his ideas on bits of paper which he stuffs into his pockets, bending over the drawing board and often chuckling in amusement at his own work. The ideas come from memories of his childhood, memories of "how hard it is being a little kid," observations of his and other people's children, and of the many inhabitants, human and animal, on his 28 acres.

When Charlie Schulz is gone, the world will not only be a poorer place, but it will probably also be without new *Peanuts* strips. *Peanuts* is so much a projection of the Schulz personality that it is inconceivable that anyone else could do it. Several noted cartoonists have hired artists to do their work after they became successful, supplying them with ideas and story lines usually but sometimes fueling them with nothing except money. Schulz does it all himself and would not dream of hiring anyone else.

In the hierarchy of immortal comic strips—*Blondie, Little Orphan Annie, Andy Gump, L'il Abner, Krazy Kat,*—Schulz has created something unique, more successful than all the others, but paradoxically more fragile. Perhaps it is because the strip is so personal that it elicits an unprecedented identification and affection from its vast readership. People don't take it literally, like *Little Orphan Annie,* whose characters are real people to some readers. Neither is its appeal pure fantasy shaped into barbed, slightly acid social satire, like *L'il Abner.* Nor is it a vehicle for the creator's political philosophy, as *Little Orphan Annie* was for Harold Gray.

Everyone sees something different, and something of himself, in Charlie Brown and his friends. He's everybody's boy.



TV

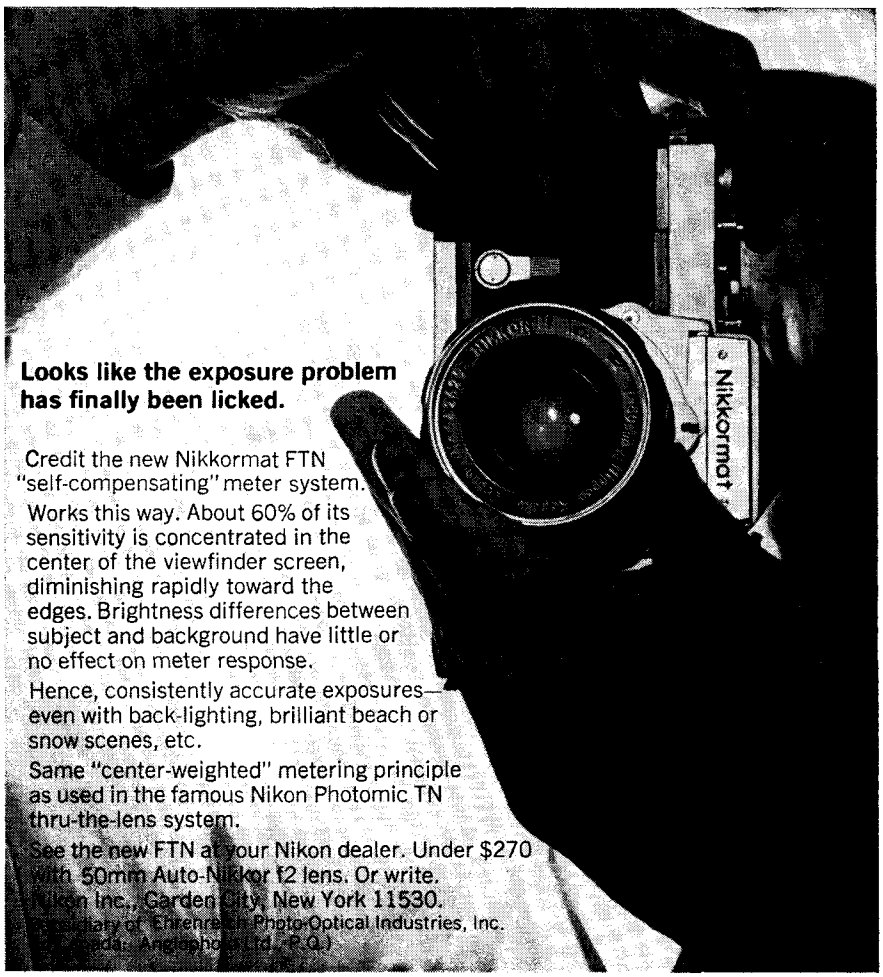
Continued from page 87

of strong views in real conflict—even views that cannot be reconciled in agreement or consensus. It is entirely in order for a trade journal to present the views of its constituents as vigorously as it can, and to attack the views of its opponents, but the times demand reason in the trade press. Broadcasters help shape our images of the world with the pictures and words they package on TV and radio, but the images of the world that the broadcasters have in their minds are shaped in large measure by their sources of information. The purity of their wells of information are of grave import to the public at large.

Station owners who have read *Broadcasting*'s attacks on Johnson are surprised to find, when they meet him at conferences and discuss industry problems with him, that he is as reasonable as the next fellow, intent on seeking out, with them, rational policies for an astonishingly complex communications world.

The dissonance gives them pause, and has set some to doubting whether their major trade journal adequately meets their needs. Even prophets are necessary in our society to proclaim their passionately held private truths, but we desperately need ground rules for the process of opposition as we confront change. *Broadcasting* seems unable to tolerate opposing views without hostility; it demands that its truth alone must prevail.

A responsible trade press should maintain a creative sense of confrontation, channeling opposition, rather than allowing it to engulf all other values and all other parties. Should *Broadcasting* succeed in "dumping" Commissioners Johnson, Cox, and Bartley, the issues will not disappear. Even President Nixon cannot exorcise the very real challenges that beset the industry. Total control is an obsession: it can destroy not only the opposition but the would-be controller. What the broadcasters and the public need is not "an enemy," but better data about the issues at stake, about the estimated costs and possible effects of alternative courses of action. Conscience ought to be persuaded, not manipulated or coerced. If *Broadcasting*'s treatment of Nicholas Johnson of the FCC has brought about even a glimpse of this truth, and if a competitive, responsible trade journal is the result, then whatever else he may accomplish before 1973, an enduring contribution will have been left behind to the broadcasting industry by the embattled, young "teeny-bopper" commissioner.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Our Own Problems

Continued from page 43

bert Hoover – who had been successively head of the American Relief Commission, of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, of the Interallied Food Council, and of the food relief section of the Supreme Economic Council—was no different from the good people of the state of Michigan who have been writing to their Senator, Philip Hart, to do something for the starving people of Biafra but who seem to know nothing about the problem of hunger and malnutrition in their own state.

It is not that the facts were unavailable. At the time Hoover was making his false claims about his country and its people, men like I. M. Rubinow, Abraham Epstein, John B. Andrews, Felix Frankfurter, Louis Brandeis, Jacob Billikopf, and many others spoke, wrote, lobbied, and agitated for reforms —but hardly anyone listened.

I have singled out the Hoover experience because it happened not so long ago, because it so clearly illustrates and typifies a pervasive aspect of American history, and because it has been so fully documented (most recently in *The Lean Years*, by Irving Bernstein).

One would think that the full story of poverty in America would have been told and retold by competent social historians. But this is not the fact. The blacks are not the only ones who have been short-changed by historians. There are very few excellent books that contribute significantly to our historical knowledge of poverty in America—books such as *From the Depths*, by Robert H. Bremner (1956), and *Poor Law to Poverty Program*, by Samuel Mencher (published posthumously in 1967). Now we can add to this sparse list *Poverty: America's Enduring Paradox*, by Sidney Lens. Both the Bremner and Mencher works fall into the field of intellectual history; they deal ably with the views *about* poverty rather than with the extent and treatment of poverty itself. The latter approach is one for the social historian, and it is the one followed by Lens, author of *Radicalism in America* and an editor of *Liberation* magazine.

Lens begins his story with the settlement of America, and takes it down to our own day. He sees many of the major events in our history in terms of the problem of poverty. It is an interesting perspective, but perhaps Lens overdoes it; one sometimes has the feeling that he is riding a hobby. It oversimplifies history to claim that the settlement of America was our first war on poverty; that the American Revolution was "in a true sense an antipoverty program"; that the Cold War was an unplanned antipoverty program. The poor may always be with us, but they need not be incessantly before the eye of the social historian.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lens is to be warmly and gratefully commended for rescuing from oblivion countless millions of Americans who only rarely fall into the historian's range of vision and concern. His book is competently done in a workmanlike style, free of sentimentality or sermonizing, for he knows that the facts are their own sermons.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

NO ZIP CODE?

At one time or another, letters addressed to these fictional characters would have reached them at the addresses posted in Column Two. Margaret O. Slicer of Needham, Mass., asks you to sort them out and assign each to his, her, or their creator. To check your postmanship (and for title details), turn to page 95.

A. *Prof. & Mrs. Bhaer* ( )	1. Stanhope Gate	a. W. M. Thackeray
B. *Dorothea Casaubon* ( )	2. 221B Baker St.	b. Wm. Shakespeare
C. *Mr. Chipping* ( )	3. Jalna	c. Margaret Mitchell
D. *Fitzwilliam Darcy* ( )	4. Tara	d. Geo. Meredith
E. *The Darlings* ( )	5. Chiswick Mall	e. James Hilton
F. *Jolyon Forsyte* ( )	6. The Crossways	f. A. Conan Doyle
G. *Hamlet* ( )	7. Lowick Manor	g. J. M. Barrie
H. *Sherlock Holmes* ( )	8. Pemberley	h. John Galsworthy
I. *Diana Merin* ( )	9. Plumfield	i. Mazo de la Roche
J. *Scarlett O'Hara* ( )	10. No. 14, nr. Kensington Gardens	j. George Eliot
K. *Becky Sharpe* ( )	11. c/o Mrs. Wickett	k. Jane Austen
L. *The Whiteoaks* ( )	12. Kronborg Castle	l. L. M. Alcott

Mercer and Short

Continued from page 66

particularly well-suited to his seemingly limitless repertory of bits and pieces out of the past. Bobby Short has little, if anything, to do with today; it is always yesterday for him. His presentation makes clear he feels that all was more livable and fulfilling *then*. From his opening song, Cole Porter's "I'm Throwing a Ball Tonight," Short indicates his propensities.

Subtle lyrics and situations are extended on a silver tray. At best he treats them with enviable savoir-faire and finesse. When singing the Ellington-Strayhorn masterpiece-in-miniature, "Something to Live For," he holds high the yearning so basic to the song's melodic and lyric substance and gives you a view of his more "serious," less "entertaining" side.

Short's sense of humor and that of songwriter Ivor Novello are singularly apparent on "And Her Mother Came Too," which builds to a great closing. Short is particularly at home with Porter's lyric vision of the discovery of love on "Looking at You." One of the last of the great songwriter's hit efforts, "(I Love You) Samantha"—from the film *High Society*—also finds him close to top form.

The fantasy-yesterday aspect of things, however, is forever with us. It is difficult to accept references to tropical seas and moonlit memories (on "Sand in My Shoes") after coming off the streets of New York. One also is quite hard-put to accept the Harlem of rent parties and good times, as so extravagantly drawn by this artist on "Gimme a Pigfoot and a Bottle of Beer" (from the bag of the late Bessie Smith). It borders on pure camp. Also, the excellent Kern-Dorothy Fields collaboration, "Bojangles of Harlem," excites, but only as a well-preserved rose in a memory book would.

THE entertaining aspects of Bobby Short, for all this, are undeniable. He is what he is, and pretends to be nothing more. If you can accept his heavy leaning to "nostalgic chic," without referring to the world outside, he provides an evening of smooth and persuasive escape. The audience at Town Hall, which, according to reports, included people from London, Palm Beach, Atlanta, Mexico City, Boston, and Los Angeles, as well as New York, knew what to expect. They got just what they desired—memorable performances by a benevolent and loving empress and a baron of her realm. The next gathering of loyal subjects is set for next month at the same site. The success of the venture is assured.

—BURT KORALL.

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Artist or Craftsman?

Continued from page 47

demonstrates. His brevity has even more value in today's market, for the popularity of metaphor as a basis of literary organization eliminates the need for corroborative detail, with the result that novels now are seldom judged for their documentary value or "realism." With computers in charge of information retrieval, who needs the slice of life that Zola, *et al.*, used to serve?

This newer standard, by which novels can be evaluated like poems, might seem to work to Simenon's advantage, since few novelists living or dead have been so successful at eliminating the superfluous furniture of fiction. Gide, who could also pare a novel to the bone, perhaps had that Spartan control in mind when as long ago as 1948 he recognized Simenon as "more important than is commonly supposed." And indeed, if economy and arrangement were all that count in a "work of art," Simenon could immediately ascend to the orbit of Mauriac *père* and Camus.

But Gide perceived something else. "Simenon's *subjects* often have a profound psychological and ethical interest," he wrote. "But insufficiently indicated, as if he were not aware of their importance himself. . . . " Twenty years and dozens of novels later, that lack of awareness of the ethical element seems at once less accidental and less pardonable.

After all, isn't it an author's business to be aware of meanings and values? Is that not the time-honored function of the poet, using that word in its generic sense of world-molder and wise man? What else distinguishes an artist from the handy machinery dispensed by IBM, which can be programmed to produce some rather effective lines?

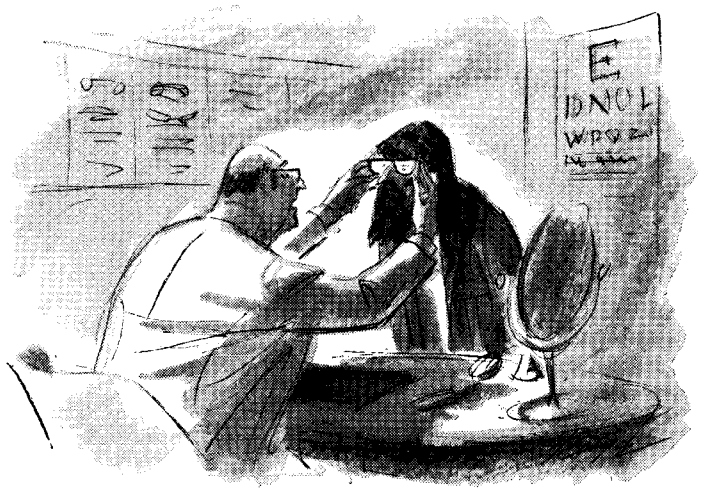
Today we can see, as Gide could not, that the problem of art lies deeper. It is not that Simenon remains unconscious of his characters' importance, but that he has failed to give them any. They simply do not exist in any context or larger scheme of things, be that scheme good, bad or—as writers from Hardy to Beckett have proclaimed—indifferent.

Raymond takes note of this solipsism in isolated paragraphs, but never faces up to his own observations, thereby emulating Simenon's cop-out. Raymond realizes that to Simenon "the socio-economic scene is irrelevant"; that his universe contains "neither God nor the devil"; that his art offers no "symbolic intentions," no "committal to the contemporary situation" nor, finally, "any truths to teach."

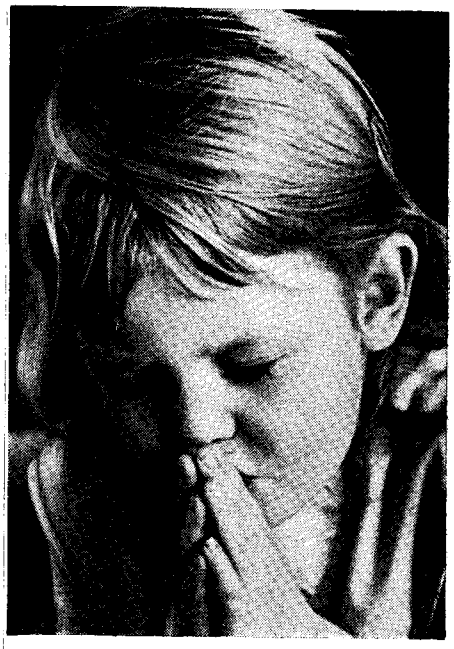
By withholding comment on the actual text of the many novels that he summarizes, Raymond further avoids the necessity of showing that compression is most often achieved at the expense of stylistic distinction or even adequacy; that the novelist's language and his devices for moving characters on and off stage both suffer, like the "fluid, shapeless" characterizations themselves, by repetition from book to book. When this happens, we cannot speak of his technique, but of his tricks.

In short, Simenon's present biographer shares the novelist's own admitted "hatred of summary judgments." For such a verdict it is necessary to turn to another critic, more willing to put his reputation on the line, who wrote: "He attempted, with a good deal of cleverness, to analyze character, but his real power seems to lie in describing . . . with a virile impartiality the superficial aspects of action and intrigue."

As applied to Simenon, the judgment is apt. Actually, it was written sixty years ago by Edmund Gosse about another agile French storyteller, de Maupassant. For that analogy, some other Frenchman also had an answer: *"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose,"* which might be translated roughly as "there'll always be a pot to boil."



". . . And stay out of modern art galleries, and don't paint any psychedelic pictures for at least two weeks."



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Low-down on Clergy Down Under

Three Cheers for the Paraclete, *by Thomas Keneally (Viking. 240 pp. $4.95), treats the priestly life in a diocesan seminary with humor and understanding. Paul K. Cuneo is book editor of America magazine.*

By PAUL CUNEO

THE TITLE OF THIS NOVEL, *Three Cheers for the Paraclete,* suggests one of those horrors that come into existence when a third-rate novelist decides to "do" the clergy with a touch of humor and sophistication. Behind the inane title, however, is a novel worth reading.

Father James Maitland is the central figure in a story based on the priestly life in a diocesan seminary. After several years of study in Europe, he has returned to his native Australia and been assigned by his bishop to teach at St. Peter's House of Studies. Although convinced that the priesthood is his only vocation, Father Maitland is not at all sure what a priest is or should be. He knows with absolute certainty, however, many of the things a priest should not be. Most of them, it seems to him, are exemplified in the regimen he finds in the seminary, a regimen rigidly directed by the president, Monsignor Nolan, and his colleague, Father Costello.

The mores of seminary life repel him; nevertheless, he finds himself depressed because he is not more completely accepted into that life by the other faculty members. His view of himself and the people around him is expressed in his comment to a seminarian: "One thing I'm sure of, and that is that while the arrogant priest might be an object of mockery, he's quickly becoming supplanted by his brother, the priest who doesn't know what anything means, who's a sort of humanist and in whom the only positive element is that he doesn't believe what Nolan and Costello believe in the way Nolan and Costello believe it."

Thomas Keneally has a sharp eye and the ability to translate much of what he sees into sardonic humor. The cutting edge of his wit shows to particular advantage when Father Maitland goes to visit his cousin, Joe Quinlan. Joe still lives in the shoddy sort of housing development both men knew as children and from which Maitland's priesthood provided him an escape. As he sits on the edge of a kitchen chair, trying awkwardly to make conversation with Joe's drab wife and dreary kids, Maitland takes "improper comfort in knowing that he would be home in Nolan's house by seven."

Keneally—in his picture on the book's jacket an elfin-looking man with the innocence of an altarboy and the shrewdness of a jockey—has created a novel that envelopes one in its reality. He brings into being the life of a seminary with such adroitness that the reader, counting back, is surprised to find that only four faculty members and two seminarians have been named and figure actively in the plot. Even when his characters verge on stereotype Keneally is able to give them breath of their own. And a final tribute to the novelist: in the confrontation of Maitland with Nolan and Costello there is no little white cloud of understanding floating above the embattled heads, no sweet recognition that all the combatants are basically admirable, if somewhat different types.

What faults this novel has—and an ungainliness of plot is the principal one—they are overwhelmed by its vitality and originality. For these we can give three cheers—and let the Paraclete fend for himself.

Return to Mom in Old Milan

Orfeo in Paradise, *by Luigi Santucci, translated from the Italian by Joseph Green (Knopf. 210 pp. $4.95), the first novel by a prominent Italian writer to appear in America, pulls its protagonist twenty years back into time to witness the youth of his adored, recently deceased mother. Thomas G. Bergin is professor of Romance languages at Yale.*

By THOMAS G. BERGIN

AS ORPHEUS OF OLD was privileged to descend to the underworld and retrieve his lost Eurydice so the twentieth-century Orfeo of this tale is given, through the unexpected and somewhat suspect courtesy of a mysterious "Monsieur des Oiseaux" the opportunity to go back in time and witness the youthful life of his adored mother, whose death, as the story opens, has left him in suicidal despair. Both privileged travelers are bound by certain pledges: Orpheus was not to look back; our Orfeo is not to attempt to influence the direction of other lives he may encounter in the past. This is not an easy promise to keep—especially when it comes to his mother's choice of a husband. Fortunately, the Birdman, like a solicitous and uneasy Mephistopheles, is at hand to warn, admonish and occasionally approve.

ON the gears of this machinery—one does not know whether to call it science fiction or old-fashioned fairy tale—we are propelled through some twenty years of old Milan. For Orfeo it is not by any means a season in Hell but rather a sojourn in Paradise. It is a Paradise more Proustian than Pauline, of course, but the reader who knows Milan will revel, as Orfeo does, in the evocation of the placid tenor of life before the world wars: the horse-drawn traffic, the quiet *caffès,* the familiar silhouettes of the Duomo and the Castello not yet dwarfed by skyscrapers and all but swept away by the swirling streams of Fiats. And if there be readers who care nothing for Milan, well here *is* a chance to learn something. It is a great city, at once serene and vibrant; did not Stendhal prefer it to Paris? This nostalgic note gives *Orfeo* its coherence and provides its happiest element.

However, at times Luigi Santucci's gentle depiction of a lost world gives way to sharp-edged recording of public events, and *Orfeo in Paradise* takes on the aspect of a historical novel. The famous *giornate* of the riots in '98 bring Turati and Bissolati onto the stage; later we see the young *interventisti* break into Orfeo's reveries. And a few graphic pages are dedicated to the portrayal of the aftermath of Caporetto. A suggestion of allegory and mystical significance provides a third element; I confess I find this one a little obscure but in a general way one gets the impression that the Birdman is not quite nice; a defrocked priest, Don Pasqua, seems to be an emissary from a better world, and his counsels to the young Orfeo are consoling if somewhat Delphic: "Good is destined to prevail over evil . . . because good is what we want—evil we only suffer." "Death is only a grammatical error." But the *primum mobile* of the tale is pure morbid momism, of which Orfeo is the eager victim.

Although this is Santucci's first novel to appear in English, he is an aware, experienced writer, well known and admired in Italy. *Orfeo* has something for everyone, and the various elements are smoothly fused by the overriding tone of good-natured tolerance, while the lucid prose provides a fine glaze. The book is easy and pleasant reading, and it may be rather more profound than one would think.

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Editorial

Continued from page 30

Foster Dulles, when he sought to move the foreign policy of this nation in the direction of greater support for a strengthened U.N. But by this time the Congress and the country were marking time in anticipation of a new administration.

Eisenhower's two pillars of advice—the need to keep military-economic power from dominating the national life, and the need for developing initiatives of world law as the best means for providing national and world security—are directly involved in the present debate over the ABM. President Nixon has correctly said that no city can be protected in a nuclear war and that the only defense is to prevent war itself. But then he went on to say that his plan for preventing war is to protect our retaliatory missile capacity by the nearby deployment of ABMs. The two things don't square. In the modern world, there is no adequate military defense. The fact that we can kill 200 million people faster or more efficiently than a possible enemy can kill 100 million Americans is not a defense but a more efficient form of race suicide. Meanwhile, the very existence and expansion of the multibillion-dollar ABM adds prodigiously to the erosion of free institutions, as President Eisenhower feared.

Military "deterrents" are fast reaching the stage where they no longer deter but are powerful escalators driving the nations toward a situation of total terror and panic decisions. The only defense in a nuclear age is peace. This calls for a degree of world organization far beyond the present capacity of the United Nations; specifically, it calls for a U.N. with law-enforcing authority in matters directly related to world security. If we have any ideas for strengthening the U.N. in that direction, this is the time to make them known and to get behind them. World law may be difficult to achieve, but it is not nearly so difficult, expensive, and explosive as trying to get by without it. —N.C.

Travel

Continued from page 55

midnight they are still parked in the brightly lit piazza contemplatively licking ice-cream cones. In the morning, netmakers occupy the piazza; they work with their toes, teeth, both hands, and their ears, behind which they tuck bobbins of thread. Drawn up on the shore are gaily painted fishing boats—*Giovanna, Angelina, Patrizia,* and one, exotically, *Samoa.* High, curved sternposts make them look like miniature Greek galleys, except that they display painted likenesses of the Virgin.

Palermo, capital of the semi-autonomous province of Sicily, is the site of more secular and religious monuments than a traveler might care to see. But there is one attraction no visitor should miss—the catacombs of the Capuchins. They contain the essential ingredient of good catacombs—bodies, 8,000 of them. Stacked up in open coffins or hung casually on wooden pegs rest not only monks, but members of noble Palermo families, who were buried here from the late sixteenth century until 1880. Although some are mere skeletons, others are mummified by the dry air, and all wear monk's habits or period dress. It is, on the whole, a friendly place. "This is unique in Italy," a bearded Capuchin told me. "In Rome one finds only the bones of early Christians, but here we have all the best families of Palermo."

High above Palermo overlooking the fertile plain of the Conca d'Ora stands Monreale, a town celebrated for its twelfth-century cathedral, said to be the most perfect in the world. The vast interior is covered with Byzantine mosaics starting with the Creation and working around to New Testament miracles, including the cure of a remarkably realistic spotted leper. "A work of faith," one visitor observed. "You couldn't pay people to do it."

When I left the church, I drove to a terraced olive grove above Monreale. The sun glinted on the olive leaves, and I spread out the conventional bread, cheese, and a bottle of wine on the new spring grass. I was flying back to Rome the next day. I considered the matter of the Mafia, without which no report on Sicily is complete. The local press was full of Mafia trials, and a Palermo official had given me the definitive word on the subject. "I hope you will tell Americans that Sicily is not the Mafia. They are just a few gangsters, like in America—a private matter, nothing to do with foreigners. Besides, there is no more Mafia."

I finished the bottle of wine and slept.

—James Egan.

James Egan is a free-lance writer living in Westport, Connecticut.

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FEMALE, 26, M.S.W., A.C.S.W., varied social work experience, desires challenging work with children in California coastal area. Box M-276.

TEACHER (ADMINISTRATOR), male, (junior) college, secondary; natural sciences, mathematics, meteorology; coach tennis; experienced. Box M-114.

REFINED LADY, university residence hall director, seeks summer and/or fall placement this or related field. Box M-481.

COLLEGE JUNIOR seeks governess position to school age children at Cape or Southhampton for summer. Box 344, 400 Comstock Avenue, Syracuse, N.Y. 13210.

TEACHER SEEKS summer governess position or other interesting employment. Los Angeles area. Box M-478.

COLLEGE GIRL, 21, seeks summer travel abroad as babysitter. Excellent references. Box M-426.

WRITER OF CARTOON CAPTIONS seeks employment. Versatile, original. Box 401, Smithville, Ohio 44677.

MATHEMATICS INSTRUCTOR, M.A., P.B.K., seeks position college teaching, publishing, ? , at location abounding in musical events. Vanden Eynden, 517 East Chestnut Street, Washington, Pennsylvania 15301.

COLLEGE JUNIOR, Coast Guard Launch License, wants interesting summer job, anywhere. Box M-422.

HELP! Female college sophomore needs stimulating, remunerative summer work. Loves people, animals, travel. Adaptable. Box M-436.

COLUMBIA LAW STUDENT seeks NYC summer employment. Prefers legal work. Will consider other. B.A. Government, well traveled, JAG experience. Box M-476.

TRAVEL? Experienced mature driver with car for hire. Box M-438.

FEMALE LAW STUDENT, 24, knowledge French and Italian, seeks summer employment abroad. Box M-470.

THEOLOGY-DRAMA—College teacher, DCE, actor-stage manager (Equity), B.A., B.D., available June. Box M-429.

RADCLIFFE SOPHMORE seeks summer job: governess, Girl Friday, researcher. Box M-433.

EXPERIENCED WRITER-EDITOR. Excellent office skills. Will relocate. Box M-457.

HONORS GRADUATE, Philosophy/English seeks stimulating summer position. Tutor or teach liberal arts, will travel. Box M-461.

COLLEGE COED, 20, seeks summer abroad as babysitter. References. Box M-473.

MEDICAL STUDENT, Competition Canoeist (kayak), wants to teach in New England summer camp. Box M-460.

YOUNG COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, M.F.A. Yale, produced playwright, seeks challenging, stimulating position NYC. Help! Box M-415.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SUMMER RESORT EMPLOYMENT DIRECTORY—Lists thousands of certified high-paying jobs nationwide. Descriptions, contact names, addresses, application furnished. $2.00 postpaid. CORION Publishers, Box 15676, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952, RUSH $2.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $6.00. Manual, "How to Write a Resume," $1.00 or FREE with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

(Continued on page 98)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 97)

ARTS-SPORTS-TEACHERS for Maine camps. Box 214, Brookline, Massachusetts 02167.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, Section 2, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

COUNSELORS top Maine boys' camp, 20+, single, beautiful surroundings, excellent salaries: Tennis, Swimming (W.S.I.), Judo, Karate, Archery, Tripping, Dramatics. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC 10025.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CX, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 58,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $5.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for new 1969 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.) Also "Summer Opportunities for Teenagers" (includes jobs; part-time work; travel, sports, special interest, foreign camps, etc.), $3.00. Supply limited.

TEACHERS WANTED—Innovative, socially aware, grades K-8, also specialties. New York suburb 45 minutes from NYC. Salary range for 1969 is $6,900 to $14,000+. Contact N. Karamessinis, Assistant Superintendent for Instruction, Box 241, Rockaway, New Jersey. 201-361-2900.

COMPLETE GUIDE United States Civil Service Jobs—tells how-where-what. 112 pages. Rush $2.98, refundable. Staydrysr, Whitestone, N.Y.

TYPISTS, STENOS EXPERIENCED. Manpower Inc. needs you for temporary assignments. Work a day, a week or longer. High hourly rates. See telephone directory for address in your city.

PUBLIC LIBRARIAN, historic community, 60 miles Washington, D.C. Send resume to J. Kunstman, Old Charles Town Library, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS. Construction, other projects. Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information, 108, Cortez, Florida 33522.

NURSERY TEACHER—10 minutes NYC. Established coop needs teacher, teacher-director. Full/part time. 201-792-2308.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPALSHIP, Dartmouth College Community, 800 pupils. Write Superintendent of Schools, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

HEAD RESIDENTS for sororities in eastern university. For application, write 139 Day Hall, Ithaca, New York 14850.

CAMP COUNSELORS: Long established boys' camp in southern Maine invites inquiries from upper college level, graduate students and teachers interested in counseloring this summer. Campers are 8-16. Positions specifically open are for music (pianist), head tripping, nature, tennis, basketball, swimming (W.S.I.). Write Camp Takajo, 63 Arleigh Road, Great Neck, L.I., New York 11021.

MONTESSORI DIRECTRESS needed, one session, generous salary. Write Box 1287, Aurora, Illinois 60507.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

THE VILLAGE OF YELLOW SPRINGS, Ohio, is seeking public safety officers. The title we use is indicative of the way we view what used to be called policemen. Human relations, social attitude, administrative ability, and ability to foresee and resolve difficult situations before they arise are valuable attributes in the persons we seek. College training, experience, and the right personality are important factors: police or public safety training is secondary. Legal age limits, 21-31. Starting salary $6,720, more if experienced; cost of living increases; college tuition allowance, other fringes provided. If you are familiar with Yellow Springs and would like to work here, we would like to hear from you. Please write Dr. Camille Menino, President, Village Council, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

EXPERT BOATMAN, also serve as caretaker small island estate, Connecticut. Prefer couple, with wife housekeeper. Year-around. Enjoyable conditions. Box M-425.

WRITER-COPY EDITORS-Assistant Art Directors. Staff new company publishing well planned pre-school, grade school readables. Young interest and knowledge production helpful. Fallon, Fry & Cerf Personnel, 717 Lexington Avenue, NYC. 212-PL 2-7810, Mrs. Cerf.

ELEMENTARY MONTESSORI TEACHER, male, for September 1969, established school in Oak Park, Illinois. Send qualifications. Montessori School, 634 North Austin Boulevard, Oak Park, Illinois 60302. Telephone 312-383-1483.

EDITOR NEEDED by national educational publisher. Elementary teaching and some editing experience required. Opportunity for growth. Location in small town, eastern U.S. Send resume to Box M-468.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

PRINCETON, N.J. AREA—Waterfront contemporary, large studio with balcony. Near NYC and Philadelphia commute. Mid-fifties. 609-799-1418.

NOVA SCOTIA—Waterfront, year-round residence. 50 acres, beautiful view. $14,500. (U.S.). Box M-416.

PRISTINE 1700 CAPE. Year-round accessibility. One hour Tanglewood-Marlborough. Commuting Smith-Amherst. *Margaret Williams, The Rock, Williamsburg,* Massachusetts 01096 or call 413-268-7069.

BEDFORD, N.Y.—New sophisticated 10 room contemporary. $85,000. 914-666-5972.

LOWER CAPE—6 room ranch. 1 mile from beaches. $27,900. Mary Lou Brier, South Orleans, Massachusetts 02662. 617-255-1749.

For Rent—Furnished

SWISS ALPS, Schonried near Gstaad. Excellent skiing. International schools. 3 bedroom modern chalet. September-June, $2,000. Ideal for sabbatical. Box M-474.

WOODSTOCK, N.Y.—Artist's rambling one level house, fireplace, idyllic setting. Huge swimming pond right outside, surrounded by woods. Absolute privacy, end of private road. Casual, dreamlike, yet—phone, plumbing, electricity. June 1st-November 1st. $2,000. 212-CH 3-4842 noonish.

For Summer Rental

PAWLING, N.Y., Quaker Hill. Charming residence, 10 rooms, completely furnished, family antiques. Box L-899.

KITTERY POINT, MAINE. Shorefront 2 bedrooms, large living room, fireplace, electric heat, porch. SR Box M-282.

CATSKILL IDYLL—Large 12 bedroom farmhouse, secluded among 150 rolling acres. Three hours from NYC. Two guest cottages. Magnificent views. Swimming pond. Perfect for families or groups vacationing together. Available two or more summer months. $1,200 month. Box M-298.

MENDOCINO, CALIFORNIA, farmhouse, Navarro ridge, overlooking meadows, forest, sea. Cool. Remote. $850 for season. SR Box M-226.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

BERKSHIRES—Near Williamstown. New. 30 mile views. 4 + bedrooms, 2 baths, electric heat, modern kitchen, Anderson windowwalls. $1,200 season. 212-983-7656.

VACATION HOME AVAILABLE June-October. 12 acres private woods overlooking Crystal Lake, Beulah, Michigan. Ideal for large family. Rate $125 week. Discount longer period to readers S.R. Phone: 412-443-2546. Dr. Gerhart, Gibsonia, Pennsylvania 15044.

MAINE COAST—Modern cottage on secluded 25 acres. Agrestic purlieu! Box M-249.

SOUTHERN N.H.—Large farmhouse, modern conveniences, lake nearby. Box M-251.

MAINE, THOMPSON LAKE—Log lodge. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, family room 50' x 20', electric kitchen. Snapshots. Waterfront good swimming, fishing. Golf nearby, 1 hour Portland airport. $650 July only. SR Box M-240.

EXQUISITE CHAMPLAIN LAKEFRONT ESTATE, water and land sports. Box M-17.

SAN FRANCISCO HOME, 3 bedrooms, garden, garage, quiet location. June 20th-August 26th. SR Box M-482.

NEW YORK CITY—Queens. Beautiful 7 room duplex. Professional community, ideal for children. All conveniences. Near Manhattan. June-September, $1,200. SR Box M-471.

PAWLET, VERMONT. Large Colonial on river. Swimming, fishing. View. Summer stock. L. McChesney, 516-LY 3-8200 weekdays.

MAINE-KENNEBUNKS—On ocean, islands, private tennis, boat, pier. New kitchen, 4 bedrooms. $1,250. July or August. John Bowe, 2431 Orchard, Chicago, 60614.

GET OFF THE WORLD a week or more—Large farmhouse near Cooperstown, N.Y. SR Box M-420.

THREE BEDROOM COTTAGE. Fireplace, electric kitchen, bath. View. Brook. Knabe grand nearby. Fifteen minutes to Woodstock or lake. $60 weekly. Also log cabin. Francis Hathorn, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

NORTH JERSEY—50 miles NYC. Charming remodeled schoolhouse. 3 bedrooms, swimming, mountains, farms, Appalachian trails. June-September, $950. Box M-466.

HOUSE/APARTMENT WANTED

Furnished

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, or commuting distance. Small family on sabbatical offers fair rent and thoughtful care for your home, garden. June through February. SR Box M-225.

HOUSE WANTED

D.C. AREA—M.D. wants furnished house, 3-4 bedrooms, July-August. Box M-487.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

SAN FRANCISCO—Centrally located. Furnished. June 15th-September 1st. SR Box M-266.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE

JUST FINISHED AND SOLD 15 Condominium Apartment Buildings. Am now planning another complex for a retirement and vacationing clientele in Education, Arts & Sciences. For more information, please send name and address of friends who might be interested. Herman H. Sohn, 1354 North 12th Court, Hollywood, Florida 33020.

APARTMENT WANTED

SR STAFFER'S frenzied need: 3 room rent controlled apartment, NYC, midtown, East side. Box M-201.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

DOWNEAST MAINE—Division of estate. Unimproved ocean frontage with breathtaking views: plus privacy and accessibility. Also house under construction with private beach. No agents. Box M-467.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY, a modern school facility in the beautiful Finger Lakes Region of New York, 250 student capacity, 1/3 new construction, 45 acre campus. Illustrated brochure on request. William Timms, Broker, Montour Falls, N.Y. 14865. Phone 607-568-8267.

VIRGINIA RETIREMENT or summer home and farm. Secluded plantation house. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen and plumbing, 5 fireplaces, original outbuildings, 208 acres. No neighbors within sight or sound. 22 miles northeast of Charlottesville. $100,000. William Speiden, Somerset, Virginia. Phone 703-672-2596.

ADIRONDACKS EDGE—Beautiful year old chalet on your own 200 acres. Complete privacy, yet minutes to excellent restaurants. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, porch, private pond with diving board, sand beach. Short walk through pines to private bass lake. Swim, fish, hunt, unwind. $2,800 for season or consider shorter period. Dowd Real Estate, Fayetteville, New York. 315-637-3176.

VERMONT PROPERTIES. All types. Write requirements. Clyde Hastings, Windsor, Vermont 05089.

PEACEFUL, REWARDING LIFE, ideal climate, at fraction your present cost. Write Kenney, Tuxpan, Mich., Mexico.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

CHANCE FOR NEW LIFE—Established Country Store for sale in charming hamlet near NYC. Authentic 1800s restoration featured on TV. Distinctive inventory. Historic building, including apartment, for sale or rent. Box M-452.

SAILING CAMPS

SCHOONER SCHOOL, Fredericton, N.B., Canada. Encounter groups, communication skills, dramatic education, visually creative arts, mad music, sailing, water sports, sailing and more sailing in eight week free school setting to turn on the new young, help them meet academic and personal hang-ups. Coed. Fees: Junior (12-16) $1,000, Senior (16-20+) $1,200. Brochure: Box 9769, Towson, Maryland 21204.

CAMPS

HOLIDAY IN FRENCH, coed, 7-18, June-August, outdoor adventures, San Juan Islands of Puget Sound. Lycee Francais, 150 South Doheny Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

CAMPS

WANTED: 20 boys, 12-15, with pioneering spirit, as first campers in unspoiled tropical wilderness of Long Bay, Virgin Gorda, B.V.I., setting up Camp Seaforth. Swim, snorkel, sail, hike, explore uninhabited islands with gorgeous beaches. Build trails in 500 acre forest on Gorda Peak. Know another race. Sample English culture. Write: Kenneth S. Webb, Plymouth Union, Vermont—or Farm and Wilderness Camps Office, Woodstock, Vermont. Phone evenings: 802-422-3444.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Consider Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado. Ranch-travel-work program, boys 13-17. 23rd summer. Separate western travel program, girls 14-18. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME could be learning Spanish in Arizona and speaking it in Mexico; or learning French in Vermont and speaking it in Canada. If you know someone who is currently in the 8th, 9th or 10th grade who would like to learn the language and customs of his nearest international neighbors, then live in their country as a member of a family, tell him to write The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

MEXICO—Camp Del Solar—Picturesque, Colonial Taxco. Boys 12-16. Rewarding cultural experience for the well adjusted child who has outgrown the conventional camp. Combines a creative noncompetitive camp program with travel in a foreign country. Limited enrollment 24 boys. Conversational Spanish-music-art-sculpting-silversmithing-water skiing-sailing-sports. Professional staff. C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. Tel. 914-DE 7-5792.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 20 horses. Swimming, guitar, dulcimer, creative arts, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs from regular to pioneer, etc. A.C.A. accredited. Under 65 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. No tips. Wright, Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547, 4880.

TEENAGERS LOVE CAMP SEA-FARI in the Florida Keys. Coed 13-18. Learn scuba diving, snorkeling, navigation, marine biology, archaeology, undersea photography. Sailing, fishing, water skiing, dive for treasure, steer a ship. Supervised and taught by our professional staff. Cruise on Coast Guard approved windjammer to the Bahamas and the Gulf of Mexico. SHORE BASE: luxurious Key Colony Inn. Air-conditioned, fantastic food, private baths. Tennis, golf. Captain Bob Kruse, Director. Brochure. Dept. K, 3935 Blackstone Avenue, Riverdale Station, N.Y. 10471. Tel. 212-543-7900.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

TENNIS RANCH—Don Kerbis 120 Acre Tennis Ranch. Boys and girls 8 to 18. Watervliet, Michigan. Five hours tennis instruction, supervised play daily. Beginner, intermediate, advanced players. Swimming, activities galore. Write for brochure: Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch, c/o Don Kerbis Tennis Club, 1660 Skokie Valley Road, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

ALPINE MUSICAMP—near Aspen, Colorado. Band, orchestra, choir. Hiking, riding, etc. Ages 9-16. June 22nd-August 3rd. Brochures: 2927 South Lafayette Drive, Englewood, Colorado 80110.

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun, knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science. Lake, cabins. Survival, creative crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. A.C.A. Nashville 615-766-2494. Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

ALASKAN ADVENTURE—Coed youth over 14 years. Alaska Highway by station wagon, inland passage by boat, wilderness camping, great fishing, wildlife study, mountaineering, Montana ranch, national parks. 9 weeks, 12 campers, 22nd year. Professional adult staff. Dr. & Mrs. R. S. Stultz, EXPLORERS' CARAVAN, RD #1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts, Sports. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey 08318.

CAMPS

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for girls over 15 includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

HIKING CAMP—Boys, 10-14. Interested? Write: T. Bean, Randolph, N.H. 03593.

ADVENTURE IN CREATIVITY is a summer residential program for gifted students (aged 14 to 19) who are interested in art, music, theatre, creative writing, film making or dance. The emphasis is on the integration of these art forms. Students choose a major and a minor field for concentration and participate in joint seminars. The program takes place at the CRANBROOK-KINGSWOOD Schools. For information write to Box R, 520 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

BOYS' SAILING SUMMER at Camp Namequoit on Cape Cod. 8-15. Class sailing fleet, rowing, canoeing. Overnight and day sailing, racing, deep-sea fishing. Water sports. Namequoit makes your boy a sailor. Catalogue: Brooks T. Thayer, Orleans, Massachusetts 02653.

HIGH/SCOPE—Coed, 11-16. Arts, science program providing freedom to grow in understanding and generosity, in friendships and responsibilities. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS by former teacher. All expense summer trip for $500. Contact Allagash Trips, Gorham, Maine 04038.

BAHAMA SAILING CAMP, land-based at modern sailing/scuba diving resort in the "out islands." Scuba diving, sailing, snorkeling, water skiing, marine biology, speed boating, navigation, deep-sea fishing, dramatics, discotheque, tennis, adventure cruises on sailing schooners. Mature professional staff, expert instruction/supervision. Brochure. Teenage Boys/Girls. Walter A. Bush, Director, 480 West 246th Street, New York 10471. 212-548-1184.

WALKING TRIP, Appalachian Trail, Blue Ridge Mountains, August 1st-15th. Girls' group and boys' group (11-15). $165. Box M-458.

MONTANA BOYS CAMP in National Forest. Rugged 2, 4, or 6 week program. Boys 12-17. Brochure, Box 92, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33302.

VACATIONS

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment. Own boat. Auto trips. $14.50-$18.00 daily includes 3 meals. Unlimited golf $10.50 weekly. Folder. Direct bus service from New York. David R. Bell, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

FLORIDA KEYS ARE DELIGHTFUL in April and May. Crystalline bonefish water, balmy days and nights. Fish, swim, snorkel, birdwatch, sail at Rainbow Bend Fishing Club, oceanside Grassy Key. Summer Package Plan. Folder. Phone 305-743-6740.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn and motel on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

FAMILY FUN and relaxation. Home cooked meals or housekeeping. Chap's Lodge and Lamplight Inn, Lake Vermilion, Code S, Cook, Minnesota 55723.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Private oceanfront home in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. Weekly rates. 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, fireplace, complete furnishings. Share use of 50' heated swimming pool, Uni-Turf tennis court, bicycles, sailboats, kayaks, fishing gear, with small property group. Daily maid service available. For full information, call or write exclusive owners' agent, Edwin Gaeta, Box 0, Boston Post Road, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776. 617-443-9922.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 99)

SUPERB MAINE SEASIDE RESORT under two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. Theatre, art colony nearby. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

VIRGIN ISLANDS SHANGRI-LA *aboard Mystic Whaler!* Sails seven, sunny Trade Winds days from St. Thomas. Magnificent new (1967) schooner is only 100-ton U.S. Coast Guard certified windjammer in Caribbean! 40 persons—showers, good food, all facilities. From $239. Brochure: Mystic Whaler, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

BERMUDA—3 bedroom, 2 bath home, on the water, near Hamilton. Maid service available. Now through September. $250 weekly. Write Box 551, Hamilton, Bermuda.

OCEAN COTTAGES. Large, new, housekeeping. Fireplaces, electric heat. May-November. Thompson House Cottages, New Harbor, Maine 04554.

FLORIDA WITHOUT AGORAPHOBIA. Family efficiencies . . . Atlantic beach, pool, all amenities . . . near Palm Beach yet secluded. Ocean Terrace Motel, Juno Beach, 33403.

GOOSE COVE LODGE *on Deer Isle, Maine. In East* Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, *Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in* riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

MIGRATING? College women past fifty: Enjoy cooperative summering northeastern countryside. Box M-299.

JACKSON HOLE—Dude ranch. American Plan. Riding, *fishing. Secluded! Flying V Ranch, Box 69, Kelly P.O.,* Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83011.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River *in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and* fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. *For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrich, South Yarmouth,* Massachusetts. Phone 617-398-2821.

BLUE HILL INN. *Small, quiet, comfortable. Established* 1840. Blue Hill, Maine 04614.

A STONE'S THROW from beaches, harbor and shops. This traditional New England hostelry is noted for excellent fare. Nightly entertainment in cocktail lounge. Harbor House, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554. A Treadway Resort.

ISLAND LIVING on mountain wilderness lake. Your own log cabin, open fire, central dining, sandy beaches, trails, fishing, great for families, pets O.K. AAA. Attean Lake Resort, Jackman, Maine 04945. 207-668-3792.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

STACK 'EM INN. Luxurious chalets on 10 mile lake. All with kitchens, heat, fireplaces. Sandy beach, sailing, fishing, water skiing, saunas. Open year 'round. Recommended by Mobil Guide. Write Box S, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

FARM/RANCH VACATIONS—Families, children, adults. U.S./Canada. $1.95 Guidebook or FREE BROCHURE: Vacations, Box 11, 36 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

STAY COOL AND CAREFREE by a clear blue lake at this family non-housekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. *Chalet rooms. Water skiing, canoe trips, fishing, enter-*tainment, lobster bakes, sauna. Pets allowed. Write Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

VACATIONS

TRAVEL BONUS FOR FAMILIES on a budget. Log house, completely modernized for housekeeping, on a *real ranch. Meals and horses available. Richardson Here-*ford Ranch, Box 191D, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 308-665-1346.

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Public Relations

Continued from page 88

resultant pay. There are no complete records kept, but GE has hundreds of employees in elective office ranging from mayors to school board members. At least seven employees are members of state legislatures.

The General Motors Corporation has no formal policy on employees who are elected to public office. Leave of absence or time-off allowances are all made at the local level, and the company encourages a liberal policy in these decisions. The last survey, made in 1966, showed forty-four GM employees holding elective office. They were exclusively local, including three mayors, and six city councilmen, as well as village trustees and school board members.

The International Business Machines Corporation encourages political activity by individual employees. Those who hold part-time elective office may be given time off with pay. A leave of absence without pay is provided for those who hold full-time elective office without loss of such benefits as group life insurance, survivors' income benefits, and coverage under IBM's medical plans. Upon his return, a former full-time elected official receives continuous service credit, this means his pension rights and other benefits continue as if no leave had been taken. IBM keeps no figures on the number of employees holding elective office.

The Mobil Oil Corporation has some fifty employees who hold elective office, most of them on a part-time schedule. Decisions on requests for leave of absence are made on a case by case basis. For those requiring leave for not more than twelve days a year, it is usually given with pay. For those who need more than twelve days a year off the job to handle the elective post, leave may be given without pay three months at a time up to a maximum of two years. Some benefits accrue to the officeholder and others may not, depending on each case.

Texaco leaves it up to its employees. They may hold elective office if it does not interfere with the job at Texaco. If an employee is a part-time elected official and needs periodic absences to attend meetings, he may obtain permission from his local supervisor. For employees who hold full-time elective office, leave of absence without pay is given. Or they may resign from the company with consideration given, when the term of office is over, for re-employment. No records are kept of those who hold elective office.

Although there is no uniform policy with these eleven companies, there is no doubt about the trend to encourage employees to be involved in political affairs, which in itself is a departure for American corporations. It is clear that this trend is bound to help both the nation and business. It is also evident that executives who have held elective office will better understand the climate in which a corporation functions today. And the better an executive knows the democratic process the easier it will be for him to adjust to the changing environment in which his corporation operates. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

"Easy, Agnes. You don't want to make us ineligible for our social security benefits."

Biafra

Continued from page 27

maximum extent possible and that they are effectively utilized."

Professor Ferguson's appointment is significant because he is not part of the State Department Africa Desk which has been identified with the old policy, and because he has actually gone to Biafra to inspect relief problems first-hand. Before his appointment, no Administration official had even been inside Biafra.

On March 6, I met with Professor Ferguson to discuss his plans. He assured me that his mission to Biafra and Nigeria would pursue an independent course to alleviate starvation in both Nigeria and Biafra.

Another significant development occurred on March 8 when the State Department, for the first time, confronted the Nigerian Government about the bombing of civilians in Biafra. It announced that U.S. Ambassador Elbert G. Mathews had expressed "deep concern" to the Lagos Government about these bombings, which had been occurring for months, but had gone without official notice.

These are encouraging signs of a shift toward a more humanitarian policy, but they are still only words. The test will come in deeds. Will the Nixon Administration give Professor Ferguson sufficient latitude to negotiate better relief procedures with both sides? Will the U.S. supply better cargo planes to replace the C-97s now in use? Will the U.S. make vigorous diplomatic efforts to persuade the British, the Russians, and the French to stop supplying arms to the two opposing sides? Will the U.S. exercise its influence to further a more humanitarian stance by the U.N.? Will the Administration actively urge the parties to come to a truce or cease-fire?

Whether by design or not, a form of physical and intellectual genocide is taking place today in Biafra. Perhaps the most poignant summation of the Biafran crisis is the agonizing fact that today one of the greatest shortages there is the shortage of coffins. So many children have died that they are buried in mass graves.

An archbishop once told me, the world is in need of an "arrival of conscience." In America, this potential is upon us. Americans should be ready to combine an "arrival of conscience" with an assertion of action.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 18: braes, sabre, bears, bares.

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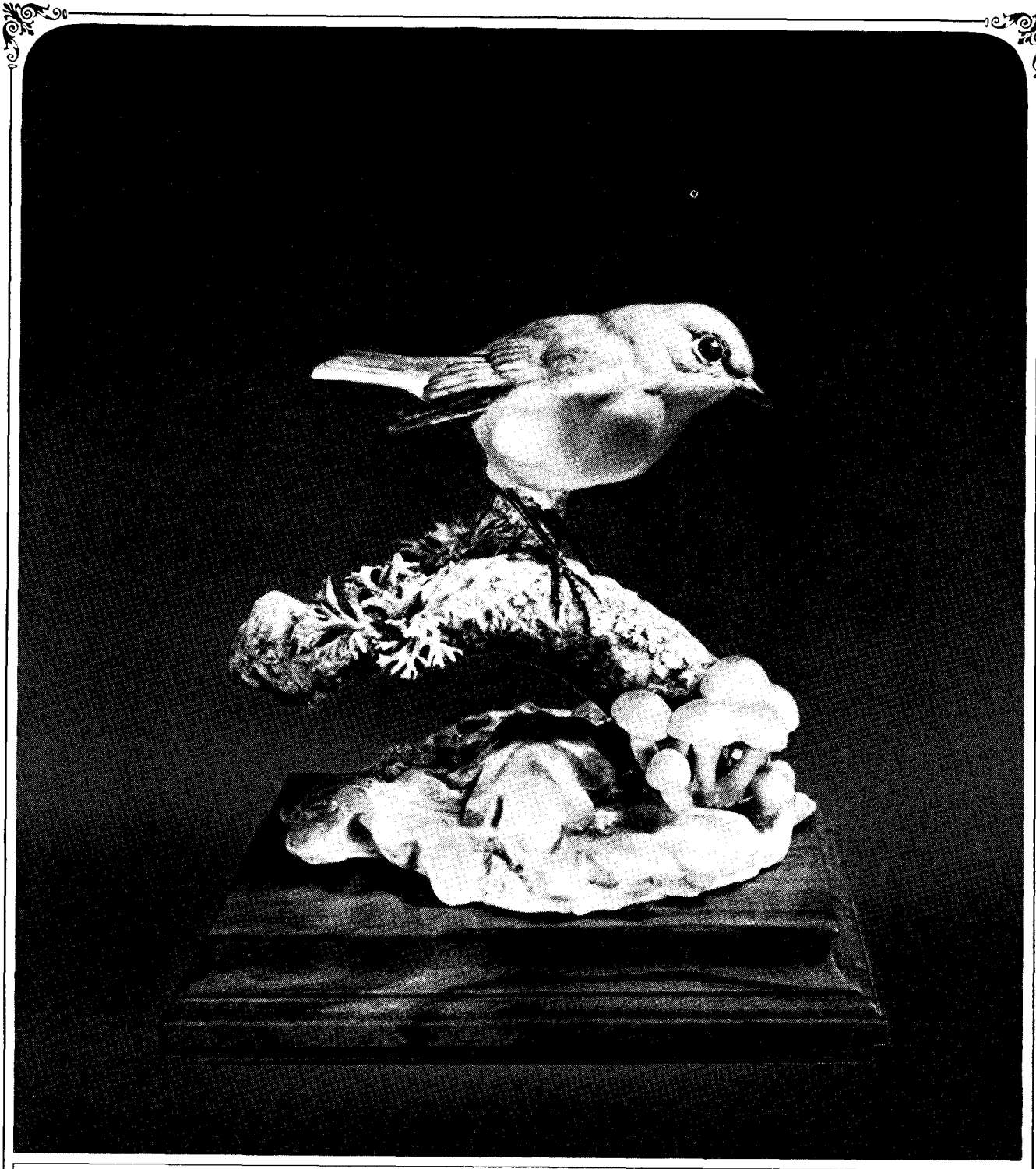

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1827

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "Old Time . . . that bald ———Time," says the Bastard. ("King John")	62 64 133 140 156 14
B. Revolutionary patriot (1723-88) from Mass.; leader of opposition to Jonathan Edwards	19 38 51 59 77 105
C. *Of a leaf:* heart-shaped, with the attachment at the pointed end	112 145 135 168 177 5 8 25 36
D. Destroyed, leveled	42 44 128 132 152
E. Chafe in vexation	153 163 22 92 96 109
F. The weight assigned to a racehorse; duty	116 131 125 176 74 88
G. Move in a stealthy manner (var. sp.)	115 143 146 157 21
H. One might pull this out from under in order to get WORD Y (2 wds.)	68 80 84 93 104 126 139 35 41 43
I. Devil's paintbrush or king devil, for instance	89 97 101 46 66 94 124 160
J. Prohibit; require	166 39 56 71 75 100
K. Observed	172 178 1 7 33 37
L. Popular name for the church from whose belfry the lanterns signaled Paul Revere (2 wds.)	52 70 76 103 113 120 141 148
M. Inflexible	180 78 171 32 45 58 91 144
N. Shrew, nagging woman	161 11 28 53 106 123 127 137 98
O. He helped Malcolm to defeat Macbeth in 1054	118 134 167 4 6 34
P. Founder of the cooperative communities of New Lanark, Scotland, and New Harmony, Ind.	60 16 23 55
Q. One way to get logs to the mill	107 138 169 12 67 72 40
R. Nonsense	119 30 129 50 9 85 154
S. *Relative of Marijuana* (var. sp.)	10 121 155 162 27 47 82 150
T. Insect pest of the order Dermaptera; to fill the mind of with prejudice by insinuations	49 17 110 95 99 73
U. He purchased his freedom from slavery, became a successful carpenter, plotted an unsuccessful slave uprising, and was hanged *in 1822*	158 29 87 57 18
V. Harmonious (2 wds.)	13 65 108 79 117 159
W. Light roadster	179 142 111 90 83 31 61 147
X. Scene or occasion of great suffering	15 2 175 3 130 20 63 136 81 54
Y. Sacked out (3 wds.)	102 114 164 26 149 69 151 48
Z. College, founded in 1954, of Cambridge University	122 173 24 165 174 86 170

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 K	2 X		3 X	4 O	5 C		6 O	7 K	8 C	9 R		10 S	11 N	12 Q	13 V
14 A	15 X	16 P	17 T	18 U		19 B	20 X		21 G	22 E	23 P	24 Z		25 C	26 Y	27 S
28 N	29 U		30 R	31 W	32 M	33 K	34 O		35 H	36 C		37 K	38 B	39 J	40 Q	41 H
42 D		43 H	44 D	45 M	46 I	–	47 S	48 Y	49 T	50 R		51 B	52 L	53 N	54 X	55 P
	56 J	57 U	58 M	59 B	60 P	61 W	62 A		63 X	64 A	65 V		66 I	67 Q	68 H	69 Y
	70 L	71 J	72 Q	73 T		74 F	75 J	76 L	77 B	78 M	79 V	80 H	81 X	82 S		83 W
84 H	85 R	86 Z	87 U		88 F	89 I	90 W	91 M		92 E	93 H	94 I	95 T		96 E	97 I
98 N	99 T	100 J		101 I	102 Y	103 L	104 H	105 B		106 N	107 Q	108 V	109 E	110 T	111 W	112 C
113 L	114 Y	115 G		116 F	117 V		118 O	119 R	120 L	121 S	122 Z	123 N	124 I		125 F	126 H
127 N	128 D	129 R	130 X		131 F	132 D	133 A	134 O	135 C	136 X	137 N		138 Q	139 H	140 A	141 L
142 W	143 G	144 M		145 C	146 G	147 W		148 L	149 Y		150 S	151 Y	152 D		153 E	154 R
155 S	156 A	157 G	158 U	159 V	160 I		161 N	162 S	163 E	164 Y		165 Z	166 J		167 O	168 C
169 Q	170 Z	171 M		172 K	173 Z		174 Z		175 X	176 F	177 C	178 K	179 W	180 M		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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Now, find out how much you don't know about Spain.

See how many of the following questions you can answer correctly.

1. In Galicia (Northwestern Spain) they play: (a) the guitar, (b) the castanets, (c) the bagpipes.

2. There is first-class skiing: (a) 500 miles from Madrid, (b) 200 miles, (c) 40 miles.

3. A three-bedroom suite with XVIII century brocaded baldachins on the beds, two bathrooms, XV century walls, and antique furniture in one of Spain's finest hotels costs: (a) $50 per person, (b) $35, (c) $10.

4. Which of these pastimes is the most popular in Spain?: (a) jai alai, (b) football, (c) bullfighting.

5. How many of these films were shot in Spain?: (a) Lawrence of Arabia, (b) El Cid, (c) Camelot, (d) Doctor Zhivago.

6. Of these four airlines, which is the oldest?: (a) BEA, (b) Pan-Am, (c) Iberia, (d) Swissair.

7. Which of the following is the most important Spanish export?: (a) lemons, (b) olives, (c) ships, (d) wine.

8. Of these three dishes, which is the most popular in Spain?: (a) roast lamb, (b) paella, (c) stuffed pimentos.

9. The best time to visit Spain is: (a) spring, (b) summer, (c) autumn, (d) winter.

Answers:
1. The bagpipes. 2. 40 miles. 3. $10. 4. Football. 5. All four. Spain is the film capital of the world. 6. Iberia. 7. Ships. 8. Roast lamb. 9. Any time is the right time to enjoy the surprises of Spain.

Begin to discover this surprising country by flying IBERIA—INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES OF SPAIN, where only the plane gets more attention than you. For details visit the nearest Iberia agent or the Spanish National Tourist Office: 589 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017; 453 Post Street, San Francisco, California 94102; Casa del Hidalgo, Hypolita-St. George Streets, St. Augustine, Florida 32084; 180 North Michigan, Chicago, Illinois 60601; 338 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, Florida 33152 and Fortaleza, 367, P.O. Box 463, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

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